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## Schedisms.

BY PAUL BIGSVOLEK.

### THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.

THE 'rights of man' and the 'rights of woman' have been discussed 'ad nauseam;' but who vindicates the RIGHTS OF CHILDREN? I have just risen from the perusal of a very *learned* report of the Judiciary Committee to the Legislature of the State of New-York on the new Divorce Bill, in which their existence, as a feature growing out of the *sui-generis* contract of marriage, is not even alluded to! The 'rights' of woman were unheard of until she herself took up the pen, and also mounted the rostrum, in her own behalf. Until this was done, we thought she could get on very well with the share of *duties* allotted to her, without pestering us with talk about her rights. I am afraid we are trying the same game with children.

Still some may say, those evils are best overcome which find their own cure. Perhaps this is true. And if truth is destined always to 'lie at the bottom of the well,' and can be drawn up only by a bucket-full at a time, and none can hoist it up except those who are dying of thirst, and know where to find the 'well,' and have the strength to draw up the bucket, perhaps one ought to wait for precocious juvenility to help itself. Abhorring precocity, however, as I most heartily do, I apprehend it is wiser to protect ourselves against its presumptuous outbursts by a timely taking up of the cudgels ourselves in behalf of the 'rights of children;' otherwise, we may live to hear the cry bawled into our ears, 'It is too late!' Nay, the 'Rising Generation' may issue its manifesto, proclaiming to the 'millions yet to be' that, 'goaded to despair' by a 'deep sense of their manifold wrongs,' they have 'risen' in vindication of the 'rights guarantied' to them by 'nature and nature's God!' HEAVEN forefend this *uncivil* war! Let us beware lest we revive the edict of 'the good

King Herod!' Let us yield gracefully. As old Master Chaucer hath it:

'THE willow eke that stoupeth with the winde  
Doth rise againe, and greater wood doth binde.'

Seriously, however, this is a momentous subject. What fearful suggestions press upon the mind and weigh down the heart when we contemplate from what unfit and unhallowed hands an immortal soul too often receives the unhappy impress that colors, shapes, and tones its eternal destiny! Had we not Revelation to save us from the error, it would be almost enough to drive the skeptical into doubts of God's existence. Nay, when we consider that A CHILD is not a mere finite sequence of matrimonial union, sometimes welcome and sometimes obtrusive; not a mere personal gift to ourselves, for sport or profit, but is the germ of an existence as important at least as our own, an existence that reaches in duration from everlasting to everlasting; that to no inconsiderable degree it is a plastic mass of unfinished spirit, and measurably the creature of circumstances in its shape, direction, and action; that its memory is imperishable, and impressions once formed upon that are never effaced; that its ultimate line of motion is the result of a composition of forces made up of all the events and experiences of this life, external and internal, sensuous and spiritual; when one is led to consider thus, one almost shudders at the fearful responsibility incurred by even interfering at all with its action. Nothing but a sense of religious duty and a hopeful trust in God's providence,

—'from evil still educing good,'

could reconcile the thoughtful to undertake this perilous task. In this spirit alone should the task be attempted.

Viewed in this aspect, it becomes no light thing to check or lead the infant mind in any direction whatsoever. Perhaps, too, it may be no light thing to stand by and witness its blind and heedless choice of that which may cost it ages of endless pain to undo, without stretching out a helping hand to warn or guide the erring innocent. The argument is very strong on both sides, and one winces at taking either horn of the dilemma. Still, I incline to the opinion that, except we address ourselves to the work in that reverential spirit of which I have spoken, inaction is the least culpable course, far oftener than we are apt to suspect.

Now, let us canvass this matter a little. Our guides to right and wrong are fallible. Our lights are feeble and cross-lights. They not unfrequently dazzle and bewilder us, until we ourselves are perhaps misled. We are apt to look only at present effect. In the ordinary affairs of life, with a wise recklessness, we may safely leave much of ultimate sequence to take care of itself. Here, however, is a little stream flowing on, flowing on, with unerring certainty and ceaseless ebb, toward the ocean of eternity. A pebble dropped into this stream seems but to break its surface for a moment into dimples, or to turn its tiny current awry, and to lose its effect; but it imparts a motion to the stream that is never lost until the stream has permeated the remotest sea. If we are astray, is there no terror in the suggestion that we may duplicate the error, nay, more, multiply infinitely the ugly images of error by perpetuating them? Even

if we are right, are we sure there is but one highway to truth and rectitude? May not many divergent ways converge to a common centre at last? Beside, the world is ever learning—not, perhaps, new ultimate or new radical truths, but new modes of finding out and reaching truth. We are acquiring the art of concentrating the ideas of myriads of generations into the duration of a single earthly life. May we not over-rate the value of our personal experiences and seniority? The true measure of duration of time being the ‘succession of ideas,’ may not another mind, starting from the stand-point of our acquisitions, reach with clear vision and vigorous grasp at twenty, that which we see but dimly at forty? Nay, may it not make this even the basis of farther explorations? What then? Shall we not distrust with deep humility our ability to perform the part we assume, with such assurance, of ‘friend, philosopher, and guide’ to the young mind and heart?

Now, let us come a little more to particulars. As souls are complex and not single, and their faculties and capacities variable in their proportions, it is a monstrous absurdity to apply the same rule to all; and as we cannot during childhood accurately discern the precise degree of complexity, or the exact proportions of the various faculties, is it not unwise to give to all an iron rule, which may check and control, but cannot *regulate*, their movements? Why not enlarge the liberty of childhood? Why not, in a devout spirit, trust more to PROVIDENCE? Who can tell what beautiful and intelligent instincts infancy might develope, if not exposed to bad example, nor yet smothered with too much learning and discipline that ‘makes it mad’? The tree trained to the wall cannot stand erect in the blast, and will perish in the storm. What matters it if childhood do go somewhat astray? May not its very error be its destined path-way to rectitude? May it not be that we are sacrilegiously interfering with the ways of PROVIDENCE in thus arbitrarily mapping out the travels of an immortal soul? May it not be that we are, with unhalloed hands, confusing that eternal harmony which God has designed?

Why, what is a child, that we should thus dare to tyrannize over it as the defenceless subject of our caprice? A play-thing? A gift for our amusement? One ‘whose chief good and market of his time is but to sleep or feed? A beast? no more?’ A property of ours? Is it not rather a ‘double trust’—a kinsman and guest?—a trust next in importance to our own souls, confided by the ALMIGHTY, to be answered for hereafter? Oh that men and women would think thus!

I know of no more stupendous error prevalent in the world than the not uncommon opinion with many very intelligent people, that the characters and dispositions of men and women are *created* by the discipline of childhood. As if God had made immortal beings to be, in their entire shape and every feature, of necessity, the wares of our paltry handicraft, the sport or victims of our imperfect guidance! All physical nature that perishes has the impress of God upon every lineament; but the immortal soul waits the stamp of a human die before it can pass current! Each ‘beast that goeth downward’ has its distinctive traits of character and disposition, which ‘fire cannot burn out of it;’ but a man, forsooth, is a piece of sodden clay, that is angel or devil as *chances* may determine! Is not this Atheism? or worse, is it not Diabolism too? For my part, I

would sooner believe there was no God than believe that HE who created the universe could create a human soul without a purpose, and that purpose indelibly stamped upon it. I stand up for the individuality of every human being. In *that* I reverently recognize the 'image of God' in which he is created.

Really, this matter of 'training up a child in the way he should go' is carried too far. It has been too long the sanctified pretext for galling domestic despotism. You may, and very likely will, train him *down* in the way he should *not* go. Every created being is a law unto itself; and I am well assured that at least one half of the life-time of most reflecting men is wasted in discovering, amidst the rubbish and confusion of hereditary ideas and opinions, what that law is, and in emancipating their minds from the tyranny of this foreign yoke, and subjecting them to the dominion and law of their own nature. It is time we began a reform in this matter of *moral instincts*. It is time we began to teach children principles instead of facts, and to point out to them the end to be arrived at, and the means of its accomplishment, instead of authoritatively laying down iron rules to be blindly obeyed. We set the body free from the leading-strings as soon as possible, rightly judging that self-dependence will create strength, and suggest the means of supplying whatever is needed; but we never disfranchise the mind until, in spite of all enervating and corrupting influences, it rebelliously breaks away from mistaken tenderness, and, discovering its own subjection and degradation, begins life in downright earnest, and upon its own resources and responsibility.

It is odd, and it is humiliating too, that extremes should so often meet in the social and political relations and rules of life. It has sometimes seemed to me that the fabulous hiding-place of truth would have been better described as being at *the end of a circle* than at the bottom of a well. Is it not frightful, that in this latter part of the fifty-ninth century of man's history, after myriads of hecatombs of human victims have been slaughtered and offered as sacrifices in the pious endeavor to establish *good government*, the political philosophy of our day should have completed the circle, and, returning to the starting-point of pure nomadic life, built its theories upon so primitive an axiom as 'That government is best which governs least'? Is it not appalling to contemplate the oceans of treasure squandered, the bankruptcy and ruin evolved, in teaching the commercial world to seek of the 'powers that be,' as the best boon that can be awarded, the very same thing that must have been the instinctive prayer of the two men who made the first bargain: 'Laissez faire,' let us alone? Were it not too simple, and the illustrations too trite, I might press this view. In one word, think for an instant what a vast proportion of the toil, and sweat, and blood, and treasure of the heroes, and patriots, and martyrs of the world has been spent in emancipating mankind from the bonds of those political and social errors they have inherited, almost without a fault of their own. Looking back through the ages, what a dismal scramble do we see! The blind leading the blind, or the sage in chains in a dungeon draining the poisoned cup, or the madman rioting on the throne and convulsing the world with his mandate! Poor Truth chained, like Prometheus, to a rock in the ocean, and Tyranny, vulture-like, eating out its very heart!

Now, I suspect that childhood too has been the suffering victim of hereditary error. I suspect that a larger element of the '*laissez faire*' policy introduced into the nursery and the school-room, and the leaving of nature a little more to her own resources, would better subserve the interests of humanity than all the petty tyranny of baby 'embargoes,' and 'bounties,' and 'stop-laws.' I would have a little less materialism, and a little more 'faith, hope, and charity,' exercised toward these little folks. I would not crush the heart out of youth by discipline brutal in character or excess. I would never degrade, never humiliate, never disgrace the image of God in miniature. I would trust more to nature and time, and less to compulsion. I would have a separate key curiously adapted with cunning art to unlock every little heart, and I would not force them all open with the same crow-bar.

In fine, to cut short this discursive ramble, I record my solemn and indignant protest against all tyranny exercised over childhood. I advocate the right of a child to grow up naturally, instead of being 'brought up' artificially. I resist the baleful influence of petty domestic despotism. I deprecate alike the misconceived or misplaced pride or fondness that tortures the infant brain into preternatural precocity, and the heedless or wilful violence or privation that torments the infant heart into despair and diabolism. In behalf of infant humanity and ask to have the individuality of basis of a no

## T H E T O M B - B I R D .

BY E. W. B. CANNING.

ON a recent visit to the tomb of WASHINGTON, I observed that within the vestibule, in a niche above the door leading into the inner tomb, and immediately over the sarcophagus of WASHINGTON, a bird had constructed its nest, as it were in the shadow of the fame of the 'Father of his Country.' This incident prompted the following

## L I N E S .

Nor in the 'green-wood tree,'  
Where sunbeams twinkle 'mid the stirring leaves,  
And through the rocking boughs the tempest heaves  
Its minstrelsy :

Nor yet in sheltered nook,  
Where sloping eaves protect the callow young ;  
Nor 'mong the willows, where the song is sung  
Of bounding brook :

## A T A L K U P O N A N T I Q U I T Y .

BY E. KENNEDY.

'THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH.'

WELL, says one, you say that all these voluminous authors, filling some one hundred folios or so, and none of them of later date than the fifth or sixth centuries of the Christian era, are so full and explicit upon all points connected with the doctrines of the New Testament; why, as sure as the world, they must contain information of great value, these 'Fathers;' they must amplify most pleasantly upon topics which, in the pages of the New Testament, are only vouchsafed to us in the shape of obscure hints.

You think so, do you?

Why, certainly: these men, living so closely upon the heels of the apostolic times, and at a period, too, when mere tradition alone would seem to possess a value irresistible, ought to be prepared to tell us all things we desire to know. Why, they must be invaluable. Origen, and Tertullian, and Cyprian, and Jerome, and Augustine — these you say their names are? I'll purchase the set of them, and forthwith will put my old grammars and lexicons into requisition, and learn to read these ancient worthies, seeing, as you remark, that they are not rendered into the vernacular.

All this is reasonable enough; and most men of ordinary intelligence and ordinary curiosity, learning, for the first time, that there were such authors extant as the 'Fathers,' would entertain similar surmises and suppositions. 'Tis true, they did live closely upon the heels of the apostolic times; yea, they even dove-tailed, so to speak, upon the era of the apostles themselves: Ignatius and Polycarp must have seen and conversed with the evangelists; Irenæus, and Clemens, and Justin Martyr, followed very soon; and then Tertullian, who died as early as A. D. 220. Origen, the most famous man of those early times, flourished about the middle of this same century; and contemporaneous with him, and succeeding to him, were a host of others more or less distinguished. Augustine seemed to close up the list of this galaxy of great names, he dying A. D. 430.

The reader will perceive that when we speak of 'Fathers,' the worthies who lived and flourished from the days of the apostles until about the middle of the fifth century are included in this designation. These one hundred volumes in folio are only the remains of those long-distant and exceedingly loquacious ages. Origen, for instance, must have written more than a cart-load of books, and of these scarcely a minimum portion has come down to us: and perhaps this is as well; for we have already more of these early writers than we care to pin our faith to. Like as we regard the learned labors of one

'TRISMEGISTUS,  
Whose writings all have happily missed us!'

But still there remains behind an important question, which has hung upon us ever since we took this subject in hand: What is the burden of the story contained in this mass of paper and printer's ink before us?

The simple-minded man who does not know, or even wish to know, what 'antiquity' means, and who, we are sure, never heard of the 'Fathers,' and would hardly know where to place them, had he even so heard, finds comfort from the doctrines of this same religion, and even dies rejoicing in the faith of it; but the enlightened scholar — we mean the individual who has sharpened up his intellect by whatever means or motives were open to him — has not so simple a 'faith,' and he must needs seek after an ampler testimony. In this sense we sometimes think that if

'Ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise!'

But no matter: one cannot unmake himself any more than he can form a new creation; he would know, he would understand, he would inquire.

For the first century of the Christian era, the contest was for the truth, in itself considered; for the attestation of the one great fact, that the history recorded by the apostles was a reality and not a fiction. And if we may believe Gibbon, the early converts to the 'faith' were most sturdy in its defence, enduring such shocking persecutions as excite our passing wonder and surprise that human nature could bear so much, or that the strong will of man could sustain itself under such grievous torments and trials. For a while, (read Gibbon,) after the first promulgation of Christianity, the struggle was, we say, not for niceties of doctrine, but for the existence of a fact; but afterward, when the fact grew, and when the Roman Emperor himself embraced the 'pestilential heresy,' as Pliny had entitled the religion of the Christians, then the period for hair-splitting arose, and then the fertile pens of the Origenes and the Chrysostoms were brought into requisition. And this is what we have next to talk about.

'THERE are more things in heaven and earth, HORATIO,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy!'

Oui, Monsieur Hamlet, you are right there, be well assured! Who would have thought it true — and yet it is true — that we of the nineteenth century are vastly in advance, in point of knowledge, of those who flourished in the earlier ages of the Christian Church! And so far from our being under necessity to go to these Fathers to learn truth, and to find out deep things, they should the rather come to us and be instructed. In these earlier ages, men were, mentally speaking, in an infantile condition; there were Romans and Greeks acute enough, 'tis true, but little did the more polished of these nations bother themselves with the opinions of a conquered province; the mass of those who received the teachings of the Christian doctors were unlearned, uneducated; they were mere children in mental stature.

For the century or two of the Christian era, there was little else broached by the early 'Fathers' but mere exhortations to duty, to purity of life and conduct. After a while, however, doctrinal subjects came up for discussion, and from about the year A. D. 200 until perhaps A. D. 500, there was enough of it, in all conscience. And when



any inquiring individual, in our time, may ask after the contents of all these one hundred volumes in folio—stern-looking fellows they are—we have a most ready answer:

These volumes, my good Sir, were written some thousand years ago or more, by Messrs. Origen, Ambrose, Chrysostom, Jerome, and a host of others—for their name is Legion—for the furtherance of what they esteemed to be sound principles—orthodoxy—in opposition to the errors of sundry curious-minded individuals, whose ingenuity in devising explanations for deep subjects led them constantly upon the borders of ‘heresy;’ for that was the term given to free inquiry. Such were Arius and Sabellius, the founders of the Arian and the Sabellian theories in regard to the Second Person of the TRINITY. The former of these theories gave too little, and the latter too much divinity to the SAVIOUR of mankind: that is to say, the former regarded him as man, and as man only; whereas, by the latter hypothesis, he was wholly divine, and his human body was, perhaps, only the semblance of such.

Now the good ‘Fathers’ of that day undertook, by the force of argument and copious illustration, to set all right; hence these huge folios: but let it be remarked, by the way, that oftentimes these very ‘orthodox’ ‘Fathers,’ when in earnest pursuit of error, themselves fell into heterodoxy where they least suspected it. And this arose from the very nature of the subject. As, in physics, there are said to be some fluids so subtle and delicate that human sense cannot detect them, so in the abstrusities of theology there are some subjects so utterly intangible that man’s investigation may not reach for their development; ignorant he is, and ignorant he must remain of matters unrevealed to human pen.

So then he may search the ‘Fathers’ in vain for a solution of vexed questions?

That he may, indeed. Only worse: for he will find confusion worse confounded by dipping his little vessel into these muddied streams.

If the reader is not wearied with us, we will endeavor to show why these *paternal* fountains, although so copious, are very turbid and unsatisfactory: When the doctrines of Christianity began to take root and to grow apace, a more accommodating spirit was manifested on the part of its teachers; in other words, the Platonic philosophy got mixed up with the pure doctrines of the New Testament. In order to gain strength to their cause, these degenerate teachers allowed the vagaries of the philosophic Plato to square themselves with the ‘mysteries’ of the Christian faith; and the Platonists were well pleased, on the other hand, to become ‘Christians’ with so small a sacrifice. The teachings of this illustrious Grecian had become largely intermingled with the thoughts of thinking men of that period; and when, in the time of the Emperor Constantine, A. D. 325, the religion of the New Testament became the religion of the Empire, and consequently grew to be popular, there was small difficulty in gaining hosts of converts to the new faith: converts, however, more in name than in reality, as may well be imagined.

Beside this intermingling of Greek philosophy with the doctrines of the New Testament, and the consequent contamination of the latter, there were other causes having a similar tendency at work. There was the school of the Gnostics beside.

Don't get out of patience, reader!

These Gnostics derived their doctrine from the 'wise men of the East, certain oriental magi, who were certainly wise above what is written, contending as they did for the eternity of matter, and that *it* is the source of all evil.

We touch upon these topics with great reluctance; but having undertaken to explain to the reader — whom we suppose to be a *miscellaneous* man — the *cause why* of these ponderous folios, written by the 'Fathers' in question, there was no such thing as an evasion of Greek and oriental philosophy. It was to contend against the *heresies* occasioned by these systems of human speculation, that the 'Fathers' drew forth their majestic pens.

The most extraordinary man of all the early 'Fathers' was Origen, whose works, as we have before remarked, would number a cart-load, had they all come down to us. This illustrious Greek 'Father,' born A. D. 185, fell into errors fully as grievous as those he set about to controvert. Following the Jewish mode of interpreting Scripture, he is always for discovering a hidden or mystical sense, lying beneath and behind even the most simple and obvious passages of the Bible. By the way, this allegorical method of scriptural interpretation has been common in all ages of the Christian Church, down even almost to our own days. But the 'Father' Origen is the prince of all allegorists or allegorizers, or of that class of biblical critics who

'Apprehend more than cool reason comprehends,'

and who draw inferences and deduce deductions such as never mortal man, other than themselves, are able to get a glimpse of.

But we pass on: Suffice it to say, that error in doctrine prevailed copiously, notwithstanding the counterblasts of orthodoxy, or what purported to be orthodoxy at that time. The Church called a General Council — that was the result of the matter — to settle the difficulty. The celebrated Council of Nice, held A. D. 325, was the grand healer-up of these wounds; it enacted the *formula* which, from that day to the present, has been considered the standard of orthodoxy, so far as the second person of the TRINITY is concerned. The words of the formula were, 'Of one substance with the FATHER,' as they now stand in the Nicene Creed. It would be very curious to tell of how one single letter in a Greek word set men at loggerheads for a couple of generations or more, occasioning the shedding of much ink, as these corpulent folios here testify.

Once upon a time, a hungry wolf, prowling about for prey, came to a certain cottage and asked to be admitted — wolves talk sometimes to suit the purposes of fable-mongers — and this, of course, was denied him. Becoming somewhat importunate, he besought of the simple-minded people within that only his nose should be allowed ingress. This seemed certainly very reasonable, and it was granted; but, unfortunately for the inmates, the animal's nose served only as an 'entering-wedge' to the body of the beast himself, and they were all soon devoured. So it was with the settlement of this 'heresy;' other points of equal obscurity immediately arose, a succession of them; and for two or three

hundred years the Church enjoyed no rest from these acute disturbers of the public peace. The next subject upon the carpet was, the 'Third Person in the TRINITY,' his mode of existence, and his manner of '*procession* from the FATHER and from the SON.' Divers other men of might arose, to stand by the truth, and to oppose error, in this behalf. If the reader is cognisant of Latin and Greek, he may set in for a month's hard labor, in 'digging out' the grains of precious sense from the many bushels of superincumbent chaff which he will find in these tough folio pages.

Church history, from the time of the Emperor Constantine, or even before it, down to Justinian, is crammed to overflowing with 'heresies' such as we have here referred to, and others of a kindred hue. When once the door was opened for cavilling or for criticism, there was a mighty rush for the 'bad eminence;' and 'heresies' and 'heretics' abounded. Council after council met to 'lay down the law,' *ex cathedra*, as well as to punish the wrong-doers, even to the extent of the *flagellation* of a bishop sometimes—so we read. And not only councils met in solemn divan, but ponderous tomes were perpetrated to inform mankind what, from the nature of things, it was impossible for finite humanity to penetrate and to solve.

It is no small part of knowledge to be able to know one's own ignorance. We hear it said of certain very learned men that they have a keen perception both of what they know, and of what they don't know; and it is a characteristic of our own age to be willing frankly to acknowledge known mysteries to be mysteries. 'Put me into the atmosphere of mystery,' said a learned professor once in our hearing, 'and my mind experiences immediate relief!' But with the 'Fathers' there was none of this; they must needs lift the veil and explore the penetralia, forgetful, all the while, that frail mortality has no faculties to grasp, much less to decipher the mysteries of that mysterious 'THREE in ONE.' And herein these 'Fathers,' every one of them, have failed most signally, most miserably, we might say; failed, in that they ventured into a vast profound, whither human ken might not attempt its explorations!

We, in our time, do not attempt such voyages into dream-land; it suffices for us to be satisfied with the authenticity of the Divine Record, and to render obedience to its plain precepts.

They have 'done the state some service,' notwithstanding, these 'conscript Fathers,' as we have heretofore had occasion to remark: they have rendered it unnecessary for any future age of the world to expend its strength upon impossible issues; they serve as light-houses to the wind-tossed mariner, directing him what shoals to avoid, and warning him of what head-lands he might encounter. We learn a lesson even from the errors of mankind.

And then, as we said before, the human mind has grown apace: it was in its infancy at the time these 'Fathers' wrote; that is to say, the development of Christian doctrine was but in its infancy. We are not sure but it may be set down as an established fact, that the human mind generally has been in a condition of progress; at least, from the

period of the Reformation onwards. The eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries have produced minds of more acuteness than had lived at any other previous period of the world, and particularly in theological science.

And now, to sum up all that might, could, would, or should be said concerning these 'Fathers'—that is to say, concerning what our poor pen can so discourse—we regard them as knowing less, far less than we do, and as having a more perverted judgment than ourselves; and, in a word, as but babes in that science in which they would pretend to instruct us. Who goes to them to learn such wisdom as that which is to guide him through time, and out into regions where 'time is no more,' is welcome to do so if he pleases; we ourselves ask no such aids. *Non tali auxilio egot.*

Ever since Lord Bacon gave laws of rational induction in philosophy, and taught that theories are useless and worthless except alone as guides to experiment, the world has been satisfied to know what it knows, and to be dubious and uncertain as to what it don't know. Mere theories, idle fancies, coinages of the brain—these all go for what they are worth now, which is just nothing at all, unless proven upon the basis of experimental truth. And why not in theology as well, should not the idle notions of mere dreamers be cast to the wide winds and to the misty clouds, where they rightfully belong? Why, only to think of it! in the middle ages there were profound disquisitions and wordy debates among the philosophic divines and 'schoolmen' of that period, as to how many angels could meet together and dance upon the point of a needle without jostling one another! Some of the fancies of Origen, and others of the 'Fathers,' are scarcely more come-at-able.

What good can come of it?

This is a question men ask themselves very seriously now-a-days. Such questions as the *quo modo* of the 'TRINITY in unity,' or 'How are the dead raised up, and with what *body* do they come?' and the intricacy, fully as deep or deeper than all, of recognizing God as the ruler, and governor, and controller of all things, whilst at the same time the 'human will' is left unmolested—such questions as these, and a hundred others of like nature, which arise not only from the teachings of the inspired record, but which suggest themselves to the thoughts of thinking men, are of the theoretical stamp; they belong to the 'region of mystery;' a region whence not even an echo is heard, even from our much calling! Modern theology does not perplex itself with such bundles of impossibilities; at least, it has no business so to do. If a thing is beyond our reach, we say so; but this the 'Fathers' did not do; the more profound the sea of mystery, the farther and deeper they plunged into it: and all the while their starting-point was a wrong one; building up a superstructure upon an impossible basis, and not following that most wise and truly Crockett-ian doctrine of being

'Sure you're right before you go ahead.'

There may be some—indeed, there *are* some—that will be delving into deep places, and so getting beyond their own reach; these remind us

of the definition given by a canny Scot of metaphysics: Twa men talking and disputing together: the one does n't know what the other is talking about, and he that's talking does n't know himself!

And so we bid the 'Fathers' adieu.

BUNKER HILL: AN OLD-TIME BALLAD.

BY RICHARD HAYWARDE.

It was a starry night in June; the air was soft and still,  
When the 'minute-men' from Cambridge came, and gathered on the hill:  
Beneath us lay the sleeping town, around us frowned the fleet,  
But the pulse of freemen, not of slaves, within our bosoms beat;  
And every heart rose high with hope, as fearlessly we said,  
'We will be numbered with the free, or numbered with the dead!'

'Bring out the line to mark the trench, and stretch it on the sward!'  
The trench is marked—the tools are brought—we utter not a word,  
But stack our guns, then fall to work, with mattock and with spade,  
A thousand men with sinewy arms, and not a sound is made:  
So still were we, the stars beneath, that scarce a whisper fell;  
We heard the red-coat's musket click, and heard him cry, 'All's well!'  
And here and there a twinkling port, reflected on the deep,  
In many a wavy shadow showed their sullen guns asleep.  
Sleep on, thou bloody hireling crew! in careless slumber lie;  
The trench is growing broad and deep, the breast-work broad and high:  
No striplings we, but bear the arms that held the French in check,  
The drum that beat at Louisburgh, and thundered in Quebec!  
And thou, whose promise is deceit, no more thy word we'll trust,  
Thou butcher GAGE! thy power and thee we'll humble in the dust;  
Thou and thy tory minister have boasted to thy brood,  
'The lintels of the faithful shall be sprinkled with our blood!'  
But though these walls those lintels be, thy zeal is all in vain:  
A thousand freemen shall rise up for every freeman slain;  
And when o'er trampled crowns and thrones they raise the mighty shout,  
This soil their Palestine shall be! their altar this redoubt!

See how the morn is breaking! the red is in the sky;  
The mist is creeping from the stream that floats in silence by;  
The Lively's hull looms through the fog, and they our works have spied,  
For the ruddy flash and round shot part in thunder from her side;  
And the Falcon and the Cerberus make every bosom thrill,  
With gun and shell, and drum and bell, and boatswain's whistle shrill;  
But deep and wider grows the trench, as spade and mattock ply,  
For we have to cope with fearful odds, and the time is drawing nigh!

Up with the pine-tree banner! Our gallant PRESCOTT stands  
Amid the plunging shells and shot, and plants it with his hands:  
Up with the shout! for PUTNAM comes upon his reeking bay,  
With bloody spur and foamy bit, in haste to join the fray:  
And POMEROY, with his snow-white hairs, and face all flush and sweat,  
Unscathed by French and Indian, wears a youthful glory yet.

But thou, whose soul is glowing in the summer of thy years,  
Unvanquishable WARREN, thou (the youngest of thy peers)  
Wert born, and bred, and shaped, and made to act a patriot's part,  
And dear to us thy presence is as heart's blood to the heart!  
Well may ye bark, ye British wolves! with leaders such as they,  
Not one will fail to follow where they choose to lead the way —  
As once before, scarce two months since, we followed on your track,  
And with our rifles marked the road ye took in going back.  
Ye slew a sick man in his bed; ye slew, with hands accursed,  
A mother nursing, and her blood fell on the babe she nursed:  
By their own doors our kinsmen fell and perished in the strife;  
But as we hold a hireling's cheap, and dear a freeman's life,  
By Tanner brook and Lincoln bridge, before the shut of sun,  
We took the recompense we claimed — a score for every one!

Hark! from the town a trumpet! The barges at the wharf  
Are crowded with the living freight — and now they're pushing off;  
With clash and glitter, trump and drum, in all its bright array,  
Behold the splendid sacrifice move slowly o'er the bay!  
And still and still the barges fill, and still across the deep,  
Like thunder-clouds along the sky, the hostile transports sweep;  
And now they're forming at the Point — and now the lines advance:  
We see beneath the sultry sun their polished bayonets glance;  
We hear a-near the throbbing drum, the bugle challenge ring:  
Quick bursts, and loud, the flashing cloud, and rolls from wing to wing  
But on the height our bulwark stands, tremendous in its gloom,  
As sullen as a tropic sky, and silent as a tomb.

And so we waited till we saw, at scarce ten rifles' length,  
The old vindictive Saxon spite, in all its stubborn strength;  
When sudden, flash on flash, around the jagged rampart burst  
From every gun the livid light upon the foe accurst:  
Then quailed a monarch's might before a free-born people's ire;  
Then drank the sword the veteran's life, where swept the yeoman's fire;  
Then, staggered by the shot, we saw their serried columns reel,  
And fall, as falls the bearded rye beneath the reaper's steel:  
And then arose a mighty shout that might have waked the dead,  
'Hurrah! they run! the field is won!' 'Hurrah! the foe is fled!'  
And every man hath dropped his gun to clutch a neighbor's hand,  
As his heart kept praying all the while for Home and Native Land.

Thrice on that day we stood the shock of thrice a thousand foes;  
And thrice that day within our lines the shout of victory rose!  
And though our swift fire slackened then, and, reddening in the skies,  
We saw, from Charleston's roofs and walls, the fiery columns rise;  
Yet while we had a cartridge left, we still maintained the fight,  
Nor gained the foe one foot of ground upon that blood-stained height.

What though for us no laurels bloom, nor o'er the nameless brave  
No sculptured trophy, scroll, nor hatch, records a warrior-grave?  
What though the day to us was lost? Upon that deathless page  
The everlasting charter stands, for every land and age!  
For man hath broke his felon bonds, and cast them in the dust,  
And claimed his heritage divine, and justified the trust;  
While through his rifted prison-bars the hues of freedom pour  
O'er every nation, race, and clime, on every sea and shore,  
Such glories as the patriarch viewed, when, 'mid the darkest skies,  
He saw above a ruined world the Bow of Promise rise.



## A T R I P T O M O U N T S T . B E R N A R D .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

ON a bright, smiling morning in the month of September, 18—, we left Geneva on a trip to Mount St. Bernard. The deck of the little steamer was crowded with passengers, representatives of almost every nation on the globe: the garrulous Frenchman; the taciturn Englishman; the thinking, smoking German, (by the way, I really believe the weed induces thought;) the canny Scotchman; the swarthy Spaniard; the dignified Italian; the restless Russian; the inquiring American; each typified his race, and formed the '*dramatis personæ*' in the little social rôle to be performed during the few hours we were to be on board.

The blue waters of the lake, reflecting the beams of a morning sun, danced gaily on, soon to swell the current of the turbid Rhone, which rushes impetuously forward just beyond the out-skirts of the city, and is lost to view after its junction with the Arve, a few miles below the town. The last friendly greetings over, the steamer launched forth upon the bosom of the lake, and we sped along, the spotless, peerless peak of Mont Blanc on our right, and the dark Jura extending like a rampart on our left.

Geneva lake is about forty miles long, in the form of a crescent. Its shores are dotted with little villages, whose whitened spires add loveliness to the scene. On reaching Lausanne, which is about three quarters of its length, we immediately engaged a land-conveyance, and, after much bargaining and talking, (the only way to prevent extortion,) we started on our journey. A few miles from Lausanne is the far-famed castle of Chillon, immortalized by the pen of Byron and the imprisonment of the heroic Bonnevard. It stands upon the very edge of the lake, whose waters, close under its walls, are eight hundred feet deep, and commands the pass of the mountains, from the canton of Valais to the Vaud. We were conducted through it, and found that Byron's description was true to the letter. The seven columns look as solid and firm as though put up yesterday, and the Gothic ceiling gives the place rather a pretty effect. The partitions formerly existing between the cells have been taken away, and the gloom and dreariness of the apartment in a measure dispelled. The pillar and the ring to which Bonnevard was chained were pointed out to us, and the effect of the cankering teeth of the iron is seen upon the flinty floor: the rock is much worn around the column where he paced to and fro, the chain allowing him to take only three steps, and the pillar is covered with the names of illustrious men, mementoes, as it were, of the sufferings of the hardy Swiss patriots. The walls are exceedingly thick, and the melancholy moaning of the waters must have sounded the requiem of many a poor wretch. The windows are very narrow, and guarded by thick iron bars. We were introduced by our guide into a dark room, called the '*Chamber of Torture*.' It was here that the condemned took his final exit from this

world, through a trap-door which precipitated him down a pit, its sides armed with sharp spikes, into the lake below.

Journeying onward, on the following day we reached Martigny, situated at the foot of Mount St. Bernard, where we changed our conveyance for a 'char-à-banc,' a vehicle holding three. The 'char-à-banc' is like a small stage cut in two lengthwise, with a seat only on one side. It is so constructed in consequence of the narrowness of the road, and is peculiarly adapted to persons of a nervous temperament: facing the side of the road as you do, you have the full benefit of the ravines and precipices which border the way; and the effect is often heightened by the mischievousness of the 'cocher,' who drives as near the edge as possible, urging on his mules with shouts and the lash.

In proportion as we ascended, the scene changed; the green of the fields merged into dusky brown, and the trees were represented by stunted bushes of a sickly appearance. After a tedious ride of several hours, we reached Liddes, a miserable village, a sort of half-way house, where we dined, and mounted mules to accomplish the remainder of the ascent, as the path is so narrow and steep that wagons are impracticable. At Geneva, we complained of the heat: we now wrapped our cloaks and blanket-shawls around us, shivering with the cold. As we journeyed upward, the scene became more and more wild. The mountain-torrent seemed literally jammed between the rocks, far down in the depths below, foaming and hissing at its confinement. The few stunted bushes finally disappeared, and we at last emerged upon as desolate and gloomy a tract as I ever beheld. What before had been a road was now a simple goat-path, broken and rugged. We followed nearly in the foot-steps of Napoleon Bonaparte; and the summit of a small peak, overhanging an immense chasm, was pointed out to us as the spot from which he had nearly fallen, while urging on his tired troops, during one of his Italian campaigns.

Some little distance from the Hospice, the track is indicated by tall posts, with fingers pointing to the summit of the mountain, to guide the bewildered traveller when overtaken by the snow-storm. The nearer we approached the top, the more awfully grand the scene became, surrounded as we were by nature's cloud-capped towers. The dead silence which reigned in air was almost insupportable; and the rain which commenced falling, enveloping every thing in a thick mist, and benumbing us with cold, did not at all improve our feelings. Still, onward and upward were the words; and I doubt whether the Emperor himself urged forward his tired troops with more energy than we did our lazy, stumbling mules. This exercise saved us, perhaps, from freezing. At last, after ascending a steep path, with a 'mer de glace' below us nearly fifty feet in depth, we reached the Hospice, the shades of night having already settled upon the mountain-tops.

At the entrance we were met by one of those world-renowned animals, the St. Bernard dog, who, wagging his bushy tail, walked in a dignified manner up to us, in token of welcome. We patted his huge head, and he disappeared through the doorway, as if to apprise the inmates of the approach of strangers. He was of a dark yellow color, broad-chested, with short, thick hair, fitted by nature to brave fatigue and the elements.



On entering the hall, and ringing a bell, the rope of which was suspended from the wall, we were received with exceeding politeness by one of the monks, who ushered us into the *salle-à-manger*, heaping upon the blazing hearth large billets of wood. We gathered around the fire, not needing an invitation, for we were shivering with cold. The wind howled and moaned around the building, and heavy drops of rain and hail pattered loudly against the window-panes. A deep gloom seemed to have settled upon us all, (our party was now increased by the arrival of some gentlemen from the Italian side;) and it was not at all dispelled when we heard the solemn chimes of the chapel pealing forth, sending their iron voices to be echoed and reëchoed by the peaks around. It was the hour of prayer: and we listened to the low chant of the monks, as they slowly moved along the vaulted passage to the chapel, seeming almost like voices from the tomb. The effect was inexpressibly sublime. There they were, separated from the external world, bound by a vow to devote the best portion of their lives to deeds of mercy and benevolence; engaged in devotion, holding converse with their MAKER, who seeth in secret, almost, I may say, face to face; the elements at war around them, sending their cold and chilling breath through the gloomy building, far removed from the habitations of men. Too much praise cannot be awarded them, and their cause should enlist the sympathies of the world at large.

After a coarse and homely meal, seasoned however with a prodigious appetite, we retired to rest; but sleep was a tardy visitor, so deep was the impression made upon me by all that I had heard and seen.

The Hospice is four stories high; oblong, and perfectly plain, with a wide hall running its entire length. Its walls are very thick, so as to resist the avalanche, which occasionally comes thundering down from the peaks around, and stands upon a base, surrounded on almost every side by lofty crags. There are fifteen monks, who occupy the main building, and six domestics, who live in a small house a few rods distant. The fraternity is bound by a vow to remain fifteen years engaged in their philanthropic calling. Few, however, can endure the rigor of the winters, but are obliged to descend to a more congenial climate to recruit their shattered health. In the wall of the hall is a large marble tablet, with an inscription in honor of Napoleon: several pictures of him are suspended in the rooms, and the monks seem to adore him.

Close to the Hospice is the 'morgue,' or charnel-house, where the bodies of those found dead upon the mountain-passes are deposited. Several skeletons, or rather dried remains, (the extreme cold acting upon them in a measure like petrifying earth, or embalming compositions,) their tattered garments strown round about them, stood in ghastly array against the walls; and in one corner we saw the remains of a mother and her child, locked in Death's cold embrace, perhaps never to separate until the last trump shall summon them to their home in the skies. Many are the sad relics shown the traveller in this gloomy abode, but the sight elicits tears of pity rather than disgust.

On the morning of our descent the ground was covered with snow, which was falling in such fine flakes as almost to resemble mist, making it difficult to see a few feet in advance. Before leaving, we were con-

ducted to the chapel, standing at one extremity of the building. It is prettily ornamented with sacred relics and marble altars. I would here remark, that no charge is made by the monks for receiving and entertaining travellers. The poor worn pilgrim is safely housed, and sent on his way rejoicing; but visitors who desire it are shown the charity-box in the chapel, and leave whatever contribution they may wish. Many wealthy families make yearly pilgrimages to the Hospice, to deposit their contributions.

One of the objects which most interested us, was the monument erected by Bonaparte to the memory of the young Desaix, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Marengo. He fell at the commencement of the action, having time only to say: 'Go, tell the First Consul that I die with regret at not having done enough to live in posterity!' During his military career, General Desaix had had four horses killed under him, and received three wounds. He was a mere youth, and had just rejoined the head-quarters of the army, burning with a desire for battle. The evening previous, he remarked to his aides-de-camp: 'It is now a long time since I have fought in Europe; bullets do not know me more; something is about to happen.' When his death was announced to the First Consul, in the midst of a terrific fire, he only remarked: 'Why am I not allowed to weep his loss?' About a month after the action, his body was transported to Mount St. Bernard, having been previously taken to Milan to be embalmed.

Napoleon occupied three days in crossing St. Bernard, which offered serious obstacles to the heroic courage of the French troops. His whole army came very near annihilation in passing, on the opposite side, the fort of Bard, considered impregnable, by reason of its position on the summit of a peak, and closing the passage of a deep valley. He dug a passage in the rock, beyond the reach of cannon, which served his infantry and cavalry; and, enveloping the wheels of his wagons and cannon with straw, on a dark night forced his way through the little town of Bard, although exposed to the fire of a battery of twenty-two pieces, which, playing upon him at random, did little damage to the republican troops.

After bidding our kind host adieu, we set out, our guides leading the mules, the descent being so slippery as to render this precaution necessary. The cold penetrated to such a degree, that some of our party dismounted to restore the circulation of blood. Our hands were swollen like small boxing-gloves, and we walked the whole distance to Liddes, enjoying the comforts of exhausted breath, tired limbs, and wet, frozen feet. The descent to Martigny was made in about three hours, and we hailed with joy the first sight of the Hôtel de la Tour, our stopping-place for the night.

On our return to Geneva, we took the opposite side of the lake from that by which we came, sleeping at the little village of Eriau. The road was quite circuitous, passing through defiles which shut us from the external world, and again approaching close to the lake's edge, the soft music of whose gentle ripples, as they plashed upon its pebbly shore, formed a striking contrast to the hoarse voice of the mountain-torrent. A great part of the way, the road was shaded by the Madeira-nut tree,

whose branches, meeting overhead, formed a leafy avenue, sheltering us from the burning rays of the sun. We passed groups of peasantry, in their picturesque costume, gathering the nuts, and collecting them in large sacks. Pretty little farms, fields of grain, orchards, dotted the landscape; and through the long, unbrageous vista we saw spires, the molten waters of the lake, and Mont Blanc in the dim distance. It was a beautiful picture; and we found it a difficult matter which to admire most, Nature in her wild and rugged majesty, or extended as she was before us, in soft and gentle mien. Switzerland is truly a romantic country: and Savoy, which partakes much of its character, will not suffer in the comparison.

## S T A N Z A S .

BY THE 'PEASANT-BARD.'

I.

I LOVE to hear the frantic winds  
Rave through the long, dark night:  
My sympathizing spirit finds  
In them a wild delight.

II.

I love to see the misty post  
Drive after winter rain,  
And fancy Autumn's sheeted ghost  
Walks the deserted plain.

III.

I love the Thunderer's eloquence  
Behind the murky screen:  
It gives sublimest evidence  
Of HIM who dwells unseen.

IV.

I love 'cloud-cleaving geese' to hear  
High in the vernal sky:  
They sound Hope's future in my ear,  
And paint it to my eye.

V.

I love to hear the trickling rill  
Deep in the hollow wood:  
It gives my breast that nameless thrill  
That *lang syne* ever could.

VI.

I love to see the polar blaze  
Stream upward and abroad:  
It lights my soul on loftier ways,  
And nearer to its God.

Grill, (Mass.) April 7th.

## S T . H E L E N A .

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE MEMOIRS OF THE SECOND MRS. JUDSON.

BY GRETTE.

'Tis holy ground, that rocky isle  
In the lone, blue eastern main,  
Where they laid this loved one down to sleep,  
Never to wake again!

'Tis holy ground! The Dove of Peace  
Is brooding in the shade;  
Is hovering with folded wing,  
Where she is lowly laid.

'Blow softly, gales,' for he no more,  
St. Helen, rests in thee;  
He, whose dominion shook the earth,  
And stopped but with the sea.

But they have given *her* a place,  
The loved, the good, the fair:  
Blow softly, softly, gentle gales,  
A saint is sleeping there!

O traveller, as you pass that way,  
And gaze upon that shore,  
Think not of him whose conquering sword  
Is sheathed for evermore.

Think not upon his iron heart,  
And on his warrior form;  
Think not of Earth's distracted throes,  
Of battle and of storm:

But think of her whose holy dust  
Is mingled with the sod;  
Of her whose fearless hand upheld  
The banner of our God:

Of her who went in faith to show  
To blinded Pagan eyes  
The Star of Bethlehem, shining high  
O'er Burmah's darkened skies.

A rallying-point, in years to come,  
Shall that lone island be,  
For all who bear the Word of Life  
Across the trackless sea.

There shall they rouse their weary hearts,  
Disconsolate awhile:  
'Cheer, comrades! cheer: we're passing now  
St. Helen's sacred isle.

'Cheer, comrades! cheer: the beacon-light  
Still glows above *HER* tomb:  
On, then, to trim the lamp she lit,  
In yonder land of gloom!'

No more *NAPOLÉON*'s wondrous might  
Alone shall thrill the breast;  
But memories of her deeds of love  
Shall make that island blest.

They'll think of him as of a storm  
That swept in terror by:  
But she shall be the arch of hope  
Serenely glittering high!

And yet that tender, fragile frame,  
That woman's gentle heart,  
Braved more than that proud warrior braved,  
To act her holy part.

*He* went where'er Ambition called  
And pointed out the track,  
And culled the laurels for his brow,  
To bring in triumph back.

*She* humbly bowed, and offered up,  
Ere yet the deck she trod,  
Her home, her friends, her hopes, her all,  
Upon the shrine of God!

She bade farewell, a *last* farewell,  
To Home's receding shore;  
Left the warm breast where she was rocked,  
To press it nevermore.

*His* battles were with warlike men,  
Drawn out in proud array,  
Where host met host, and strife and death  
Still marked the bloody day.

*Her* foes were all the hideous train  
Of heathen pomp and pride;  
But there the woman fearless fought,  
And there the martyr died!

*He* made a ruin where he stalked,  
And all his trodden path  
Is darkened by the thunder-clouds  
Of agony and wrath.

*She* shed a light around her way,  
And with the steps of prayer  
Raised up a ladder to the skies  
Which brought down angels there!

O rocky, wave-girt sepulchre,  
A blessing rest on thee!  
Guard well the holy dust she gave,  
Lone island of the sea!

## Sketch-Book of Me, Meister Karl.

My friends, are ye tired of earth? Then let me lead you away among  
the dim shapes and silent mysteries of Wonder-Land:

### FAIRY MYTHOLOGY.

‘ALL over doth this outer earth  
An inner earth enfold;  
And sounds may reach us of its mirth  
Over its pales of gold.  
There spirits dwell — unwedded all  
From the shapes and shades they wore;  
Though oft their printless footsteps fall  
By the hearths they loved before.  
We mark them not, nor hear the sound  
They make in circling all around;  
Their bidding sweet and voiceless prayer  
Float without echo on the air;  
Yet often in unworldly places,  
Soft Sorrow's twilight vales,  
We meet them with uncovered faces,  
Outside their golden pales;  
Yet dim, as they must ever be,  
Like ships far off and out at sea,  
With the sun upon their sails.’

I speak of the early time, when the world was utterly lonely and silent. As yet, the forests of Northland were unbroken, save by the power of the tempest. For the axe of the woodman had not then sounded, nor the oar of the Vikingir been heard on the Northern Sea.

The giant Nor lay in a vast cavern by the shore of the Baltic. And he felt the breath of the evening wind as it moved sadly and wearily among the mighty oaks: for it had come from the forest, and bore upon its wings the mournful voices of the dark-green trees. And the voices spoke to the giant father, and said: ‘Why are we thus neglected? Among our branches no spirits dwell; our beauty is unsung; unheeded and unloved, we bloom and wither; and our lives are very short, for no Hamadryads protect us who dwell here in the far Northland.’

And the voices died away; but the giant Nor was troubled in spirit at the wail of his loved ones.

From the depths of the far distant blue, even from the outer courts of Asgard, the dwelling of the deities, came the voice of the gentle Braga, the spirit of poësy, whose soft, flowing words are as mead to Odin, the father of the gods. And he said to Nor: ‘Thou art alone, but we will give thee a son who shall be as a father to the spirits which were born from the dark-haired Asa. From the hills and forests, from the valleys and plains of the south, shall they come; and when they dwell in these lands of thine, they will be yet more beautiful than before; and the men who come after will call this race the ELFIN, and their father the TEUTON.’

And it happened even as the gentle Braga had said. Northland was no longer desolate, but filled with the spirits of Faërie. Hill and dale, mountain and river, tree and fountain, had each its guardian spirit. Deep in the earth dwelt the gnome and kobold: far, far from the light of day

they built themselves gold and silver halls, lit up with ever-gleaming carbuncles.

In the hard rock dwelt the Duergar and Dienez, who were thought in those days to be harder and sterner than the rocks themselves, while the rivers, lakes, and fountains of Undines, Naiads, Nymphs, Melusinae, and Wasserelfen. But even in this soft and gentle element were found those fierce and gloomy sprites, the Kelpies, who delighted in troubling mankind. So said the men of an early time. Heaven forbid that I should speak aught against any of the dwellers in FAERIE! No word against the Gnomes of the Mountains! I sat among the rocks in moon-light in Nibelungen Land, and heard their voices humming in the caverns. And in mystery, in beauty, and dimness they led me down:

For seven days  
Heard I in the hill  
The iron hammers:  
For seven days  
I listened there  
To the songs of the Gnomes.  
For seven days  
Heard I gold and steel,  
And the fire which sounded  
Like the cries of many men.  
Deep in the earth  
Lies the land of the Gnomes;  
In that country  
Are neither trees nor meadows;  
Moon-light and star-light  
Shine not upon them.  
Birds do not sing there;  
Barley does not grow there;  
Bees and flies  
Saw I never there.  
They see no clouds,  
Yet sometimes rain  
Falleth upon them,  
Down through the rocks.  
But it is very light  
In the Land of the Gnomes,  
For they have bright stones

Which flash in the dark  
Like the eyes  
Of an angry wolf:  
So the house is lighted.  
Their land is very broad,  
For under all the earth,  
And the great sea also,  
Dwell the Gnomes.  
When it is cold on earth,  
It is warm in that country.  
When the summer is hot,  
The Gnomes bear heavy garments.  
In that land  
Is much iron and gold:  
Therewith they make  
Fine swords and helmets.  
There in that land  
Saw I many men and women,  
Many fair maidens,  
Brave knights and good harpers,  
Who had left the green world,  
And dwelt merrily  
In the houses of the Gnomes.  
There we feasted  
With mead, wine, and beer.  
Naught had we to pay,  
For the Gnomes love men.

The Undines, too, like all elementary spirits, are of a kind and gentle nature, living, loving, and delighting in all good. Such was that mild maiden so sweetly drawn by the gifted fairy annalist, La Motte Fouqué: such, though man hath belied them, the *Wild Ladies* who sang to Von Troneg Hagen; such the fair Nymph of Lurlei; such the gentle siren of Naples; and such the water damosell of the great magician Göthe:

'Und wie er sitzt und wie er lauscht,  
Zheilt sich der Kluft empor;  
Aus dem bewegten Wasser raucht  
Ein feuchtes Weib hervor.'

In the element of fire dwelt the pure salamanders and saldini, who are, say the Rosicrucians, more beautiful and reserved than their relations of Air, Earth, and Water: and nearly allied to them the familiar spirits, termed *Penates*; born, according to Paracelsus, of Fire and Air.

How shall I describe ye, O beautiful Sylphs? Bright dwellers in the aërial element, how can I tell the unutterable longing, the deep yearning with which my heart inclines to your celestial company? Whether ye revel in the rose-perfumed cloud which, at glowing dawn, hangs over the golden gardens of Istamboul, or with sister Peris wing your way far, far above the sun-painted rainbow and crimson-gleaming flame of the

western sky, still my heart follows and is ever with you. Yea, for AGLA, the fairest, is in your band: Agla, whom I have twice seen in dreams.

It may be that some will look upon the old Northland legend of the birth of the Elfin, and of the four elementary tribes, as trifling and obscure. And truly the followers of the gifted Plato, who are said to have learned many notable things relative to the dwellers in the Unseen, have given us another and more satisfactory account, which I — albeit my skill therein be but small — will set forth to the lovers of fairy lore.

This outer world, which is but the object of the invisible, is formed from matter which, in the beginning, was harmonized into shape by the occult virtue of spiritual numbers. In the beginning the Triad was born from the Monad, as it is declared by Proclus in his scholia: '*Toto enim in Mundo lucet Trinitas, cujus Unitas initium est.*' Hence it follows that in the generation of all phenomena, a perfect and peculiar number was allotted to every element and every principle. Fire, Air, and Water, are derived from the scalene triangle. A cube is the figure peculiar to earth, and the icosaëdron to water. At every intermixture of these elements, and consequently at every new creation therefrom, a new number is generated, representative of a new IDEA, developed in the Monad.

The objective form of the numeral is changeable, and subject to annihilation. But the corresponding IDEA, as partaking of the nature of the primary Monad or Demiourgos, is, in its essence, intelligent and also eternal. But when its duties are performed, it retains no longer a distinct personality, but is reabsorbed into the original element, and thus, though eternal, is to all intents annihilated.

Thus, the four glorious companies of elementary spirits are for ever shut out from a share in those eternal joys allowed to man. And so it often happens that the remembrance of this inspires them with wayward and wilful fits of that which, in mortals, were despair. And a misapprehension of the cause of this hath often caused men to confound them with the dwellers in the dark abyss.

Yet this is wrong, since they do God's will cheerfully. If this remembrance of their final annihilation be awakened, they are not unfrequently hostile to man. Thus it hath ever been accounted dangerous to meet them on a Friday:

This is the day when the fairy kind  
Sit weeping alone for their hopeless lot,  
And the wood-maiden sighs to the moaning wind,  
And the mermaid weeps in her crystal grot;  
For this is a day when a deed was done  
In which they had neither part nor share:  
For the children of clay was salvation wrought,  
But not for the forms of Earth and Air.  
And ever the mortal is most forlorn  
Who meeteth their race on Friday morn.

But there is one way remaining by which the Elfin tribes may obtain this boon. If one of these spirits should wed a human being, then, by virtue of that passage in Holy Writ which declares a married pair to be *one*, they may, by becoming mortal, attain to immortality. Thus declares the spirit-read Count Gabalis.

Beautiful elves, who dwell in the golden glories of the far land of light!



must ye then stoop to the level of degraded mortality to attain, with the children of earth, those joys which spread broad and wide beyond the grave? And is it true (as the old Arabian declared) that ye do dwell in this earth disguised as mortals? For he saith that here and there in this world, but few and far between, dwell the houris of Elf-land.

O thou who readest these dream-reveries! if ever among those gentle demoiselles, whose friendship or love has given many a golden hour to the weariness of life, thou hast seen *ONE* whose every look, glance, and smile seemed to tell of a higher and brighter land, whose thoughts and wishes, ever aspiring to the spiritual and unseen, seemed to fix more and more indelibly upon her love the character of the unattainable, then know that thou hast seen a true spirit-maiden, even a veritable Elf!

O friend! knowest thou not that there are myriads around thee in this world, in whose mysterious eyes and outward-glancing souls may be traced the gleam of the infinite and the impression of a previous life? Some who live and act in the feeling of the good, beautiful, and true, though darkened by the shadows of life and sense? Of such are the Sylph and Naiad, or Salamander, rising from the downward-borne elements of God! Others, who live and move only in the strange, the grotesque, and ever-changing, who grasp at *no* idea as others grasp it, the serious reality of whose souls rests on the feeling of the incongruous and laughable. And these were merry Goblins, wild Gnomes, fantastic Elves, roving Will-o'-the-Wisps, Red-caps, and Koboldi. Strangely, and wildly, and wonderfully, they circle through the world with their quips and cranks, their gambols and gaudrioles, their fantasie, bizarrerie, and burlesquerie. O friends of my soul—light of my life! doth the air of life press too coldly and thickly upon you? And of such were Richter, and Rabelais, and Hoffman, and Pater Rush, and Tyll Eulenspiegel, and Sterne, and Swift, and Robin Goodfellow, and Abraham Santa Clara, and Jerome Bosch, and Höllenbreughel, and Callot, and Tabourin, and the Seigneur des Accords, and—of all who arrive at a comprehension of the mysterious life-problem by reading it up the middle, down the sides, and finally reversing it! Ye quaint, fantastic souls! How little does the world, when it splits its sides with roaring at your oddities, comprehend either your nature or that at which it laughs! But it is only the outer form, the last tincture of your cabala, which provokes laughter. Only the scum on the surface; for beneath *that* lies a deep, unfathomable gulf of high-pressure mystery, and fourth-proof wonder and adoration.

There are many, too, who have never written or painted; nay, who have never attracted particular attention from their nearest friends by act or word, yet whose whole life is to themselves a mystery, a whimsy, an incomprehensible serio-comic problem. I know that strange gleam of the eye, that twitch of the lip. Yes, it was brave in Elf-land!

Burning daughter of love, thou wert once a *succubus*, and wafted on the wings of night; and, hot, longing, didst steal from sleep hearts and new lives. Man of dullness, known in society as a bore, *thou* wert an *incubus*; there were but nine of ye then. Miser, whose soul is with thy gold, *thou* wert once a *Leprouchaun*, and didst heap even as now. False

and deceitful heart, dealer in scandal and bitterness, thou wert among the *Paraëdri*, the *mali genii*. Thou, my pretty child, whose life passes among pinks and hyacinths, jessamine flower-seeds and the hot-house, thou wert a *Peucedanum*, a spirit of woods and gardens.

But there is *one*, the Gloriana, the queen of Fantasie and Faërie, whose glances are not for all, whom every one may not safely meet. That one is

THE FOUNTAIN FAY.

Ye gentles all who love your life,  
Beware, beware, the water-wife!

She singeth soft, she singeth low;  
Her lute is the mountain streamlet's flow:

Her harp, the pine-wood's mournful moan;  
She sits by the fountain, and sings alone:

And her songs like musical rivers roll;  
Beware, beware, lest they drown thy soul!

Ride where you may, ride where you will,  
The Fountain Fay can meet you still.

He rode alone in the silent night;  
She swam like a star to his left and right.

He rode by the linden blooming fair;  
Dame Nightingale sang, 'O youth, beware!'

He came to the fountain within the wood;  
The Fay in her beauty before him stood.

In the starlight silver-sparkling glance,  
Her sisters swam in the Elf-dance.

Alight, thou minstrel brave and gay!  
And sing us thy sweetest, choicest lay.

He sang so sweet, he sang so long,  
The flower-buds opened to hear his song.

He sang so gently of maidens and love,  
He ripened the fruit on the boughs above.

I ask no more for lute and lay  
Than a kiss from the lips of the Fountain Fay.

She kissed him once — to the minstrel's sight,  
The world seemed melting in golden light.

Once more — and his soul to the land of the Fay  
In beauty and music seemed floating away.

As she kissed him again, the spirit had fled;  
He lay in the moon-rays cold and dead.

From above a musical whisper fell:  
Green Earth, with thy valleys and lakes — Farewell!

Ye who shun the regions of poësy,  
Of beauty, romance, and fantasie!

And who think there can be no world like this!  
Beware of the Fairy — beware her kiss!

## L A M E N T   F O R   S A - S A - N A . \*

BY W. H. C. HOMER.

When hearts all joy, and cheeks all bloom,  
 The Parcae mark for early doom,  
 And ties are clipped by their cruel shears  
 That bound us to the young in years,  
 His dirge in vain the Poet sings,  
 Waking the wild and wailing strings;  
 For the tearless silence of despair,  
 Not words, can loss so dread declare.

Though sad to witness, day by day,  
 Some loved one waste with slow decay,  
 While the features kindle with a glow  
 More bright than Painting will ever know;  
 Thrice mournful is the stroke of Fate,  
 Leaving us wholly desolate,  
 That falls, unheralded, to sever  
 An idol from our souls for ever.

Her large black eye was ever bright  
 With flashings of electric light,  
 And her cheek with a glowing sun-set red,  
 Like summer twilight, overspread;  
 The shade of woods was in her hair,  
 The blue-bell's grace in her queenly air;  
 And the heart a willing homage paid  
 To the matchless charms of the Mohawk maid.

Though mine is not a practised ear,  
 Oh! how I loved her voice to hear.  
 Her teachers were the singing rills,  
 And airy voices from the hills;  
 The lay she breathed was Nature's own,  
 Melting the soul with its liquid tone,  
 And caught from water-fall and bird  
 Were notes by the spell-bound listener heard.

Ah! gathered was this rose of ours  
 When life was in its moon of flowers,  
 Ere canker soiled one tender leaf,  
 Or frost had done the work of grief.  
 She perished like some worthless weed  
 In the track of the white man's iron steed;  
 And strangers in the tomb have laid  
 The crushed remains of the Mohawk maid.

\* THE subject of this lament was one of the victims of the frightful rail-road accident that took place in February last upon the New-York and Erie Rail-road at Deposit. The Reservation where her family reside is known as the Mohawk Woods, township of Thayandanegea, on the Salmon river, which empties into the bay of Quinte. The beauty of her character may be inferred from the following extract: 'Child of an unfortunate race, her life had been spent from early youth in an unremitting effort to acquire a knowledge of the English language and its literature, for the purpose of enabling her, in conjunction with her brother and sisters, to diffuse civilization and the principles of our Christian faith among the people of their nation in Canada.'

Poor widowed mother of the dead !  
 Thou wilt hear no more her bounding tread ;  
 But let one soothing thought control  
 The stormy grief that rends thy soul :  
 When sang of Heaven thy forest child,  
 What transport breathed in each ' wood-note wild !'  
 The path of a blameless life she trod,  
 And the pure in heart shall look on God.

Where the bones of her wild forefathers sleep,  
 Let velvet moss o'er the slumberer creep ;  
 And mark the spot with no other sign  
 Than some old familiar oak or pine :  
 Better a quiet place of rest,  
 With the turf of home upon her breast,  
 Than the proudest tomb that trophied Art  
 Could build to cover her mouldering heart.

## L I T E R A R Y   Q U A K E R S .

BERNARD BARTON, AND WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES.'

FROM the times of George Fox and his contemporaries, down to the present day, many of the members of the Society of Friends have been scribblers of books. Some of them have contributed valuable additions to the list of useful and moral publications, such as Benjamin Franklin ; \* and a few, like Bernard Barton and the Howitts, have wandered into the flowery realms of Poetry and Romance. In this chapter I purpose more particularly to give sketches of the last-named authors, whose numerous productions are almost as well known in this country as in their native land.

Before, however, I introduce the Howitts to my readers, let me just advert to BERNARD BARTON, or, as he was familiarly termed in England, the Quaker Poet.

Barton was for many years cashier of a bank in a small country-town in Essex, a place from which he seldom travelled. He was by no means a 'stiff Quaker,' although he observed most of the customs of that sect. Indeed, his sociability and love of good company, such as that of Charles Lamb, for instance, was not quite approved of by the more rigid 'Friends.' He was, however, an amiable man and a pleasing poet, but by no means a powerful writer. I met him once in London, and well remember his person. He was dressed in sober brown ; his face was plump and florid ; and over a steaming tumbler he was far more jocular than a Quaker usually chooses to be.

\* FRANKLIN wore the plain Quaker garb, for convenience' sake : but he was not a member of the Society of Friends.

ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

On that particular evening, I well remember his telling an anecdote or two of Charles Lamb, and especially a characteristic one of Coleridge, communicated by the author of 'Elia.' Though somewhat out of place, I will, lest it should at a future opportunity escape me, relate it here.

Coleridge was a great talker, and when he fairly got into one of his speculative discourses, it was no easy matter to stop the wordy tide. With eyes closed, the 'old man eloquent' would preach by the hour, and frequently preach his hearers out of all patience. So it happened in the following instance:

Lamb was clerk at the East-India House, and one morning, as he was hurrying from his cottage at Enfield to the city, he met Coleridge proceeding to pay him a visit. Lamb's time for being at his desk was nearly arrived, but Coleridge cared not a pin about that: he had some wondrous ideas to communicate, and in order to detain Lamb until he had done so, he seized him by a coat-button, drew the good-natured Charles into a narrow passage, and, shutting his eyes, commenced his talk. With one hand holding the button, and with the other waving to and fro in the air, he went on for a full hour, heedless of Lamb's impatience. At length a happy thought struck the victim. Taking out his pen-knife, he adroitly severed the button from the coat, and quietly slipped off. Coleridge did not observe the elopement, but went on with his subject; and Lamb solemnly declared that when, four hours afterward, he passed by the spot, there stood the rapt Coleridge, with the button between his fingers, just as when he left him in the morning, his hand placidly waving, his eyes closed, and — talking!

Bernard Barton died about 20 years ago, his latter days having been made comfortable — for illness had compelled him to quit the bank — by a pension from Queen VICTORIA. His daughter Lucy has written a pleasing memoir of the Quaker Poet, to which I would refer those who may desire to know more of him.

And now for 'the Howitts.'

A very general opinion is entertained in America that WILLIAM and MARY HOWITT are brother and sister. This may be owing to the fact that few married couples pursue together literature as a vocation. Many persons have an idea that such unions are not productive of connubial felicity: indeed, I heard a man of great talent once declare, that a literary man should marry a fool, and *vice versa*. There are some instances, doubtless, of couples who travel well enough together in literary harness: for my own part, I see no reason on earth why they should not.

William and Mary Howitt, then, are husband and wife. The question whether, as such, they follow a certain good example, set by a pair of English sovereigns whose effigies, being stamped in company on their coins, have provoked the simile of

— 'cooing and billing,  
Like WILLIAM and MARY on a shilling,'

it is not for me to express an opinion upon. I have only to speak of them as author and authoress.

When William Howitt was, a few years ago, compiling his book entitled the 'Homes and Haunts of British Poets,' he had occasion to consult

a biography of Chatterton, which then happened to be out of print. Through a friend, he applied to me, as its author, for some information regarding the poet, and this led to my introduction to William and his wife.

At that time they resided in a pleasant suburb of the great metropolis, and one Sunday afternoon I set out for their dwelling. After a long omnibus-ride, my friend and myself were set down in front of a large house called 'The Elms,' at Lower Clapton. 'Here,' said P——, enthusiastically, for he was a thick-and-thin admirer of the literary pair, 'here live the Howitts!'

Our rap at the door soon brought to it one of the neatest of 'neat-handed Phyllis's,' who, on our inquiring for Mr. Howitt, ushered us up a flight of stairs and into a spacious drawing-room, which, at the moment, was untenanted, so that I had leisure to look about me.

The furniture and decorations of an apartment, and more especially the books in it, are generally tolerably true indications of the tastes and pursuits of its owners: at least, so I have generally found or fancied them to be. In the present instance I was not out in my judgment. Vases of flowers—who has written more lovingly of flowers than Mrs. Howitt?—and pictures of rural scenery, such as her husband has so often described, were to be seen on pedestals, on tables, and on the walls. Busts of celebrated authors were placed on brackets; and at one end of the room was a piano. Books were in plenty, and folios of prints lay here and there. From the windows of the room might be seen a pretty garden; and birds sang cheerfully among the leafy branches which rustled close to the panes.

We sat patiently for a few moments; then the door opened, and a lady entered: it was MARY HOWITT.

How seldom it happens that the personal appearance of authors or authoresses, or indeed those of any noticeable people of whom we have heard, or whose works we may have read, correspond to the fancy portraits which we may have in our minds drawn of them! In only one case, in my experience, did the veritable original surpass the imaginary likeness I had drawn: that was in the case of Mrs. Hemans. The same almost spiritual beauty which I had recognized in her poetry, and which I had transferred to their author, I found was really to be seen in her charming face. One might have fancied Miss Landon lovely in person, but she was by no means a 'beauty.' Hundreds have called and thought Mary Howitt a charming creature; and I had fancied her something out of the common. I was mistaken. She appeared, at the first glance, mild and matronly; nothing more.

The poetess welcomed me very pleasantly, and her mild, unassuming manners at once banished all feeling of constraint. I will endeavor, though, before proceeding farther, to give some definite idea of her personal appearance.

If the lady's face was not decidedly handsome, neither was it the reverse. Her forehead was intellectually shaped; and her brown hair, a little inclined to gray, was simply parted on its summit. A plain cap, but not of a Quaker cut, covered her head. The most striking features were her eyes, which were large and of a pale blue; the nose seemed

rather long. The mouth would have been good had it not been somewhat disfigured by a large, prominent front tooth, which destroyed the symmetry of the upper lip. The complexion was light, and the general expression benevolent, simple, and agreeable.

For the benefit of those of my lady-readers who are curious in such things, I would, if I were able, minutely describe Mary Howitt's dress, but I am unlearned in such matters as boddices and bustles, or crapes and crinolines. All I can say is, that the poetess wore a lavender-colored gown, neatly made, but not formed like those common to her sect. Indeed, the Howitts have for years abandoned Quaker costume altogether.

Mrs. Howitt's conversation was cheerful and pleasant, but not sparkling. The topic on which she appeared to like best to talk was America, which was natural enough, I having just returned from thence. She told me that she had relatives in Ohio, and hinted at an intention of emigrating to that State at some future time. Since then, it will be remembered, she has written a work entitled, 'Our Cousins in Ohio;' but I believe the emigration-project has been long abandoned.

While we were talking, a gentleman entered the room, and Mrs. Howitt introduced me to him: it was her husband.

He was short, stout, and harsh-looking, and struck me as being more like a shrewd city-broker, hard at driving a bargain, than as an author. There was a *hauteur* in his manner which to me was any thing but prepossessing. His head was bullet-shaped, and covered, except just at the summit, with short, gray hair. Small, keen, blue eyes told that he was a minute observer. A nose, short and stubby—such as his would not have been taken as a model by a sculptor—and the mouth hard and firm, was not indicative of amiability of character. His manner, like his style, was hard, and at times conceited; and there was a something in his whole bearing and appearance which repelled instead of attracted.

Never mind his dress, reader; it was neat, and suited to a plump personage; that is all that needs to be said about it.

He took me, after a time, into his garden, and I soon found that he did not live on good terms with his brother authors. His remarks on some of them were short, sharp, and snappish. He had plenty of vanity, too, and evidently considered himself 'some pumpkins.' I have reason *now* to know that he is almost singular in the opinion, for his reputation, to a great degree, rests on that of his wife, without the *prestige* of whose name, and it is said, without the assistance of whose pen, he would be regarded merely as a rather dexterous book-*compiler*.

If, as I have intimated, William Howitt does not live on the best terms with other literary men, other literary folks do not entertain the highest respect for him, for in his displeasure he has shown himself to be bitter, vindictive, and of as persecuting a spirit as Bishop Bonner himself. The meekness of the Quaker belongs not to him. To be sure, he writes pleasantly of birds and trees; but when he speaks of certain authors, he is so savage as to remind one of Mrs. Mackenzie's remark to her husband, Henry Mackenzie, the well-known author of 'The Man of Feeling.' Mackenzie was, in private life, a bear, and, indeed, addicted to cruelty; but from his sentimental works one might imagine him to



be the mildest and gentlest of his species. One day, after an outburst of domestic violence, his wife exclaimed: 'Ah, Henry, Henry, *you put all your fine feelings on paper!*' In the case of one of the subjects of this sketch, I leave the application of the story to the reader.

About four years ago, there occurred in England a fine specimen of the 'Quarrels of Authors,' which D'Israeli the elder ought to have lived to comment on. William Howitt was one of the parties concerned in it. In connection with a Mr. Sanders, Howitt edited a weekly serial, called the 'People's Journal.' Some differences occurred, and the partnership ceased. Then both parties commenced one of the most bitter quarrels 'which have ever disgraced,' as Douglas Jerrold said of it, 'literature and literary men.' Howitt got by far the worst of it, and became bankrupt. Since then he has quitted Clapton, and resides at the west of London. A recent novel of his has fallen almost still-born from the press; nor has any success (for which I am sorry) attended the beautiful volume of the collected ballads by Mary Howitt. Copies of it may be seen in any old book-shop in London, marked at five shillings; it was published not long ago at one sovereign.

Mrs. Howitt has written very little original matter of late, the fields of Danish and Swedish literature affording her plenty of material for her translating pen. She has rendered into English the principal works of Hans Christian Andersen, and Fredrika Bremer, and these translations have been re-published in America. Mrs. Howitt once remarked to me: 'We are dreadfully hard-working people.' This is true, doubtless, for they have a large family dependent on their labors. Their eldest daughter, Anna Savage Howitt, is a very accomplished artist, and occasionally illustrates the works of her parents.

I met at different times at the Howitts', three literary foreigners, Ferdinand Freiligrath, the author of the celebrated 'Lion's Ride,' who, for political offences, was compelled to leave Prussia; Hans Christian Andersen, of Stockholm, and Fredrika Bremer. Freiligrath was a fine-looking fellow, of an impetuous nature, and one very likely to kick against despotism. He subsequently became clerk in a London counting-house. Andersen was of a milder temperament, and of placid appearance and manners. Miss Bremer was amiable and gentle, but in society far from brilliant. She has recently visited this country, and will doubtless perpetrate a book. I predict that she will give a far more correct view of American manners, institutions, etc., than either the aristocratic Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, the speculative Harriet Martineau, or Mrs. Trollope, the sarcastic!

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T O F A N N Y —.

FANNY, I do not blush for what my lips have breathed,  
 For I have always loved the pure, the true;  
 And wherefore should I blush to yield to them  
 A two-fold homage in my love for you?

A. S. M.



## THE PEASANT'S SONG OF SPRING.

FAR from the smoke o' the sickly toun,  
Let me blithely spend the hale year roun';  
Where the mind from racking care is free,  
As the April-clouds that ower me flee.

The Spring is come wi' its buds and flowers,  
Wi' its rainbows bright and sunny showers;  
An emerald robe now mantles a'  
That lately was wrapped in Winter's snaw.

The streams, from their strong ice-fetters free,  
Dash on with their waters to the sea;  
The angler, bent on his finny prize,  
Heeds little the tears of weeping skies.

Now the lilacs wear their purple plumes,  
And the hawthorn hedge is white wi' blooms;  
And the willows wave their tassels green,  
Where the burnie steals along unseen.

The gowan, tipped wi' a fringe o' red,  
On the lea shoots up its modest head;  
The bells and the bonnie cups o' gold  
Their sparkling treasure o' dew-drops hold.

On echoing hills the lambies bleat,  
Where the heather-linties sing sae sweet;  
And the woodland glen and shady grove  
Now choral ring wi' their lays o' love.

Oh! the laverocks build their nests and woo  
In the fields o' clover wet wi' dew;  
And far above, on fluttering wing,  
They warble their joyous songs o' Spring.

Mingled sounds o' gladness fill the air,  
And the broidered sward is fresh and fair;  
The bursting bud and the leafy tree  
Have a thousand nameless charms to me.

The fields I plough and the seeds I sow,  
And nursed by the sun the harvests grow;  
My roses o' health, above all price,  
Can never bloom in the haunts o' vice.

Let others boast o' their classic lore,  
My learning is drawn from Nature's store;  
The sky-larks up from the meadows spring,  
And sweetly teach me the way to sing.

For a' the joys that the toun may gie,  
The peasant's life is the life for me,  
Where Mind is led from the flowery sod,  
Through Nature away to Nature's God.

JAMES LINSEN.

## RANDOM LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF RALPH ROANOKE.

THE year 1837 will long be remembered in the annals of the mercantile world, for the many and heavy losses which were sustained by the merchants of the eastern cities, who dealt largely with the West. It was my misfortune to belong to that class of sufferers; and in the hope of retrieving some of my losses by a personal interview with my customers, I travelled on horseback, in stage-coaches, and on steam-boats, throughout the northern part of Missouri and Illinois. The only advantage I derived from this tedious trip was a more thorough conviction of the mistaken policy of the prevailing credit system, together with some insight into backwoods life, and perhaps some lessons which may prove useful hereafter. This trip was full of adventure, and now, whilst looking back upon it, I feel strongly tempted to buttonhole the reader, while memory recounts some of the incidents by the way.

I left St. Louis on the steam-boat 'Howard,' bound for Independence, Missouri, with the intention of taking horse at that point, and visiting the principal towns and settlements on each side of the river on my return. Owing to the character of the banks of the Missouri river, very many of the principal towns are located some distance back from the water, according to the width of the bottom-lands; and in such cases the town-site is chosen on the bluffs, and a landing made with one or more warehouses, representing such towns. We touched at one of those landings, and great was my surprise to see standing out on the muddy bank the pretty face of Mrs. Thrush, the former Miss Linnet, whose soft and sweet voice was familiar to all the concert and opera-goers of the day. I had seen her in Philadelphia, as the 'Elberta' to Mrs. Wood's Norma, and my astonishment may be easily conceived at finding her in the far West, standing on the banks of the Missouri river, surrounded by a few companions, and any quantity of trunks and band-boxes. At first sight, I scarcely recognized her, the change had been so great. When I saw her last, she was Miss Linnet; but as I scanned her rounded and more matured form, I saw that she was now Mrs. somebody, but I knew not who, having myself been buried in the wilds of the West whilst time had been working the change in her. The party was soon hurried on board, and the boat under weigh again, making the hills and valleys reëcho her high-pressure voice, as she struggled against the current. There were but few comforts in those days on board a western steam-boat for a delicate lady; and for one that was 'enceinte,' the deepest sympathies of man's nature would be awakened. The passengers all vied with each other in contributing to the comforts of this interesting lady, and I had the pleasure of giving up my berth to her, which was one of the best on the boat. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Thrush, and Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale. The gratitude of Mrs. Thrush for what was only a common civility, which every lady will receive in the West, soon led to an acquaintance with the party; and on my recalling the many times I had seen Miss Linnet in 'Norma,' and other operas, I was soon installed a friend, and was often favored with one of those delightful ballads which

no one knew how to sing with more taste and feeling. The time passed pleasantly, and in the course of conversation, the cause of their visit up the Missouri river was explained to me. Mr. Nightingale and Mrs. Thrush were giving concerts together. They had visited St. Louis for that purpose, but finding Mrs. Thrush was too near her confinement to make her *début* before a city audience, they had been urged by her money-hunting husband to go into the interior, and give concerts in the small towns until her recovery. In carrying out this plan, they were on their way to Independence, at that time the extreme boundary of demi-civilization.

We were several days on the passage, and during that time I had abundant evidences of the fatal mistake Mrs. Thrush had made, in changing her name from the softer one of Linnet to that of Thrush. Indeed, he should have been called 'Cuckoo,' for, like that selfish bird, which always lays its eggs in some other bird's nest, and trusts to luck for the hatching, he was too lazy to make his own living, and had married her on speculation. We arrived at Independence without accident, and took up our quarters at the same hotel, (if a shanty can be honored with such an appellation.) Handbills were stuck up announcing a grand concert by Mr. Nightingale and Mrs. Thrush, from the New-York and Philadelphia theatres, Mrs. Thrush to accompany herself on the piano. The town of Independence had made a rapid stride in the march of progression. Owners of town-lots were dreaming dreams, and luxuriating in floating visions of wealth, at the thoughts of their embryo city having attracted the attention of 'artistes' from the great cities of the East. Curiosity was on tip-toe to see that wonderful thing, a 'piany.' There were a few among the aged inhabitants who could trace back in the deep recesses of by-gone days a time when they had heard a concert; but a concert accompanied by a 'piany' was an era to which, in their fondest aspirations, they had never soared. Imagine, then, the astonishment of the party, (who, in announcing the concert to have a piano accompaniment, were under the impression that any town could furnish half a dozen,) when they discovered that no such article could be obtained within fifty miles. A council was called, at which I had the honor to be invited. Mr. Nightingale suggested the propriety of announcing 'at once that, as no piano could be procured, the concert would go on without one. But Mr. Thrush, who appeared to be master of ceremonies, (Mrs. Thrush being the centre of attraction,) refused positively to make any such announcement until after the company had assembled, and then giving the privilege to all those who were dissatisfied to go to the door-keeper and get back their money, relying upon the curiosity and modesty of the audience preventing them from retiring. This course was adopted, contrary to my advice and that of some few of my acquaintances, who had formerly lived in St. Louis.

The evening came, and the bar-room, being the only one that was large enough for a concert, was crowded at an early hour. Unfortunately, they forgot that it was dark at seven o'clock, and appointed the fashionable city hour of eight for the commencement. The time hung heavily from seven to eight o'clock, and was filled up by various parties inviting each other up to the bar to take a drink; and this being fre-

quently reciprocated, the steam was generated so high that it only wanted the announcement that the concert would have to go on without a 'piany,' to produce an explosion.

One large, shaggy-haired fellow, a Rocky-Mountain hunter, sung out: 'I've hearn buffalo-bulls bellow, I've hearn grisly bears growl, I've hearn Blackfeet Indians yell, and now I've come here and paid my quarter to hear the 'forty-piany,' and I'm not goin' away till I hear it. So trot it out. Come up, boys, and take a drop of the juice of 'old corn;' and if that 'piany' ain't forthcomin', the way these fellows will have to make tracks won't be slow.'

Poor Mrs. Thrush was ready to faint with alarm, and the look she gave all those who appeared to be civilized was so deploring that I felt she must be protected at all risks. I whispered to my friends, and they promised their assistance. In the mean time, some of those who were equally disappointed with the Rocky-Mountaineer, but who were less violent, proposed that they get back their money, and made a rush for the door. Another fellow, who went by the name of 'Moderating Bill,' proposed that they should hold a meeting, and give them d—d 'impositioners' twelve hours to leave the town. This compromise met the approbation of 'Rocky Mountain,' who saw that the boys had not their dander up high enough to attack a woman; and with one Indian war-whoop the party broke for the town 'groggery,' there to concert measures of redress.

The worst opposition being thus disposed of, and order partially restored, the concert was opened by Mr. Nightingale's singing one of his operatic songs full of grand flourishes, and getting hissed for his pains; one fellow crying out:

'Why, look here, stranger, is that what you call singin'? Why, my black Tom can beat that all holler, if you give him a pint of the essence of corn to wet his whistle.'

And suiting the action to the word, he pulled out a long, greasy buckskin purse, and slamming down a quarter, said:

'If you don't believe it, jist kiver that bet, if you dare.'

At this juncture, to create a diversion, I jumped up on a bench and shouted: 'Silence! the lady is going to sing.' At which Mrs. Thrush took the hint, and, trembling with anxiety, rose to sing. Her voice acted like a charm, and seemed to soothe the irritated demi-savages, and delighted the 'knowing ones.' At the close of the song there was considerable applause, with here and there a remark, 'That's good; but I came here to hear the 'piany.'

Our friend with the quarter, who had been listening in breathless silence, screamed out:

'Now that's what I call singin';' and, turning to Mr. Nightingale, said: 'Now I say, stranger, bein' it's your turn next, just try if you can't leave off your d—d hullabulloo, and give us somethin' nice and feelin' like; somethin' to take out the aggravation of not hearin' that piany.'

Mr. Nightingale, encouraged by the peaceable turn matters were taking, tried it on again, with another grand flourish; but it was no go: he had not gone through one verse, before our quondam friend cried out:

'Damnation! did n't I tell you to stop that hullabulloo? I say, boys, let's

hire this chap to call up the hogs of cold mornin's, when it's so tryin' to crawl out from under our warm buffalo-skins.'

This interruption was quieted by another song from Mrs. Thrush ; and here ended programme the first.

During the intermission of ten minutes, I took occasion to suggest to both Mr. Nightingale and Mrs. Thrush, that these people were not accustomed to hear scientific music, and that if they would introduce some of our national airs, and plain, old-fashioned ballads, they would doubtless turn the tide of displeasure, and make a favorable sensation on these natives.

My suggestion was thankfully received, and Mr. Nightingale opened the second programme with 'Hail Columbia,' without the fancy-work, and brought down rapturous applause. Mrs. Thrush sang, 'I'm o'er young to marry yet ;' 'Oh, I'm in love, but I won't tell with who ;' 'If a body meet a body comin' through the rye ;' and these songs were sung with so much sweetness and naïveté, that, in the ecstasy of his delight, our gambling friend picked out a half-dollar and offered to bet that 'she could out-sing any woman in them parts ;' ending his eulogium with the grand climax, 'that she was too good for any common man's wife, and should have been the helpmate of the great 'Old Hickory.''

The evening's entertainment closed apparently to the satisfaction of all those who had heard the second programme, except, perhaps, the grasping Mr. Thrush, who had not yet recovered from the heart-breaking employment as door-keeper, of having to refund over one half the receipts on account of the absence of the 'piany.'

The next morning, 'Rocky Mountain's' party had posted up an order for the concert-givers to leave the county in six hours, or take the consequences ; which order they thought it most prudent to obey : and never shall I forget the melancholy feelings of heart-felt pity I experienced for the once charming Miss Linnet, as she was dragged off in an open ox-wagon, in search of some more congenial and safe place for the display of her musical powers ; nor of unmitigated contempt for her husband for his sordid avarice in forcing his accomplished wife through such degrading drudgery.

Thus ended the first concert in the town of Independence, in the year 1837.

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D R E A M S : A S O N N E T .

THE spell is on me, and a dream is mine ;  
 The rude world's thought-disturbing atmosphere  
 Is lifted from my spirit, and the clear  
 Pure elements of freer skies combine  
 Above the dreaming couch where I recline.  
 A sense of deep serene deliciousness  
 Flows through me like a lover's fond caress,  
 Forestalling life we vaguely call divine.  
 Born of this calm and yet delicious feeling,  
 Unnumbered fancies crowd along my brain,  
 Brighter than sun-lit drops of falling rain,  
 And instinct with a wild, intense revealing.  
 Oh ! what a mystery is the life of dreams,  
 A life that is and is not what it seems !

CLARENCE ELWIN.

## S O M E G E R M A N S O N G S .

BY DONALD MACLEOD.

## III.

## DEATH AND THE CHRISTIAN.

'T WAS DEATH came toward the Christian, who hailed him drawing nigh;  
 'Welcome,' he cried, 'O Angel of Immortality!  
 'Child of Sin,' said the angel, 'hast thou no fear of me?'  
 'Who of himself is fearless, he hath no fear of thee!'

'But can disease and sickness no terror to thee bring;  
 Nor the last sweat, so icy, that trickles from my wing?'  
 'None,' said the good man calmly; 'and wouldst thou question why?  
 'T is the last sweat and illness that tell me thou art nigh.'

And then DEATH breathed upon him, and so my dream passed o'er;  
 I saw no dying mortal, nor silent angel more.  
 A grave had oped beneath me, and therein *something* lay;  
 I hid my face in silence, and wept and turned away.

That moment holy voices bade me lift up mine eyes;  
 And lo! I saw the Christian up in the far, pure skies,  
 With the same sweetness smiling as when he DEATH defied:  
 Saints shouted out his welcome, and CHRIST was at his side.

Then to the grave I turned me, to see what therein lay:  
 'T was the *garment* of the Christian, worn out and thrown away.

RETMED FROM KREUMACHER

## IV.

## THE RICHEST LAND.

SAY there many German princes  
 Once at Worms, at knightly board,  
 Praising each the worth and riches  
 Of the land where he was lord.

Then out-spake the Prince of Saxons:  
 'My domains with riches shine;  
 All the mountains treasure silver,  
 Deep in many a gloomy mine.'

'See my land's luxurious fulness!'  
 Said the Elector of the Rhine:  
 'Golden corn is in the valleys,  
 On the mountains noble wine.'

'Mighty cities, wealthy cloisters,'  
 Spake Bavaria's Louis forth,  
 'Are my land's; and so it yieldeth  
 Not to yours in wealth or worth.'

EVERARD, he with the long beard,  
 Württemberg's beloved lord,  
 Said, 'My land hath little cities,  
 And its hills no silver hoard.'

'Yet one glorious treasure hath it,  
Worth all mines or works of art:  
I can lay my head in safety  
Upon every subject's heart.'

Then out-spake the Lords of Sachsen,  
Of Bavaria, and of Rhine:  
'Bearded Count, thou art the victor,  
And the richest land, 't is thine!'

JUSTINUS KERNER.

v.

## THE MOWER-MAIDEN.

'WHAT! so early at work! Good morrow, my good little MARY.  
Thy love, O true heart, is harmless; it makes not thine industry vary.  
Listen: In three days from this, if all of this meadow thou mowest,  
I refuse thee no longer my son, mine only beloved, as thou knowest.'

So the stately and wealthy farmer to MARY hath spoken.  
Wildly throbbed then her heart as if from her breast 't would have broken;  
New life and hope and new energy seemed to come o'er her:  
How lustily swung she the scythe! how fell the tall harvest before her!

Gloweth the noon, and the mowers, a-weary, are gone from the meadow,  
Seeking the fount for refreshment, and seeking for slumber the shadow;  
Only the bees are left, and the scented flowers that woo them,  
And MARY who labors like them, and seems to strive to out-do them.

Day sinks; the curfew is tolling for rest, and the neighbors  
Call as they pass, 'Come, MARY, enough for to-day of these labors!'  
Mowers and herds and herdsmen lazily homeward are going:  
MARY but whets the scythe, and prepares to renew the long mowing.

Soon falleth the dew; the moon mid the star-glory glistens;  
Moist are the fallen swaths; the nightingale sings in the distance.  
Thinketh the maiden of rest? of how the nightingale singeth?  
No! in her love-strengthened arms the scythe she lustily swingeth.

So then from even to morn, so then from morn until even,  
Works she, nerved by Love, and by Hope, the daughter of Heaven.  
When, on the third day, the sun came over the distant hills peeping,  
Stood she there in the new-mown meadow, delightedly weeping.

'Morning, MARIE! what see I? In sooth, thine hands are not idle!  
Mown is the meadow! That work may only be paid by thy bridal.  
Thou hast taken in earnest the jest I uttered alone for thy proving,  
Credulous, credulous maid! but the simple heart is the most loving.'

Gone is the farmer again, so soon as these words he hath spoken.  
Then MARY's heart grows still: her knees beneath her are broken;  
Speech, sense, feeling are gone—gone with the enchantment that bound her.  
There mid the new-mown swaths, silently lying, they found her.

So for long years she lived on, but half dead, silent and lonely;  
Honey by drops she took, and such was her nourishment only.  
O come, make her a grave mid the flowers that she may be laid in.  
Ne'er shall he find upon earth so true and so loving a maiden.

Neuwied, Oct. 31.

LEO WIG UHLAND.



## BULL-FIGHTS IN LISBON.

ALAS for the chivalry of Portugal! The bull-fight no longer exists as it doth in Spain. True, cruelty to the beasts hath not ceased, but all danger to the fighters has. Sorely disappointed was I on one occasion, when seated as a spectator to the feats of the arena in Lisbon, to discover that there was not the slightest possibility of witnessing a death, even of a bull. I had nerved myself for some awful catastrophe, as I thought, by endeavoring to subdue all the finer feelings of humanity; but I doubt my success, for I was exceedingly disgusted with what I did see. Perhaps, however, if there had been more courage and less cruelty displayed, I might have felt differently. I know that on similar occasions I had previously become very much excited, and cried '*Viva!*' for a victorious bull as loudly as any body. But those were fights in which Spaniards were engaged, who laugh to scorn the cowardly, barbarous bull-fighters of Portugal.

At the southern extremity of the *Campo de Santa Anna*, Lisbon, stands the *Praga dos Touros*, bull-circus. This is a wooden edifice, and was built in the time of Don Miguel. It is said to be nearly as large as the circus at Cadiz, and is fitted up with some five hundred boxes, capable of containing eight or ten thousand spectators. It is destitute of neatness and elegance, and was, when I saw it, in a bad state of preservation. Along the highest rows of benches it is inappropriately ornamented by a series of trophies, vases, and obelisks, all made of wood. Every Sunday and fête-day, the proprietors give the public a performance, which is duly announced in some such fustian as follows:

'This day will be given, in the elegantly-built and delightful *Praga do Campo Santa Anna*, a wonderful and highly-amusing combat of thirteen ferocious and monstrous bulls, to which the respectable public of this renowned capital is invited. The proprietors, ever anxious to gratify the expectations of the magnanimous and distinguished nation of Portugal, so generous in its patronage of these spectacles, feel the greatest satisfaction in being able to announce that they have spared neither trouble nor expense in order to secure the above-mentioned animals, which belonged to the richest proprietor of *Riba Tejo*, who possesses among his herds the most robust and the bravest of bulls. This gentleman has consented to send them to the circus, to assist in the representation that will be given this afternoon.' Here follows an eulogium on the coolness and unrivalled agility of the bull-fighters; and, after eight lyric stanzas extolling the ferocity of the animals—the bulls, not the fighters—the terrible force of their horns, and a thousand other dangers of the combat, the whole announcement winds up with a description of some marvellous fire-works that will conclude the entertainment.

In spite, however, of grandiloquent announcements, strangers having the spirit of genuine *campinos* are always greatly disappointed. The combat unto death, both of man and beasts, was abolished in the time of Mary I., 1777 or 1778; and this diversion has lost its most horrid interest and its shuddering attractions. The functions of the *matador*



*de espada* have ceased, and good bull-fighters are no longer trained up in Portugal, while the most celebrated of Spain refuse to visit the sister country.

These fights open, as in Spain, by a grand display on horseback. When the court is present, an equerry of the royal household acts as *cavalheiro*, and then the best horses from the royal stables are in attendance. Mounted upon one of them, the equerry performs the steps and evolutions of the old Spanish horsemanship, at the same time saluting the court and the public; all of which is termed *cortezias do cavalheiro*. The bull then bounds forth, and is received by the knight, when the more daring among the flag-bearers immediately begin to annoy him with their goads and gaudy capes. Some of the mantle-bearers display great dexterity; but they are in general awkward and timid, though the danger is not great, seeing that the animals have their horns sheathed in leather and tipped with balls. When the bull lacks bravery, or is greatly fatigued, affording little interest in the combat, *Gallegos* (peasants from the province of Galicia, Spain) or negroes are sent against it, who render a service very similar to that of the dogs which the Spanish people clamor for, with the well-known cry of '*Perros!*' whenever the bull seems to be too tame. These *Gallegos* take part in all the Portuguese bull-fights. They make their appearance in round hats and quilted hides, and carry long, two-pronged forks, whence they are called *homens de forcado*, men of the fork. Their place is beneath the royal tribune, where they are formed in line; and when the bull approaches that vicinity, they receive him on the points of their weapons. Near them may be seen a species of aide-de-camp, mounted, and clad in the old Spanish garb, short cape and hat of plumes. His office is to transmit orders to all parts of the circus from the authorities.

When a bull evinces cowardice or exhaustion, the *Gallegos*, at a given signal, cast their forks aside, and rush upon him. The most courageous, placing himself in front of the animal, seizes the moment when, with lowered head and closed eyes, he is running at him, to leap between his horns, to which he clings firmly, allowing himself to be violently tossed and flung about. The rest then throw themselves upon the brute, securing him by the legs, horns, and tail, and even jumping upon him, until the poor beast, who sometimes draws a dozen of them round the ring three or four times, is compelled to stop. This is termed, not 'taking the bull by the horns,' but *seizing the bull by the hoof*, and appears to afford the greatest delight, especially to the lower classes of the spectators; hence, at this moment, the plaudits are most enthusiastic. A number of bullocks and cows with bells round their necks now enter, which the subdued bull peacefully follows out of the circle at a trot. His wounds are then dressed, and he is either sent home or reserved for another occasion.

The negroes, it seems, appear but seldom, and it would be well for humanity if they were entirely excluded; for they are called upon to perform feats which none of the *gentlemen* fighters dare attempt. These poor wretches hire themselves out, for the value of a few shillings, to provoke the bull when he is too tame and cowardly. For this purpose, they ornament their heads with feathers, in imitation of the savage chiefs

of Africa, and conceal themselves either in figures of horses made of paste-board, called *cavallinhos de pasta*, or in large hampers. The bull is sure to throw them down, and often maims and bruises them in the most shocking manner. I saw one poor old fellow gored through a hamper, to the infinite delight and amusement of the audience; no body appearing to relish the joke more than the ladies, by whom the front seats of nearly all the boxes were filled. Sometimes these miserable blacks are forced, by the cries of the populace and the orders of the directors, to reappear in the arena, even while suffering from severe confusions; and loss of limbs is the probable result of this base and dastardly inhumanity.

Before the close of this most refined and delectable exhibition with fire-works, we have another display of horsemanship and horse-dancing, when *vivas* resound from all sides, and flowers, money, and sometimes jewels, are showered down upon the heroes of the ring who have that day most distinguished themselves in encounters with blunt-horned bulls.

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W H Y ?

Why is it we delude ourselves with seemings,  
 When better far are plain realities?  
 And why do we deceive ourselves with dreamings,  
 When the clear truth so far excelleth these?

Why, when the full bright sun is beaming o'er us,  
 In dimmest darkness do we grope our ways?  
 Why, when the living substance stands before us,  
 On empty shadows do we vainly gaze?

Why 'gainst the stones of error do we stumble,  
 While journeying to the spirit's fair abode?  
 Why into holes and pit-falls blindly tumble,  
 When naught is plainer than the proper road?

To Wrong why are we ever basely slaving,  
 When Right would rule us with a gentler sway?  
 Why for a fancied pleasure are we craving,  
 When we have truer happiness to-day?

Why are we ever crooked paths pursuing,  
 When easier are the open and the straight?  
 Why do we drive ourselves to our undoing,  
 And swear that we were forced to it by Fate?

What fools we are, and fools of our own making,  
 Who thus refuse the good and choose the ill!  
 Who, when at Truth's clear fount we might be slaking  
 Our thirst, stir up the muddy waters still!

New-York.

EDWARD WILLETT

## THE SEA-NYMPHS TO THE DRYADS.

LINES SUGGESTED BY A COLLECTION OF REQUISITE SPECIMENS OF ALGÆ

Pontumque per omnem  
Ridebunt virides gemmis nascentibus algæ.

CLAUDIAN.

YE Nymphs that haunt the sylvan stream,  
Or gambol on the flowery lea,  
A dreary world, perchance, ye deem  
Is ours within the lonely sea.

But, sisters, leave your fair sojourn  
Of rustling groves and mossy caves,  
And with your own charmed vision learn  
What beauty dwells beneath the waves.

Come lay your trustful hands in ours,  
And let us lead you, soft and slow,  
To gardens graced with fairer flowers  
Than earth's most genial climes can show.

There shall ye see the purple palms  
That wave o'er grottoes paved with pearls,  
And vocal with melodious psalms  
From the sweet lips of mermaid girls.

We've heard what floral beauty lies  
O'er all *your* world in vernal days;  
Nor are your rose's scents and dyes  
Unhonored in our Nereïd lays:

But fate has marred its queenly grace  
With many a disenchanting thorn,  
And storms its tinted charms deface,  
And leave it faded and forlorn.

But come with us, dear Oread band!  
To FLORA's ocean lawns and bowers,  
Where thorns ne'er wound the fondling hand,  
Nor winter blights their happier flowers.

Come where the callithamnian beds  
In vermeil beauty softly sleep;  
Come where the purple dasya sheds  
A Tyrian splendor round the deep:

Where, like a boundless prairie-scene,  
Broad fields of living cladaphore,  
Out-stretched Hesperian isles between,  
Make green the deep's untrodden floor.

Oh, wisely have your poets sung  
That VENUS' birth-place here must be;  
For whence could Beauty's queen have sprung  
But from our Eden of the sea?

## M O R E T R A N S C R I P T S

FROM THE DOCKET OF A LATE SHERIFF OF NEW-YORK.

SLAUFER, THE ONE-EYED DUTCHMAN, AND JERMS.

THERE are many instances in the practice of a sheriff where he is called upon to exercise his own judgment, independently of the demands of the plaintiff in a writ he is charged with serving. Oftentimes it would require the prescience of Mesmer himself to determine whether he should 'arrest, or not arrest.' If he arrest, he is in danger of a suit for 'false imprisonment;' and if he do not arrest, he is in like jeopardy of a suit for 'an escape' or 'false return.'

A case in point occurs to me now. The parties to the writ were, a German by the name of Zimmer, and an emigrant or passenger-agent by the name of Slauffer. The circumstances of the difficulty between them, as related to me by Zimmer, occurred somewhat in this way: Zimmer was turning the corner of a street, when he was met by Slauffer, (both were fat and unwieldy,) and they came in collision plumply, like two meeting locomotives. Probably both were drunk. Words were bandied between them, and Slauffer, being inclined not to let the matter end in words, fell to and gave Zimmer a taste of his pugnacious attainments, finally knocking him down a neighboring cellar-way, amid a lot of old mouldy pieces of lumber, bottles, and other unsavory rubbish. Zimmer was picked up by some of the by-standers, and the poor fellow was sobered in a moment by the discovery that he had lost an eye in the encounter. A nail had pierced it almost to the brain! He was carried to the hospital; and when, after a 'course of treatment,' he was discharged, poor fellow! he had but one eye and but one *eyede*, and that was, to obtain satisfaction for the injury and suffering he had endured.

'Mein Gott!' said he, as he came into the sheriff's office, 'ish dere any shentlemans here dat will go mit me and took up a mans what did mein eye knock out? Oh, shentleman, you will go mit me,' said he, addressing me; 'you will go take Slauffer. Oh, mein Gott, mein Gott! dere ish no one here will go took up Slauffer!'

'My friend,' said I, 'if you have any business here, you can have it attended to; but you must not make such a noise. Let me know your business, and perhaps I may serve you.'

'Here ish a paper for go and took Slauffer. He did knock mein eye out, and I will haf him for a tousand dollar pail.'

'Come,' said I to him, 'I will go with you and take the man; but you must show Slauffer to me.'

'Yes, yes, I goes mit you; I will show him to you. You must a tousand dollar pail haf. I goes mit you and shows you Slauffer.'

I proceeded with him to the lower part of the city, without any thing material passing between us until we arrived at a house in — street, where I was requested by my companion to 'Shtop; dere ish de house,

Sheriff, where Slauffer lif.' Going to the door, I demanded of the girl who opened it if Mr. Slauffer was in.

'No one by that name stops here, Sir,' said she.

'Does n't Mr. Slauffer reside here?' said I to her, fearing she had misunderstood me.

'Neither Mr. Slauffer nor any one by that name stops here,' said she, rather pertly.

'Slauffer *do* lif here,' said Zimmer, interrupting her; 'I know he lif here. *Peside, he knock mein eye out,*' slapping his hand, to assure her of his certainty; '*and peside,*' slapping his hand again, 'I will half him took up; *and peside,*' slapping his hand again, this time arriving at the highest point of satisfaction with himself, 'and for a tousand dollar pail.'

'Well, he don't live here, and I don't care where he lives,' said the girl tartly, closing the door in my face.

Zimmer and I thereupon held a council of war. He suggested that I should wait around the corner until Slauffer came home. He knew that he resided in the house, and the girl had deceived us. While talking together, he suddenly started, exclaiming: 'Dere ish Slauffer! dere he ish!' pointing to a man who was quietly coming up the street toward us. 'Ha ha! Ha ha! Come along, Sheriff, come along; here ish Slauffer; here ish de man wot mine eye knock out;' at the same time taking hold of the man to prevent his escape.

I accosted the man, and told him I had a writ against him for assault and battery, committed upon Mr. Adolph Zimmer, the man then with me, and required him to give me bail in the sum of one thousand dollars.

The man thus accosted stared at me and Zimmer, looking from one to the other of us, and seemed horror-stricken at the proceeding. I told him in a few words the charges made by Zimmer against him, a little in detail. Looking wildly and strangely as if bewildered, he at length stuttered out in broken sentences his denial of any knowledge or participation in the affair, and ignored acquaintance of Zimmer utterly.

'I-I t-tell y-yo-you, mim-mim-mis-mister,' stammered he, 'I d-d-don't nin-nin-know that 'ere g-g-gen-gentleman,' (referring to Zimmer; 'I n-n-nev-nev-never seed him a-a-afore; and, Sir, I-h-ha-ha-hav-haven't the p-p-pip-pip-pleasure of y-yo-your ac-acqu-acquaintance, and my n-n-na-na-name ain't Sl-Slow-Slower, nin-nin-nor Slofer, nin-nin-nor Loafer, either.'

'My friend, said I, interrupting him, 'I see you are very nervous, and considerably frightened. Keep cool, and don't be alarmed, if you *are* arrested. I don't want to frighten you to death. I have no warrant to do *that*.'

'Wall,' said he to me, evidently softened down by my words, and partially restored to speech once more, 'I'm obleeged to you, bib-bib-but you hain't taken me, have you? My nim-nim-name ain't Sloufer; I-I d-don't know him. I nin-never assaulted nor battered no body; and as for this Mr. What's-his-name? —'

'Zimmer,' said I.

'Ah, Zimmer: I do n't know him; I never seed him afore, nor I never seed you afore.'

'Sheriff,' said Zimmer, (fearful that I would let the man go,) 'Sheriff, das man ish Slauffer. He ish humbucking; and das ish de man was mein eye knock out. Ich will haf a tausend dollar pail. Don't let him go; he ish *einen spitzbube, einen verdammten spitzbube!* Mein Gott! don't los him go; he ish Slauffer.'

'Silence!' said I to him; 'be still.'

'*Nein, ich will nicht 'silence'; ich will nicht meinen maul halten.* Das is Slauffer; tausend dollar pail; *mein auge is aus grknockt.*'

'You see,' said I, addressing the man arrested, 'this Dutchman is unrelenting; he says that your name is Slauffer, and you knocked his eye out, and he insists that you shall be 'held,' and must give the bail required.'

'My name,' said he, 'is Baldwin, and I never committed assault and battery on any one. This is the first time, Mr. Sheriff, I ever was in New-York. I only arrived here about ten minutes ago. I don't know no body in this here place, and how can I give bail? And how, in case no body knows me, can I satisfy you that I'm Jeems Baldwin, and ain't Slauffer, or Slofer? But I suppose you go on the Scriptur' text, and because *I'm a stranger you take me in.*'

'And,' added I, 'in prison I will visit you.'

The matter at this time was peculiarly interesting to all three of us. To Zimmer, satisfaction for an injury so deep and terrible as the loss of an eye was well nigh attained. To Baldwin, the probable loss of his liberty for some weeks, perhaps months. To me, no probabilities, but certainties: either Zimmer or the supposed Slauffer was trying to deceive me. If I permitted the prisoner to be at liberty, Zimmer would sue for an 'escape' or 'false return;' and if I held him and put him in prison in default of bail, he would, if he was any one else than Slauffer the defendant, be most likely to sue me for 'false imprisonment.' There was I in a pretty dilemma, not knowing what to do, and in either extremity likely to suffer. In the event of damages being had against me by the one or the other, I must be the loser, for both were irresponsible, no doubt, and I could not compel the injuring party to indemnify me for the loss; and whether successful or not, I must inevitably pay counsel and attorney if an action was commenced.

My determination, however, was soon fixed. Like every other sheriff, I acted upon the principle of letting nothing slip from my hands, and at the same time of avoiding the most grim-faced danger. As Zimmer was of that cast, I kept on his side of the question, and made poor 'Jeems,' as he called himself, 'suffer some.' He was the more amiable of the two, and so less to be feared. I thereupon told him 'that he might be 'Jeems Baldwin,' if he chose, but he was pointed out to me as Slauffer; and as he had no friends to identify him to me otherwise, and as the writ required bail in one thousand dollars, which he was unable to give, I was compelled to lodge him in 'Eldridge-street prison.' I was sorry for it, but couldn't help it,' etc., etc.

I escorted him to jail, and handed him over to the polite keeper. As he was being locked up, he muttered, in broken sentences, '*Clever folks in this here 'York; hospitable, too; entertaining, too; kind to strangers, VERY; feed me for nothing, I GUESS; give me fresh, I HOPE, but guess NOT.*' The lock was turned on him, his voice was lost to me, and the walls of the prison separated us.

Zimmer, meanwhile, though he lingered about me, probably with the expected satisfaction of seeing his victim quietly disposed of, said nothing until we were about leaving the jail, when he exclaimed, with great glee: '*Der Slauffer ish ein spitzbube, ein grossen spitzbube; he ish rascal; he mein eye knock out; and now he ish in de prison; das is wos I shall haf de satisfaction. Sheriff, du bist ein gude mensch; ich tank you sair viel. Adieu, adieu!*' and he left me.

'I am 'a good man,' and you 'thank me very much;' very kind in you, Mr. Zimmer,' thought I. 'Perhaps I need your commiseration more than your thanks.'

Three days elapsed after the incident related above, when I was waited upon by a person who desired to know 'if I had not a writ against Isaac Slauffer, at the suit of Adolph Zimmer, for assault and battery.'

I answered him that I had such a writ, and had arrested Slauffer, and he was now in jail in default of bail. 'Why do you ask?' continued I, anxious to relieve myself from the supposed false imprisonment by the great resemblance which there appeared to me to exist between the 'Jeems' I locked up and the inquirer. 'Are you his brother, or relative?' (I hoped for an affirmative answer.)

'He ain't any brother of mine, nor relative either,' replied he; 'and you haven't arrested Slauffer; you have taken the wrong man this time, Mr. Sheriff,' continued he. '*I'm Isaac Slauffer, and no body else; and you'd better send up right away, and let the man you have put in prison go. I only heard this morning you had taken some body for me, and I have now come with my bail to satisfy you, and do an act of justice by relieving an innocent man.*'

Being satisfied that he spoke truly, as quick as could be I sent an order to the jailor to bring 'Jeems' down to the sheriff's office, and he was brought as quickly as the order was given. 'Jeems' and the veritable Slauffer were, for the first time, made acquainted with each other.

'Give us your hand, old fellow,' said Slauffer to 'Jeems.' 'You have 'suffered some' for me; I am sorry for it; sorry I didn't hear of it before this morning; and I'm come now to release you, and surrender myself. What do you think of me? Nothing bad, I hope, do you?'

'Well, no,' said 'Jeems,' 'I don't think any bad of you; glad to see you, and, under the circumstances, very glad, and very happy of your acquaintance. But say, Mr. what's-your-name—Loafer—is it true you come to let me out? Have you convinced the sheriff that you're Mr. Loafer? He is hard to convince, very.'

I looked at Slauffer and then at 'Jeems,' and it would have puzzled any one, I fancy, having two eyes, (Zimmer with his one eye was, after all, not so much to blame,) to tell who was who: they were perfect Dromios, in height, person, dress, and all, except the voice.

'Convince the sheriff! well, I guess I can,' said Slauffer, 'when I put my fist to a bail-bond, with two good sureties, and pay him his fee. Convince the sheriff! How is it, Sheriff, can I convince you?'

'My friend,' said I to him, '*I am convinced.* Such an act of nobleness as the relief of Mr. Baldwin from his unpleasant confinement is honorable, and I am pleased to witness it.'

The bail was given, the sureties were ample; and I had an earnest



hope that I might not be troubled by 'Jeems' in the way of an action for damages for the injury done him. I congratulated him on what I was pleased to call 'the final disposition' of the affair as far as he was concerned, and *timidly hoped* he was not offended with *my treatment* of him. 'What an opening for a starving attorney!' thought I.

'Oh, as for that,' interrupted Slauffer, 'I'll fix it, Baldwin,' said he, addressing 'Jeems.' 'The sheriff isn't to blame in arresting you for me; come, we look alike, so all of these folks say; but the Dutchman Zimmer, he is the chap who is to blame for all the injury done to you, and not the sheriff. You have suffered for me, old fellow,' continued he, 'and I will do the compensating part of attending to wounds, etc. What do you say, Baldwin, is an X all right for three days' entertainment in the 'old watch-house?' Here, take it, and put it in your pocket. Forget every thing, old fellow, as I do, but Zimmer.'

'Forget every thing!' said 'Jeems'; 'I can't do it. I forgive every thing. Mr. Loafer,' still persisting in his pronunciation, 'I'll pocket your X, and make my exit from out the house of entertainment you speak of. But I hain't fared so badly. I came to this here 'York to see the sights; never was here afore, and never knowed your people had such a *taking way* with 'em; spent three days *and nights* with a jolly good set of fellows, but didn't git a bit of *fresh*. I hev seen *the* elephant; and more'n that, I fed with him out of the same trough, on b'iled beans, mush and molasses. I *an* off right strut now; and if you don't want any more of me, being *unbound* by the sheriff, I'm bound for Jarsey.'

The parties then left, and I have never heard any thing from either of them since, except that Zimmer, having his wrath cooled by the magnanimity of his foe, compromised his difficulty with Slauffer for fifty dollars: rather a low demand, thought I, for the loss of an eye, but then every man is the best judge for himself of what is most precious in his own eyes.

FINIS.

DELL' OCCASIONE.

'SAY, who art thou, of more than woman born,  
And whom the choicest gifts of heaven adorn;  
Why stayest thou not, and why thy winged feet?'  
'I am OCCASION, known to few I meet;  
Nor wait for any, for I stand with heel  
Upon TIME's swift, but seeming laggard wheel.  
Man cannot vie with me in swift career,  
Nor on my flying foot-steps hope to near:  
Yet unconcerned my coming he will trace;  
And veiling with dishevelled hair my face,  
Till form and feature are alike concealed,  
I pass unrecognized, though full revealed.  
Once seen my back, no more disguise can blind,  
But vain the panting chase of those behind,  
If e'er I pass them, or my back they see.'  
'But tell me, who is this that comes with thee?'  
'It is REPENTANCE, known with dread by all;  
To those who win not me, 'tis hers to fall.  
Beware! While speaking, TIME is speeding on,  
His progress all unnoticed and unknown;  
And, vainly busied with Life's glittering sand,  
Like me unheeded, it eludes thy hand.'

## T H E F I D D L E R A T G E M Ü N D .

FROM THE GERMAN OF J. KERNER.

ONCE a chapel of rare beauty,  
Resting on foundations strong,  
Built Gemünd to Saint CECILIA,  
Holy patroness of song.

Silver lilies, bright as moon-beams,  
Glimmered o'er her radiant form;  
Golden roses crowned her altar,  
Mellow as the light of morn.

Glorious the Saint's apparel;  
Shoes she wore of beaten gold;  
From her shoulders robes of silver  
Fell in many a gleaming fold.

For Gemünd, to art devoted,  
Once a fair renown might claim,  
And in moulding rare devices  
World-wide was her craftsmen's fame.

And from far came troops of pilgrims  
At this wondrous shrine to kneel,  
Whence angelic voices sounded,  
Mingled with the organ's peal.

Once a fiddler, thither wandering,  
Halted at the open door:  
Scarce his feeble limbs upheld him,  
Faint with hunger, weary, poor.

Kneeling at the shrine, the minstrel  
Plays his sweetest, holiest notes;  
Moves the gentle Saint to pity:  
Hark! sweet music round her floats.

Smilingly she bendeth downward  
From her motionless repose,  
And a golden shoe, the right one,  
To the needy minstrel throws.

Full of gratitude, he hastens  
To a goldsmith's stall hard by;  
Dreams of food, and rest, and raiment,  
Which the golden shoe shall buy.

But the goldsmith, when he sees it,  
Uttering curses fierce and strong,  
Roughly seizes, and to prison  
Drags the hapless son of song.

Soon, before the court arraigned,  
To grave charges he must plead;  
And all deem his tale invented:  
He hath done the impious deed.

Woe to thee, thou luckless minstrel !  
Sweet thy parting strains should be ;  
Thou must struggle on the gallows  
In thy dying agony.

Hark ! the passing bell is tolling ;  
Justice brooks of no delay :  
Take thy last fond look of nature,  
And the cheerful light of day !

Now the gloomy, monkish choir  
Hath the *Miserère* sung ;  
But more loud the strains ecstasie  
From the minstrel's viol rung.

For to bring his viol with him  
Was the fiddler's last request :  
' Let me mingle in the music  
That shall sing me to my rest ' ,

Now to Saint CECILIA's chapel  
The procession draweth near,  
And toward the shrine he moveth,  
Full of sorrow and despair.

And all they who had reviled him  
Pity ~~new~~ his fate forlorn.  
' One more boon, I ask,' he murmured :  
' Lead me to the saintly form.'

Kneeling there again, the minstrel  
Plays his sweetest, holiest notes ;  
Moves the gentle Saint to pity :  
Hark ! sweet music round her floats.

Smilingly she bendeth downward  
From her motionless repose,  
And a golden shoe, the left one,  
To the needy minstrel throws.

But the crowd with awe and wonder  
See the might of Heaven displayed,  
For this luckless, starving fiddler  
Well hath pleased the holy maid.

Hence they lead him crowned with garlands,  
Strengthened, cheered with generous wine ;  
And with songs and festive dances  
Celebrate the power divine.

All injustice is forgotten ;  
Soon they spread a sumptuous feast,  
And above them all exalted  
Sits the bard, an honored guest.

But when all are sunk in slumber,  
With his treasures in his hands,  
Through the peaceful night he wanders  
Joyously to other lands.

Since then, at Gemünd, each fiddler  
Hath been held an honored guest ;  
And though weary, sick, or needy,  
He must share with them the feast.

So you'll hear them fiddling, dancing,  
Singing, too, in sweet accord ;  
And he who all his strings has broken  
Thumps with empty glass the board.

And as from fiddling, dancing, singing,  
Many a festive note resounds,  
So Gemünd, amid its ruins,  
Still will echo joyous sounds.

L. C.

## A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF A LONDON AUTHOR.

BY F. O'BIE.

THE Poor Author is not yet an extinct animal. He starves, writes, and struggles still, as he did in the days of Goldsmith, Johnson, and Savage. Those who hear of Dickens' making fifteen thousand pounds a year by his pen, and Bulwer filling up blank cheques *à discrétion* before he writes a play, and draw their conception of the London author therefrom, are sadly mistaken. From the back slums about Red-Lion Square and Soho we can draw annals of the miseries of literary men which equal the saddest details of Grub-street history. It is true that, from the multitude of scribblers at present swarming in the English capital, their needs and trials are of such frequent occurrence that they attract less public attention than in those days when to be an author was either a brand of infamy or a title of distinction. But if it no longer becomes a matter of history when a man writes his poems like Savage in grocers' shops on tea-papers, the current of misery still flows on, and genius battles with it, and drowns in it, as of old.

Suppose we separate one man from the ranks of this horde of struggling thinkers ; suppose we go home with him to his garret ; live with him for one entire day ; sit upon his hard deal-chair, and share his scanty and ill-served meals ; let us watch the way in which poverty, in some palpable shape, tramples on and wounds his sensitive nature, and scares away for awhile all the great thoughts which were quickening in his laboring brain. Let us note down his sorrows and enjoyments, and draw a balance between the two. Suppose we take such a man, and call him Roger Dale.

It is a fine frosty morning in February, as the first sun-beams struggle faintly through a narrow back window, and light up, with an uncertain flicker, the interior of a small and cheerless room. The walls are bare and white-washed, and, save during a few of the morning hours, are cold indeed to look at ; but now the sunshine, that drapery of nature,

has clothed its nakedness in hues of amber, and the poor-chamber seems to smile with the consciousness of being dressed in a livery of unusual splendor. The furniture of the room is meagre, and what there is of it is in rather a mutilated condition. In one end of the room is what is technically termed a 'turn-up;' that is, a bed which, when folded up, presents the exterior of a book-case, or some other article of furniture equally imposing. Near the window stands an unsteady deal-table, lacquered over with coarse brown paint, which has blistered in the sun, and peeled off in small round patches, until it looks like a brown-and-white bandana handkerchief.

A few books, scattered manuscripts, and pens and ink, are lying on the table; and an old, cracked meerschau, rudely mended with pack-thread, is the only ornament which graces the tottering wooden mantelpiece. There is no fire, but a few coals contained in an old band-box are placed on one side of the fire-place. There is a little cupboard in one corner of the room, which, being slightly open, lets us see, dimly, a shirt, a few pairs of socks, a crust of bread, and a half-empty gin-bottle arranged upon the shelves. Two chairs, a worn-out hearth-brush, and a wooden box, with its lid half broken away, complete the arrangements. While we are noting down these things, a hasty step is heard on the stairs, the door opens, and Roger Dale, the owner of the apartment, enters.

He is about five-and-twenty, and his face, although full of character, is not handsome. He has a broad, bold brow, deep-set eyes, a thick, but well-formed nose, and a mouth fraught with an expression of almost feminine sweetness. He is poorly clad for such a season, and looks cold, but cheerful. In his hand he carries a small brown-paper parcel, and he swings into the room with the air of a man who has accomplished something, and is determined to enjoy himself with energy accordingly. How busy he is! See, he is about to light his fire. The coals in the band-box are inspected and arranged skilfully in the small grate. Ah! now we can see where the other half of the lid of that box has gone to. It has evidently lit many a fire before now, and all that remains of it is being quickly transformed into large splinters, which, thrust between the coals, soon blaze merrily. This accomplished, Roger fills a small kettle from a pitcher standing near the door, and places it where the blaze is hottest. He then unfolds the brown-paper parcel, and discloses a warm two-penny roll, and a little tea and sugar made up in little gray-paper cones. These, with a little milk which he brings forth from the cupboard, complete his arrangements; and the water having boiled, and the tea being made, Roger Dale takes off his threadbare dress-coat, folds it carefully, puts it by, and invests himself with an alpaca jacket, glossy from long wear, and worn in several places into large holes.

I will venture to assert that there was not a merchant-prince that day in London who enjoyed his luxurious morning meal more than Roger Dale did that frugal and insufficient breakfast. The two-penny roll, though butterless, was nice and warm; and the tea, which probably grew on some sunny English hill-side, had, nevertheless, a good rough fragrance about it that fully satisfied the uncultivated palate of the poor author. Having finished his roll, and drained the last drops from his

little tin tea-pot, Roger cleared away the *débris* of his meal, and, lighting the old cracked meerschaum, sat down to write. He was just then engaged on a volume of fairy tales, which an extensive publisher in Fleet-street had ordered. He was to have twenty pounds for the manuscript, ten of which he had been obliged to draw in advance; the remaining half was to be given only when the work was finished. At this moment, Roger had just eighteen pence in his pocket, and it would be a week at least before he could write 'Finis' at the end of his volume. He was in debt to his landlady, and where he was to get his dinner during the interval was a problem yet unsolved. Nevertheless, in this frame of mind he had to sit down and conjure up glowing pictures of oriental splendor, golden halls, glittering fountains, and luxurious banquets, while he was burning his last coal, and wondering how far eighteen pence would go toward a week's dinners. Still he wrote on cheerfully, and as his pen flew over the paper, his color came and went, his eye brightened, and for a while he forgot all his sorrows in the excitement of his labor. After writing rapidly for some time, he paused, and, resting his head on his hand, seemed to be wrapped in thought. It was a fair panorama that flitted then before the poet's fancy. There was a long, low-roofed cottage, with deep eaves where the swallows nested in the summer-time, and walls from which the trailing clematis hung down in wreaths, as if it felt weary of being crucified against that lonely place, and wished to descend and play with the tulips and narcissi that glowed like stars in the deep-green grass beneath. There was a calm matron with whitening hair, who, while she wandered among her flowers, and tended them with gentle hand, thought wistfully of her first-born, who was toiling and struggling far away in the heart of the great city, and wondered what he was then doing. And at a little distance, beneath the shadow of an old apple-tree whose fading blossoms fell softly upon her head, sat a brown-eyed girl, thinking also of the brother that she loved, and with whom, when they were both children, she had so often wandered into the great, silent woods close by, until they lost themselves amid the thousand paths, and cried with terror lest they should never again see the old cottage and the mild, gentle face of their dear mother. As this quiet picture, half reminiscence, half fancy, flitted before Roger's vision, the lines that care had graven in his face were smoothed away, and a happy smile rested upon it, as a passing gleam of sunshine robs the stern features of some old stone-effigy of their accustomed harshness.

While he was indulging in this quiet reverie, the stairs without creaked audibly, and the sound of a heavy foot-step indicated some person's approach. Roger started. In an instant the happy smile was replaced by an expression of pain and humiliation. He knew that foot-step. It came nearer and nearer, and as it stopped at the door at last, Roger's form seemed to shrink into half its size. Then the door opened, and a bold-faced woman flung into the room, and seated herself unceremoniously on the vacant chair. She had a cold, pitiless eye, and the word 'landlady' was written legibly upon her hard, coarse features.

'Well, Mr. Dale,' she began, in a loud, turbulent tone, 'I just came up to see about the rent. I've got a bill to pay to-day, and I can't take any more promises; beside, some people's promises ain't worth much.'

'I'm very sorry indeed,' said Roger, scarcely daring to meet the bold glance of the woman; 'I'm very sorry, but just now I am quite unable to pay you. I expect, however, in a few days——'

'That's always the way with you *littery* gents,' interrupted the woman, with a glance of vulgar contempt; 'you are always expectin' of somethin' that never comes: but I can't pay *my* rent with expectings; no, *my* landlord won't take nothing of the sort from me, and I can't take them from other people. It was only last Saturday that you told me you expected to have the rent to-day, and now you haven't. It won't do, Mr. Dale; it won't suit me by no means. I could have let the room over and over again to them as would have paid me regular. But I did n't do it, because you promised so fair. But now since it has come to it——'

'Really, Mrs. Biggs, I cannot help it. I was disappointed in some money which I was to have received to-day, but which I shall certainly have in a day or two at the farthest. Beside, you have some security for your rent: there are my clothes.'

'Oh! as for the matter of that, they is n't worth much,' retorted Mrs. Biggs, surveying with infinite scorn the various articles of Roger's slender wardrobe which were visible. '*Littery* gents' clothes ain't generally wery wal'uble. You owes me three pun' fourteen for rent, and half a crown I paid the man for soling yer boots, and it isn't a few old coats and trowsers that can pay me that.'

Roger Dale's cheek crimsoned at this insulting speech, and words of indignation were trembling on his tongue, but he suddenly checked their utterance. He was in the woman's power, and he must submit to every thing.

'Well, Mrs. Biggs,' he said, in a tone that was meant to be determined, but which was sadly tremulous and broken, 'I cannot do any more. If I could pay you, HEAVEN knows I would. Just now it is impossible; and I trust when I appeal to your charity for a little forbearance, that you will not deny it to me. You will not lose by it, depend on it.'

'All I have got to say about the matter, Mr. Dale, is, that people as takes rooms of poor women ought to know whether they was able to pay for them before they took them. Now once for all I tell you, I want my three pun' fourteen, and the half crown I paid the man for soling yer boots, this very night; and if you can't give it to me, why the best thing you can do is to quit. I can't let you have my rooms for nothin', Mr. Dale, and I expect either the money this evening, or you walk to-morrow for sartain. That's all I've got to say about it.'

With these words Mrs. Biggs flounced out of the room, slamming the door violently as she went, and Roger Dale was once more alone.

For a long time he sat with his head bowed upon his hands, and his fingers twisted convulsively in his long dark hair. All the sensitive nature of the poet was wounded, and his spirit chafed indignantly at the humiliation which his necessities had compelled him to endure. Wild thoughts flitted through his mind; ay, even thoughts of suicide, dark, horrible, despairing suicide, rushed through his brain, and fired it with deadly purpose. But just then, when his temples were burning and throbbing with heavy pulses, the quiet cottage, with his gentle mother



and fair sister, unrolled itself like a vapory picture before him ; and in an instant all his evil fancies fled, and from between his hands which hid his face the warm tears trickled slowly down and fell upon the blotted manuscripts.

A knock came to the door. Roger preserved a dogged silence. It was repeated ; he still did not reply. He fancied, perhaps, it was some envoy from Mrs. Biggs. At last he heard a childish voice say :

‘Please, Sir, Mr. Hurry sent to know if the next chapter of the Fairy Tales is finished, as the compositors are idle?’

‘Tell him it is not!’ answered Roger savagely, without looking up. A little step pattered toward the door, and just as it had reached it something prompted him to raise his eyes. A sunny-faced child, with ragged trowsers and inky face, had his small hand on the door, and was gazing at him with wondering eyes. Roger’s heart insensibly softened. Face to face with that incarnation of happy, heedless childhood, he could no longer be a misanthrope.

‘Tell Mr. Hurry,’ said he, in a gentle tone, ‘that I’m very sorry that an accident has prevented my finishing the chapter, but he shall have it this evening.’

The child made a comic attempt at a respectful bow, and turned to go. A thought seemed suddenly to strike Roger.

‘Stay!’ he cried, ‘stay a moment, my boy ; I wish to speak with you.’

The boy stopped at this summons, and advanced toward him, evidently overwhelmed with astonishment at an author, a man who wrote real books, having any thing to say to him.

‘Tell me,’ said Roger, looking earnestly at the child, ‘tell me what you would do if you were without any money and wanted to get some.’

‘I would work,’ replied the child, stoutly.

‘But if you wanted it immediately, and had no time to do any thing which would fetch it, what then?’

‘I would go to mother.’

‘He has a mother!’ murmured Roger ; ‘one who loves him.’

‘Oh ! I have, and such a jolly one, too,’ said the boy quickly, overhearing Roger’s ejaculation. ‘She gives me curran’-puddin’ when I goes home on Sundays, and mends my clothes for me. Mother’s a good ’un, if ever there was.’

‘But suppose that you had no mother, or that she had no money to give you,’ pursued Roger ; ‘what would you do then?’

‘If mother had n’t it, I’d go to sister ; and if sister had n’t it, I’d go to uncle ; and if he had n’t it, I’d go to cousin Harry ; and if cousin Harry had n’t it, I’d go to every body ; and if every body had n’t it, I’d go to the work’us.’ And the child stopped, fairly out of breath with his rapid enumeration of resources.

‘Poor child!’ muttered Roger, ‘you have taught my pride a lesson without knowing it. Here!’ he continued, taking from his pocket his last eighteen pence and handing the boy sixpence ; ‘here! take this, and go your way. You are a good boy, and will yet come to something good, for God never gives such energy in vain.’

The child doffed his tattered cap, pocketed the sixpence, and was soon bounding down the stairs rejoicing.

'Yes,' said Roger to himself, 'the child has taught me a lesson, and I will profit by it. It is time that I had cast aside this foolish sensitiveness, this haughty independence: such feelings are a luxury, and are suited only to the rich. The poor have no business to be independent. I will make my sacrifice this instant. I will go to Gerard and ask him to lend me some money. He is rich; we are closely united by ties of blood. He cannot refuse me: even if he does, I will not be repulsed; I will trample on my pride; I will implore, I will supplicate him.'

He buttoned his coat tightly, and sallied out into the street. It was advanced in the day, and the pavement which had been frozen hard in the morning was now ankle-deep with filthy, greasy mud. Omnibuses were rushing to and from the city at a furious pace, or were wedged almost inextricably into a mass of carts and vehicles of all descriptions about the Poultry or Temple Bar. News-boys clustered in noisy groups around the offices of the Sunday papers, (it was Saturday,) waiting until they should be ready for distribution. The man who had sat all day on Ludgate Hill with a board round his neck on which was written, 'I am starving,' was thinking of going home to his dinner. Business men were taking off their office-coats and preparing themselves for the West End; the Malay crossing-sweeper in St. Paul's church-yard was earning a rich harvest of coppers; occasional gentlemen were having their boots cleaned at corners by the charity-boys, greatly to the admiration of the *gamins* of the streets, who generally formed a circle round the blacker and black-ee, and made exceedingly pertinent and disagreeable remarks upon both. Through all this mud and bustle, omnibuses, coster-monger's carts, apple-women, thieves, itinerant book-venders, rich merchants, home-ward-bound school-boys and gaping country-folks, through all this throng of busy life with which the thoroughfares teemed, Roger Dale wended his way toward the city, revolving earnestly how he should best ask his rich relative for money. Various were the forms in which he mentally couched his request, as he went along the street. None of them satisfied him, and a new one was planned and rehearsed only to be the next instant rejected. While he was thus occupied, he suddenly found himself at the entrance of one of those dark, narrow courts leading off Cornhill, and occupied chiefly by the offices of men of business, brokers, attorneys, and Jews. Here he turned with a heavy heart and entered a narrow door-way, on which was painted in large letters, 'Gerard Dale, Solicitor and Notary Public.' Pushing in a dusty glass-door, Roger proceeded into a dark, dismal office inhabited by two spectral clerks, who were perched on high stools writing. He inquired for Mr. Dale. One of the spectres pointed to the door of an inner office, and then resumed his work. Roger opened the door thus indicated, and the next instant stood face to face with his cousin.

Gerard Dale was a perfect specimen of the money-maker. Hard-featured, keen-eyed, stony-hearted, he looked on mankind as a great mine from which the hardest worker and the sharpest tool would draw most wealth; and in the pursuit of his object he blasted hearts and trampled upon poverty as relentlessly as if they had been only common stones and clay.

While acknowledging Roger's greeting, which, in spite of himself,

was cold and strained, his quick glance detected in an instant the nature of his visit.

'Cousin Gerard,' said Roger abruptly, 'I have come to you to borrow money. I have never asked you for any before, though HEAVEN knows I have often needed it sorely. Now, however, I am pressed too hard to be delicate any longer. Five pounds is nothing to you. I want it, and must have it.'

Gerard Dale had never been addressed in this fashion before, and he stared at Roger absolutely bewildered at this peremptory demand, where he had looked only for supplication and entreaty.

'Really, Mr. Roger,' he began, 'I am quite unprepared — so peremptory a demand —'

'Necessity has a loud voice, cousin,' said Roger, interrupting him; 'and you would have a bad heart if you were to wish that I should grovel at your feet and supplicate your charity like a beggar. I have sore need just now of five pounds. I do not wish you to give it to me save as a loan, but I must have it.'

There was something so despairing, so determined in the young man's tone, that the miser quailed before it; and almost involuntarily he opened a drawer, and taking out five sovereigns held them toward his cousin.

Roger made a wry face as he took the money, as if it burned his fingers. 'You shall have them,' he said, 'in ten days from hence.' And before Gerard Dale could get the first words of the lecture with which he intended to accompany them out of his lips, Roger had bolted from the office and was hurrying homeward.

He had scarcely gone before Gerard Dale had repented of his absurd weakness in allowing himself to be bullied out of so large a sum.

'The scapegrace, no doubt,' said he, 'will spend it in some disgusting piece of extravagance, which will be of no benefit whatever, and I will never get my money. What a curse it is to have poor relations! It is not yet too late, however. Here, Thomas!' calling to one of the clerks in the office outside, 'get me a Hansom cab directly.'

In a few minutes Gerard Dale was driving rapidly to the poor author's lodgings.

Meanwhile Roger hurried along the street, jostling quiet pedestrians in his eager haste, and getting nearly run over at every crossing.

'Three pound fourteen, and half a crown, that is three pound sixteen and sixpence, which, when paid, will leave me exactly one pound three and sixpence to spend. Come, that is not so bad; I can live well on that for ten days, allowing two shillings a day for meals. I think I must employ the balance of three-and-six in celebrating my success by a banquet.'

So Roger stepped into an eating-house close to his lodgings, and ordered them to send round a little dinner to his rooms, not forgetting a foaming jug of half-and-half. Then, with a light heart, he prepared himself to encounter Mrs. Biggs. That lady met him on the stairs, and as there was something in his look which told her experienced eye that he had a full pocket, she curtsied civilly.

'Mrs. Biggs,' said he, in a voice in which exultation was but ill sup-

pressed, 'I think I may as well pay you your bill. Here are four sovereigns; you can give me the change at your leisure.'

'Laws, Mr. Dale, I'm much obliged to you; and if I said any thing as was hurtful to your feelings, I sure I'm very sorry, and——'

'Oh! never mind, never mind,' said Roger, bounding up stairs, for the woman's fulsome thanks were quite as repugnant to him as her previous insolence. 'Now,' cried he, as he reached his little room and flung himself into a chair, 'now I can breathe freely; so here goes to deliver Prince Azim from the Garden of Fiery Dragons.'

But he had scarcely settled his manuscript before him, or concentrated his thoughts upon the unhappy Prince Azim, when he heard the roll of a cab, voices inquiring for him on the stairs, and then the door opened, and Gerard Dale came hurriedly in. Roger's heart sank when he saw him.

'My dear Roger,' said the miser, speaking very quickly, 'I hope you have those sovereigns which I gave you still about you?'

'No,' said Roger, 'I paid them away all but one.'

'Who to?'

'My landlady.'

'That is very fortunate: we must get them back; they are counterfeit coins, and it is most important that I should have them in order to convict the fellow who passed them. Where is the landlady?'

'I will call her,' said Roger, faintly. 'Mrs. Biggs,' he inquired, as soon as she made her appearance, 'have you still got those four sovereigns I gave you about you?'

'Oh! yes, Sir,' said Mrs. Biggs, producing them from her pocket, with a bland smile; 'here they are.'

'Very fortunate indeed,' cried Gerard Dale, pouncing on them with the avidity of a tiger. 'You have the other, Roger? Ah! that will just do. I shall now be able to convict the scoundrel fully. I am sorry to be obliged to take them from you, cousin, but I will call in to-morrow and make it all right. Good day, Roger. Good day, Mrs. Biggs. I'll bring the scoundrel to justice. Good day!'

And the door closed on the miser, who chuckled as he went at the success of his stratagem. And Roger Dale found himself again penniless, with Mrs. Biggs frowning darkly opposite to him.

How did Roger Dale satisfy the disappointed harpy? How did he pay for the little dinner ordered from the eating-house close by, and coming in shortly wrapped in a nice white napkin? How did he subsist during that dreary ensuing week? Did Prince Azim ever get out of the Garden of the Fiery Dragons? Alas! we know not. Perhaps the poor author might have been seen in the dusk of evening stealing timidly into the pawnbroker's at the corner, with a small bundle tied up in paper, and shrinking into the remotest part of the box, while the brutal Jew holds up the proffered coat to the light, and sneers at its weak points. Or that shivering man walking to and fro on Waterloo Bridge, and stopping now and then to gaze at the turbid river that ripples far below, until he is told to 'move on' by the policemen, may be he. Or, more unlikely still, perhaps Gerard Dale fulfilled his promise, and 'made it all right' on the morrow.

## B L O N D I N E .

A POET'S DEATH-SONG.

STRANGER, hast thou ever seen  
Portrait of the fair BLONDINE?

No; the marvel is unpainted,  
Though I oftentimes have fainted  
In the trial,  
When of old avenging furies,  
For a reason, which obscure is  
In the governance eternal,  
O'er my head with wrath infernal  
Broke the vial!

Once, like DANTE, on the high-way  
Of this life, I found a by-way,  
Leading to a world of gloom;  
World of wild and dreadful fancies,  
Sights of wonder which a man sees  
By a doom;  
Grand, mysterious, and awful,  
That to speak of is but lawful  
When the tomb  
Veils his earthly tabernacle,  
Or the lurid pine-trees crackle,  
The dim forms that spirit shackle  
To consume.

Ramparts high I dared to shatter;  
Ancient thoughts I strove to scatter,  
Bursting through the bonds of matter,  
And to seize  
Upon visions which the fashions  
Of all earthly dreams and passions  
Seemed to freeze;  
And to open vast abysses,  
Where a fire primeval hisses  
In the deep  
And unquenchable commotion  
Of a life-engendered ocean  
Without sleep.

And of rest the hope was banished,  
And all providence had vanished;  
And I stood,  
My own God and my own devil,  
Free to struggle out of evil  
Into good;  
And each living, vital centre  
Was its own dark fate's inventor;  
And the skies  
Were an ocean never sounded,  
Everlasting and unbounded  
To my eyes,  
Sleeping, waking, living, dying,  
Still the shore was ever flying  
As time flies.

All was life and aspiration  
Of a stretched imagination,  
That but sought  
To compose a giant fiction,  
And to perfect by conviction  
What it wrought;  
And imagining and willing  
Were creating and fulfilling;  
And the soul  
Was the lord of its own fancies,  
And its infinite romances  
Were the whole.

All the fabulous pretences  
Of the masquerading senses  
Were dispelled;  
And behind the cunning scenery  
Laid bare the vast machinery  
That held  
All the souls of men deluded  
Till, the comedy concluded,  
They should know  
How, the strange performance over,  
To fresh dramas must the rover  
Spirit go.

Thus I wandered, blindly shooting  
Like a comet, lost all footing  
On the earth,  
When, amid the thoughts encumbered,  
Rose a dream that yet had slumbered  
Into birth;  
And as reeling on the margin  
Of the pit I would enlarge, in  
My despair,  
I grew giddy, bade the glories  
Vanish like a poet's stories  
Into air.

Since that hour of hopeless capture,  
Mortal woe and mortal rapture  
Rule by turns  
O'er this spirit fallen, sunken,  
Love-devoured, and beauty-drunken;  
And there burns  
Earthly fire upon the altar,  
And the priest no more may falter  
On the brink  
Of the infinite abysses:  
Mid the thrill of earthly kisses,  
Who can think?

Like a Grecian statue moulded  
Was the shape my arms enfolded:  
Every limb

Had that delicate completeness,  
That incomparable neatness,

Round, yet slim.  
At a glance our eyes detected  
What each dreamily expected;  
And our lips

Met like blossoms which the breeze  
Blows together on the trees,  
As it sweeps.

O BLONDINE, BLONDINE, BLONDINE!

Idle joy's delicious queen,  
Not as angel thee I call on,  
I, the spirit-conquered, fallen.  
Thou art fair!

Empires I have lost delaying  
At thy feet in childish playing  
With thy hair;

Hair that falls in silken splendor,  
Like pale gold! What brave defender  
Of the right

On thy bosom's dazzling whiteness  
Rests a head 'round which the brightness  
Fades in night?

Fame and honor do ye mean,  
Days and nights with fair BLONDINE?

O BLONDINE, thy fair sweet face is  
Fatal! fatal thy embraces,

When thy gaze  
Meeting mine appears to die,  
And my soul in ecstasy

Drinks the parting rays!  
Veil that snowy arm, or, bolder,  
Let me too unveil the shoulder,  
Which defies

Smoothest ivory to match it.  
Why that robe? O let me snatch it!  
Close thine eyes.

As thou blestest could I bless thee,  
To my heart yet closer press thee,  
Yet more perfectly possess thee,  
My BLONDINE!

Could we float entranced together  
Through an everlasting ether,  
From the scene

Of all earthly cares, aye, dearest!  
Clasp my hand, thus seem we nearest,  
My BLONDINE;

For the fluid sympathetic  
Has a telegraph magnetic  
In the hand;

And the marvel is the same  
Which conveys the viewless flame  
O'er a thousand leagues we name  
Sea and land,

Though no greater is the distance,  
And no stronger the resistance  
Than between

This my soul that rages wildly  
And the spirit breathing mildly  
In BLONDINE.

Little hand, why fondly lingers  
My fond gaze upon those fingers  
That caress  
Some stout, lusty giant's, surely?  
No! my own; 'tis contrast purely!

How express  
By mere words that spangle paper  
All my pleasure in those taper  
Hands so white?

Rosy fingers that at will  
By their touch impart a thrill  
Of delight!  
By the rounded arms above them!  
For their beauty's sake I love them.

They alone  
Should to any mortal maiden  
In Love's palace-crowded Aden  
Give a throne.

And now tell me, my BLONDINE,  
Is our heaven quite serene?

Is the doubt  
That before my vision trembles,  
As a thunder-storm assembles

Round about  
All the clouds that cap the mountains  
For the flame-reflecting fountains—  
Is it true?

Are my wild, delirious ravings  
Madman's fancies, selfish cravings?

Art thou, too,  
Filled with the celestial gladness,  
Radiant with the glorious madness?

Were the few brief hours of fusion,  
Soul and body, no delusion?

Do I view  
In thy love a passion fearless,  
Like thy wondrous beauty peerless?

Are there new  
Days of happiness before us  
Ere the shades of death close o'er us?

Dost thou feel  
Aught of love as I have known it,  
Though thy blushes would not own it?

I appeal  
To thy noblest self, BLONDINE.  
Speak what is, and what has been!

Then BLONDINE, with languid grace,  
Fixed her eyes upon my face,  
Calmly, certain of her power,  
As within a garden straying,  
Some capricious child in playing

Plucks a flower;  
And, in accents soft and pleasing,  
Spoke each sentence gently freezing:  
'In an hour

I must leave thee, my poor BLONDEL.  
Shalt thou miss me, shalt thou fondle  
Other maidens like BLONDINE?

Nay, I see thy tears are starting;  
 Yet regret not this our parting:  
     For indeed  
 I to love am quite a stranger,  
 And I fear me there is danger  
     Should we lead  
 This sad life too long. Now, dearest,  
 A true madman thou appearest.  
     Is thy mind  
 Quite o'erthrown, that to thy ruin,  
 Which each loving glance I view in,  
     Thou art blind?  
 What import these wild embraces,  
 And these vague, disjointed phrases?  
     Dost thou see  
 In the girl before thee trembling  
 Aught thy passion fierce resembling?  
     Gaze on me!  
 Know that I esteem, respect thee;  
 From thy madness would protect thee.  
     But I fear,  
 Oh, I fear thee! yes, I fear thee!  
 I can live no longer near thee!  
     I am here  
 For the last time—nay, 'tis vain.  
 Grieved am I to cause thee pain;  
     But no more  
 We must meet. One kiss—the last!  
 And, all cold and fair, she passed  
     Through the door.

She was gone: I asked no reason  
 For the act. Some hideous treason  
     I presaged.  
 But she loved me not. No longer  
 Love than wisdom proved the stronger;  
     And I waged  
 Not an instant fruitless battle  
 With the sentence final, fatal.  
     It was done:  
 For her step no more I hearkened;  
 Life eternally was darkened;  
     And the sun  
 Brought no morning to my soul.  
 Neither sought I to control  
 Thoughts that phantom-like came crowd-  
     ing,  
 All my youthful visions shrouding,  
     For the time.  
 Like a moving corpse I wandered,  
 And on empty trifles pondered,  
     Making rhyme  
 In monotonous despair  
 To some melancholy air,  
     Which of old  
 I had caught as in a vision  
 From some sorrow-struck musician,  
     Lying cold.

Bent no longer fleeting joys on,  
 Then I quaffed the torpid poison,

But in vain;  
 And, restored to life and sorrow,  
 Calmly, recklessly, faced the morrow;  
     And my pain  
 Grew a habit like another.  
 I had neither sire nor brother;  
     I was poor,  
 And my life was desolation.  
 Yet I lived; yet lived my passion,  
     Without cure.

Time rolled on. I bravely struggled  
 With a world that lied and juggled;  
     And I grew  
 To take fortune as it came,  
 Heedless of neglect or fame;  
     For I knew  
 That my sorrow would outlive me,  
 And that all the world could give me  
     Was as naught  
 To the man supremely fated  
 To be ever dominated  
     By a thought.

And again I met BLONDINE,  
 Still incarnate beauty's queen,  
     And was fain  
 In my madness at her feet  
 For her pity to entreat.  
     And again  
 There was sunshine on the earth,  
 And my spirit had new birth.  
     And she gave  
 Looks of love and kisses sweet;  
 And my heart began to beat  
     Free and brave!  
 And again she fondly smiled;  
 And again my hopes grew wild.  
 Seventeen is but a child!  
     Twenty knows  
 That devotion is not found  
 Like the dust upon the ground.  
     Surely woes  
 Such as mine deserved reward.  
 Oh! to lose the prize was hard,  
     When the beam  
 Of a purified delight  
 Clove the horrors of my night;  
     Yet the dream  
 Passed away, and she had fled:  
 — Like a leaf I floated dead  
     On life's stream.

Yet I knew that she had been  
 All the glorious BLONDINE  
     Which of old  
 In my visions I had seen,  
 With the hair of silken sheen,  
     Like pale gold!  
 O BLONDINE, BLONDINE, BLONDINE!  
 Hadst thou, fairest! ever been



As in days  
 When thy childish fancy laughed  
 At the nectar which I quaffed,  
     In the rays  
 Of thy gay and careless pride!  
 Ere I knew thee, hadst thou died!  
     But our fate,  
 In its dark and turbid flow,  
 Gave us better things to know  
     When too late.

Now before I close my verse,  
 Let my everlasting curse,  
     Far and wide,  
 Everlastingly vibrate,  
 As, in accents stern as fate,  
 Self-devoted I narrate  
     How she died;  
 How my student lot she shared;  
 How the past was all repaired  
     By her love;  
 How for all my wants she cared;  
 How she smiled when I despaired,  
     Till I strove  
 To face poverty and wrong  
 With a fearless heart and strong,  
     But not mine

*March, 1852.*

Was the art to cringe and fawn,  
 With the children of the dawn,  
     At the shrine  
 Of the gods men rich and wise  
 In a choral hymn of lies  
     Make divine!

Slowly from my sight she faded,  
 As we toiled uncheered, unaided,  
     Want and care  
 Bore her noble spirit down;  
 Yet reproach, lament, or frown,  
     Felt I ne'er.  
 At my side she sat and smiled,  
 And my weary thoughts beguiled  
     With her voice,  
 Silver-toned, for ever feigning,  
 With a sweetness soul-sustaining,  
     To rejoice  
 In the laurels and the splendor  
 Which a coming day should render  
     To my fame:  
 Laurell'd splendor which, in dying,  
 I—a martyred poet—flying,  
 Man-despising, world-defying  
     Scorn to claim!

W. NORTH.

## AN OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER:

I AM just now a little melancholy. I do not know why it is, but I know it. Yes, 'there is a change come o'er the spirit of my dream.' Well, why should n't it? I am in the 'sere and yellow leaf.' True, my health is perfect, my appetite good, my sleep sweet and undisturbed. No starts, no night-mare, no aches, no pains. The world looks bright. The glorious sun is as refulgent, the moon is the same beautiful orb, and the stars are as brilliant, as ever. The ripples on the water quiver with as much loveliness, and the roll of the surf upon the shore is no less soothing. The earth spreads out before me with its wonted and varied interest; and I long, in this wintry weather, for the coming of flowers and the singing of birds. Visions of the past come to me with a freshness such as young Spring flings over the meadows. I revel in the thoughts of the past; cling to hearts that once lived and loved me; and hear the laugh and the language that have long since ceased to be the exponent of joy or the wail of sorrow. Smiles, too, break in upon me, and eyes send into my own all the sweets of their silent but expressive language. Hands strike mine with a warmth as genial as though they were not mouldered into dust; and voices often startle me with their silver tones, as though they had not been hushed in silence for half a century. And yet I am melancholy!

At this moment there comes to me a voice in song. I hear the words.

I am now just in the mood I was when, at twelve years of age, this voice and these words first broke upon my ear. I had been out fishing, with a relative who yet lives—an honor to his species. The moon was high up in the heavens. The light made silver of the waters of the bay before me. In the piazza sat that long-lost one. I soon found myself seated by her side, and soon after, my head upon her shoulder. How still was that hour! So still were the night and the water, and so bright the moon! 'Nature's sweet restorer' began to steal over my spirit. A dreamy feeling pervaded my heart and senses, when

'I AM monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute;  
From the centre all round to the sea,  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute,' etc.,

was borne to my ear in sounds of sweetest melody. I hear it, and see it, and feel it all, now!

And yet I am sad. What is it that comes over my spirit thus? Ah me! Is it the leaden influence of TIME? What power is in Time! How it levels every thing! At its word, all things crumble to dust. Who ever has lived to count sixty winters, but has cause of mourning? Three generations, upon an average, gone! This could be borne with; but when to this saddening retrospect is added the evidence of severed ties. Some live yet, who lived so long ago; but how changed! Time not only kills and buries human bodies, but scatters, I find, a hoar-frost over the once fresh, and invigorating, and soul-happifying sympathies of the heart. Once, to perceive that pain, or bereavement, or want had overtaken a companion, was to create in the heart a corresponding feeling; and the sympathetic chord would not cease to vibrate till the suffering friend was led forth into the sunshine of life and happiness. 'Sink with, but never desert your friend,' was and is my motto. Friendship! Oh, how I once in my very soul condemned Goldsmith for having written:

'AND what is Friendship but a name,  
A charm that lulls to sleep;  
A shade that follows wealth and fame,  
But leaves the wretch to weep?'

I did not believe a word of it. Oh, no; my young heart revolted at such an imputation upon its holy impulses. But TIME has demonstrated its truth almost to the letter! I have seen much of this, and been made to feel it, too. I would not speak of it complainingly. It is, I suppose, the common lot of our common humanity; and I am in, of course, for my share of it. And yet I cannot deny to my heart its love of the past, crowded as it is with graves and sepulchres; nor refuse to it the aliment it derives from thoughts of the living. How its memories keep me among the dead! How I love to realize them as known when living! Nor is it painful to see them in their lonely and last resting-places. There, the heart feels not; no tears of sorrow trickle down their cheeks; no pang strikes the bosom, making it heave with anguish. It is when the living, the survivors, known to my boyhood's years, and my youth and manhood, seem not to think of me as they once did, when my sun was bright, and 'fortune smiled' over me, and when what I had was *theirs*. To witness such forgetfulness, and to see a frost congeal all those

currents of the soul, and to feel that every limpid stream of the heart is frozen; this it is that makes me sad! Ah! 'who would live always?'

I love, with as deep feeling as ever, the laughing, joyful pranks and play-ways of innocent children. Oh, yes; I am touched in every chord of my heart, and often, when I can do so, join in their sports. I love to see the more ripened pastimes of youth. Would they were all of them innocent! The beautiful, too, just bursting, like the bud, into womanhood — what, this side of heaven, is there to compare to it? All these, I know, are within the limits of that enlarged and colder circle in which I revolve. But the sight of their happiness charms me. This never makes me sad. It is the death of friendship, the freezing up of the hearts of *contemporaries* — and how few are they! — it is *this* that saddens me so!

I have been led into this train of thought by a recent attempt to revive associations with one long an intimate and very dear friend of mine, a sharer of my home, a partaker of its fulness, and who was always near my heart, and is so yet. I had, too, been his benefactor; and how I loved to be so! (I sometimes ask myself whether it is not *selfishness*, after all, that prompts us to make others happy?) All he is, grew, as the oak grows from the acorn, from seed of my planting. The sun of prosperity has never ceased, since, to shine upon him, while one shade after another of adversity has passed over me. He is in the midst of plenty, but I have never, of late years, and since shadows have been about me, seen his eye turned toward me. There were times when it looked hardly any where else. Icebergs in the frozen ocean would be genial and spring-like in their influences upon my heart, compared to this! I cry out, in view of such a sight: Is this the end of the heart's sympathies, and of its memories? Is our humanity made the reservoir of such frigid elements as these? And does 'absence blight the smile, and love thus grow cold'? Ah, it is best to be so. Ligament after ligament that binds us to the earth is cut by such exhibitions of human nature, and life is resigned with more contentment when the final summons comes. Then I will not be sad. No; I will conform myself to these chilling reverses; be thankful for the friends I have; and, oh! I have some who are very dear to me, and who, although of later generations think of me, and love me too. Then, I will not be melancholy!

LORRAIN.

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STANZAS: SABBATH EVE.

By the home fire-side, oh, would we were  
This Sabbath eve, my sister! — talking there  
Of hopes, of sorrows, of the seasons past,  
Of scenes which we have known since parted last;  
Of the old friends who think upon us yet,  
Of the new faces which we each have met.  
Parents and children, joining in the strain,  
The hymns we used to sing would sing again,  
And gain new courage for our onward strife,  
Our lonely journeyings through the present life.

J. E. BIRNEY

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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ISA: A PILGRIMAGE. By CAROLINE CHESEBRO'. In one volume: pp. 315. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton-Hall.

THIS book interests the reader by its complete sincerity. It aims to portray character, and character of a perverted type. But it does not succeed in arousing the reader's alarm. On the contrary, his sympathy remains with the *pervert* to the close of the volume. No graces of rhetoric, no dexterous sophistries, are employed to secure this result; it flows exclusively from the upright and earnest nature of the heroine. In this point of view, the book is a failure, though, as a picture of experience more or less faithful, it will prove uncommonly interesting and suggestive to the thoughtful reader.

ISA is a young girl, who, after much suffering, and by dint of earnest reflection upon the problems of existence, has come to the conclusion that divinity lies in WILL; that the will of man is simply omnipotent: and the logical scope of the story is to urge the practical fallacy of this conclusion. WEARE DUGGANNE, her first lover, puts some questions to her on this point, which discover a far saner state of intelligence in him; but the only effect of his words is to nip her personal tenderness toward him in the bud, and separate them even from intellectual intercourse ever after. ISA now becomes a thoughtful, fervent actor in the world's arena, and soon encounters a person whose marked intellectual resemblance to herself profoundly captivates her, and leaves her *without any will at all on her part*, his abject, passive creature. She still, indeed, theoretically maintains the supremacy of will, but in practice she has become the mere reflection of STUART. She lives with him *par amours*, becomes a mother without being a wife, and finally dies renouncing his instruction; for with her last breath she confesses God, whose theoretic denial all STUART's influence had gone to confirm. Miss CHESEBRO' therefore saves her heroine; but, as we have said before, at the expense of her moral. By bringing her into connection with STUART, she lifts her out of the life of speculation upon which she had entered, and merges her in that of affection or passion, where will is simply superfluous. People whose affections are greatly satisfied are happy, and are so far discharged from any practical exhibition of the supremacy of the will. The life of the affections is an instinctual one. The voluntary life is called for only when storms arise, when a conflict takes place between affection and intellect, and we are summoned accordingly to choose or decide between them. Here alone is the province of will. Where our prospects are clear and undisturbed, we have no occasion for it. Instinct is then sufficient for us, and we are not called upon to maintain the critical power of the will, save as an intellectual thesis. We accordingly still desiderate the

proper *finale* of Miss CHESEBRO's story. We wish to see how surely and sadly this premature little theologian and philosopher will mismanage life. We wish to see her cast upon the resources of her will only, cut off from the serene consolations of the affections, and bidden to carve her life's joy and peace out of the chaotic world around her, by the simple might of resolution.

But Miss CHESEBRO' deserves well of the reading public, not merely as a vigorous writer, and one, moreover, with a noble purpose, but because she quickens thought even when she does not guide it. Her own intellect is already attuned to the sublimest truths, and it only needs a more exact habit of logic or thought, in other words, it only needs a scientific psychology, to put forth permanent fruit. Above all things, she must learn the distinction between the *spontaneity* and the *will* in man, which is exactly the distinction between infinite and finite. She will find no trouble after this in reconciling the divine grandeur with human littleness; nor will the shallow squabbles of atheist and theist have power to vex her righteous soul any more for ever.

As a specimen of the directness and vigor of Miss CHESEBRO's pen, we give the following from the opening pages of the volume, and take our leave, cordially commending the whole work to our readers' attention:

'I CANNOT date the time when love for WEARE DUGGANNE became the passion of my soul. The love has been of gradual growth, and, therefore, is as strong as life. It may have begun in some state of preexistence; but it was first roused, a consciousness, I think, though far from an entire consciousness, on the day when he found me in the den of filth and confusion where my early years were spent. No angel appearing visibly before me, I believe not GABRIEL himself, could so affect, so astonish me, as did his coming into that place, with his look of purity, and comfort, and confidence. I was startled at the very sight of him out of a miserable existence; set free from an incubus, let loose from it into a clear, bright, and before that, to me, unimagined world. Wherefore, then, should I not consider that very first day of my beholding him as the dawning-time of my love?

'Properly speaking, I had not thus far lived: for what is the life of childhood, if it be not joy and gladness; and where had I known any thing of the light heart, the gay thoughts, the fancylings and dreamings peculiar to the young? I had existed, dwelt among miserable specimens of humanity; among people whom my soul loathed, if it did not hate them; among the idiots, the crazed, the poor besotted wretches the world had 'cast out of love and reverence,' justified in so doing. I, too, had in some way found myself thrown into that last decent resort of the miserable, a bit of weed, of nothingness, conscious only of misery, and a child's fear, undefined and foolish, (for what more than I knew was there to fear? was not absolute horror around me? was I not in constant solitude, though among so many?) and there I lived, neglected, abused, fearing all things, hoping nothing, enjoying nothing, not even the thought that there was any thing to be enjoyed; disgusted with all around me, yet ignorant of aught beyond; consciously degraded, wholly forlorn. And still, with all this overflowing of the child-life (and not so much child-life as spirit-life) within me, with all this capacity for suffering, this wondering and dread, this wakeful soul, this thoughtfulness, this desire, THIS LIFE, a mere non-entity in the world!

'He came there with his mother. She brought him to satisfy his curiosity; he had never been in a poor-house, and, desire once pointing that way, he would not rest till she went with him, that he might see the strange human beings living there, of whom he had heard so much. I remember I sat away from the children who were playing in the ill-kept, disorderly yard. I was so miserable; every thing had gone wrong with me that day; I was tired and sick, for I had been at work, and they had scolded me for my laziness; and now, when my task was done, I felt too weary, too full of bitterness, to join in the sports of more careless, and, for the time certainly, happier children. I watched the boys and girls while they played and quarrelled, but it was with indifference. I felt no interest in their games, and could not for the lie of me laugh with them; but had they wept, any of them, I could have joined heartily in the 'exercise.' I do not exaggerate; I know how utterly wretched I was. My misery was not of the understanding, but of the heart.

'While I sat there, a beautiful Newfoundland dog dashed into the yard. For a moment, he joined the boisterous young ones in their sport, and then came up to me, and stood beside me, and afterward he stretched himself at my feet. There was nothing extraordinary in all this; but I had never seen any thing in dog-shape before, except those dirty, yelping, half-starved curs belonging to the house, and this splendid creature was like a new evangel to me. I could have told what Love meant then, or, if I could not have told, I should have known. Had any one asked me, I might not have answered in words; but would not a reply meet and sufficient have been given by the way I patted the animal's head, when his great pitying eyes fixed on me, and by the strange confidence with which (being not repulsed) I slipped from my bench into the unshaded sunshine to fling my arms around the noble creature? I could have wept, but did not; yet how my desolate heart grew with a sudden affectionate interest and impulse toward the animal which could only, yet how fully thus, return my confiding affection in his glances.

'A few minutes, then the owner of the dog came whistling to the door of the house. The creature started up, (he knew his master coming, but did not move toward him,) and showed his recognition merely by the quick wagging of his tail, and a majestic movement of the head. So the

boy came from the door, and crossed the dusty, sun-cracked, unsodded yard, to the place where I stood. He came up close to me, and I could not resist saying:

"Is this your dog?"

"Yes," he replied, and so kindly! I had never heard a voice like that. "Do you like dogs?"

"I love this dog."

"Do n't you keep them here?" he asked, looking around.

"I might have said properly 'not of this sort.' But I did not know then that there were any other kind than brute dogs, and so I answered, 'No.'"

"Then, I distinctly remember, he asked me what we children did there; about our living in the poor-house, and a multitude of questions such as children only can think of. At last, he said quite solemnly, and looking fixedly at me, 'Are you a happy little girl?'"

"I do not remember that I had ever heard the word before, but I knew what it meant. There are many expressions which need no translation, even to the most ignorant, they are so thoroughly imbued with their idea; and, if that idea chance to have been the haunting one of our life, we need not ask, 'What mean you?' when another gives it shape. I could not answer him, could only look upon him, wondering why he should have asked me. Then I felt the tears gathering in my eyes; the human, thinking, questioning child affected me more deeply than the glorious beast could. I turned away, for I did not like that well-dressed, handsome boy to see me weep: was that a manifestation of mere foolish pride, my soul?"

"I did not speak to him again, nor he to me, only once to say, 'Good-bye, little girl; I wish you could go home with me.' He said this as he went to meet his mother, who stood on the door-step calling him. I heard his sweet, kind voice pleading with her a moment, then the hall-door was shut; the silence following that sound encouraged me to look up again, and the strangers were gone. A little while after, I heard carriage-wheels rattling out of the yard, and I knew then more thoroughly than ever before what desertion and desolateness mean."

INFORMATION RESPECTING THE HISTORY, CONDITION, AND PROSPECTS OF THE INDIAN TRIBES OF THE UNITED STATES. Collected and Prepared under the Direction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. By HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT. Illustrated by Captain J. EASTMAN, U. S. NAVY. Published by Authority of Congress. Part II. Philadelphia: LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO AND COMPANY.

This magnificent quarto, of upward of six hundred pages, is another of those valuable contributions to the literature and history of his country, by which Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT has built up so honorable a reputation. In noticing 'Part First,' we presented our readers with the general aim and scope of this great work. It remains for us at present, therefore, only to indicate the character of the contents of the 'Part' now lying before us; delighting us not less by its internal than its external excellence. Under the head of 'General History' we have the track of migration of the Indian tribes, with their distribution, together with their physical traits, of which no one could be better qualified to speak than the author. Of the 'Manners and Customs' of the several tribes, we have a general view, with a description of the constitution of the Indian family, their forest-teachings, art of hunting, sugar-making, war and its incidents, the wigwam and its inmates, birth and death, and their incidents, games of chance, hunting-grounds, etc. Then, too, we have minute accounts of their antiquities, physical geography, tribal organization, history and government, intellectual capacity and character, topical history, language, state of Indian art, future prospects, and statistics and population. Now it is quite easy to see how these themes, in the hands of so capable and experienced an observer and graphic describer as Mr. SCHOOLCRAFT, may form a work of rare interest and value; and to the work itself we invite the attention of our readers, assuring them that the promise which this synopsis of its contents affords is more than fulfilled by their variety and mode of treatment. There are no less than *eighty-four* plates, illustrative of Indian life, character, etc., a great majority of which are large and splendid quarto engravings, and all of them executed in the first style of art. Indeed, in this regard, we know of no national work that can compare with this beautiful volume; in which author, illustrator, printer, and publisher, seem to have vied with each other in the production of the work. *After* the author, each and all may claim equal honor.



**THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THOMAS MORE.** In one volume. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER, No. 145 Nassau-street.

Thys lyttel Boke done into Old Englyshe, or maybe it be a Reprint of an auncient volume now first come to Light. Whichever be y<sup>e</sup> case Itt hard to tell, as savyng y<sup>e</sup> new Print and faire white Paper, so white as y<sup>e</sup> driven Snowe, you verilie suppose itt to be written in Sir THOMAS MORE His Daies. And for sweet Innocent Simpliciteit and robust, heartie strength, of a truth we think y<sup>e</sup> Old Englyshe far better than y<sup>e</sup> Newe. For narrative of this kind, Biographie and straightforward Relation, we are sure it Be superioure, if not for Philosophie and Transcendental Conceit. Y<sup>e</sup> present is a most faithfull, charmyng and naturall Picture of y<sup>e</sup> Life of one of y<sup>e</sup> greatest of England's great men; a sweet, Familie fire-side picture, showing how Child-Like simpliciteit and magnanimitie be combined, and bringing y<sup>e</sup> tears to your eyes at y<sup>e</sup> too sad Catastrophe of y<sup>e</sup> Tale. For a man of MORE's unflinchyng honestie, sinceritie, heroic courage and maintaunance of y<sup>e</sup> Right is most trulie Sublime in any Age or Country. To find such now-a-days almost out of y<sup>e</sup> question, when every one ready to follow Policy and truckle to hys petty interest: how much more when to putt forth a true opinioun cost a Man his Head. Thys lyttyl Boke embraces the true life and Historie of Sir THOMAS till y<sup>e</sup> time of hys death from y<sup>e</sup> Mandate of that detestable and wicked Wife-Killer, y<sup>e</sup> Eighth HENRY, a chapter which we have never seen so well set forth; and we can most sincerelie Bespeak of it to all lovers of Biographie as a precious gem, sparkling in y<sup>e</sup> Light of Truth.

**PYNNSHURST: HIS WANDERINGS AND WAYS OF THINKING.** By DONALD MACLEOD. In one volume: pp. 431. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

THIS is no ordinary book. It is written by one who has the eye and the heart of a true poet; and the transatlantic scenes which pass in review before the writer are touched with corresponding lights and shadows, making each one of them a picture, and every picture a gem. The style is extremely free, forcible, and original; without affectation, and not to be referred to any copy, but characterized on every page by great refinement of thought and delicacy of description. If HUGH PYNNSHURST has his 'ways of thinking,' and the tinge of these is imparted to the whole work, they are so kindly and unobtrusively set forth as not to hurt the feeling and prejudice of any. This is no mere book of travels: we should rather call it a prose poem, for such is the impression which it leaves on the reader's mind, whether you stand with the author by the lake, climb the mountain, kneel at the altar, travel in the diligence, or delight yourself with those charming episodes with which the work abounds. Where he actually writes poetry he excels in vigor, beauty, and extreme happiness of versification; in proof of which we refer to 'Mr. PYNNSHURST's Poem,' commencing on the three hundred and eighty-ninth page, which would alone be enough to stamp the reputation of Mr. MACLEOD in that department. Having already given our readers a taste of the work in question, we shall content ourselves for this present by transcribing a passage in the Sixth Book, called '*The Man in the Omnibus*:'

'On, the embarking-place, where one gets into the omnibuses to go to the cars! What fighting for places; what appeals to the conductors; what thumping and confusion of box, coffer, and



band-box. How eccentric valises hide themselves under huge trunks, and ridiculous carpet-bags vanish from the hands of old ladies as if by magic.

‘One gentleman had very much pleased HUGH by his awful anxiety about a certain trunk. Let us watch him with PYNNSHURST. After much fussing, he thinks that he recognizes his trunk stowed away in the baggage-wagon, and gets into the vehicle destined for the live freight.

‘But lo! when the baggage-wagon has got out of sight, the gentleman sees, as he fancies, his trunk disappearing in the distance, borne on the shoulders of a strong man; the gentleman leaps from the omnibus, pursues the strong man and commands him to ‘put down that trunk.’

‘Strong man refuses.

‘Gentleman insists.

‘Strong man asks ‘Why?’ Gentleman says, ‘It is my trunk.’ Strong man says, ‘It is not.’ Gentleman flies in a passion and says, ‘But by thunder it is!’ Strong man then puts down the trunk; gentleman looks at it and says, ‘Oh, it is not mine.’

‘‘Confounded Camel!’’ grumbles the German porter, as the gentleman rushes distractedly back to the omnibus, where the conductor is purple in the face with bellowing for him to come.

‘‘Get in, Sir!’’ says the conductor, taking him by the arm. Gentleman gets in, and turning, sees his real trunk left behind on the ground; makes a dart to go out; conductor slams the door to, crushes the gentleman’s hat over his eyes, and knocks him staggering back upon a cross burgher’s corns.

‘Cross burgher says ‘Camel,’ and pushes the gentleman into the lap of a fat lady opposite, where he crushes a basket of confectionery.

‘Gentleman starts up, pushes his hat from before his eyes, and begs fat lady’s pardon; fat lady only looks at him savagely, and at her confectionery piteously, and murmurs ‘Cam-el!’

‘Omnibus being full, the gentleman leans in a curved position against the doors, every jolt of the omnibus knocking his hat against the roof and by consequence over his eyes: he takes off his hat, and begins a smile, when a tremendous jolt bumps his head fiercely against the top; he puts it on again, and a second jolt buries him in his beaver to the chin. Then he curls himself still more and more, and leans back against the door, just as the driver pulls up his horses with a jerk: the conductor throws the door open, bellowing ‘Dépôt,’ and the gentleman disappears backward head over heels.

‘What became of him is not known; HUGH never saw him ‘no more.’

‘But Mr. PYNNSHURST leaves, for our instruction, this note: ‘When a German, at least a Schweitzer, wishes to fulminate his fullest wrath against his neighbor, he calls him a ‘*verfluchtige Kameel*,’ a cursed camel. When the Frenchman is vexed to a certain degree, he says, syllable by syllable, ‘*an-i-mal!*’

‘He generalizes, but the Deutscher is more accurate; he specifies what kind of animal; it is a camel.’

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THE WORKS OF DANIEL WEBSTER. In six volumes: pp. 3366. Boston: CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.

No more valuable contribution to the national literature of America than these volumes has been made in fifty years. Take up these works, read them thoroughly and attentively, and you will have before you, in language such as only WEBSTER can use, a perfect picture of all the prominent events that have given dignity and renown to our country’s history. The publishers seem to have been aware of what they were doing for posterity, and have accordingly performed their duty to the public in the most liberal manner. The type upon which the volumes are printed is large and clear, the paper is good, and the binding elegant and tasteful. We have read and re-read many of the noble speeches contained in the works before us; and more than ever are we impressed, not only with the wonderful *amount*, but with the great *variety* of Mr. WEBSTER’s public performances. Mr. WEBSTER’s written eloquence will remain for ever. He has no prettinesses. His similes are of the very grandest character. He illustrates his views by images from the noblest objects in nature; and no orator has ever exceeded him in the felicitous *construction* of his sentences. But we enter upon no present review of these immortal volumes; for they *will* be as immortal as the land and nation they honor and illustrate. We shall take an early occasion to present an adequate idea of the extent and character of the contents of these six volumes: in the mean time, we warmly commend them to the perusal of every American reader, without distinction of party or sect, as worthy examples of a style such as no statesman, of any country beside ours on earth, can at this moment boast.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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'THE CONDEMNED SHIP.'—If you have ever observed, reader, in passing along the wharves of the metropolis, a noble old ship, condemned to a life of inaction and final decay, you will appreciate, with us, the subjoined picture, for which we are indebted to an obliging correspondent. The writer speaks of his theme like a true sailor. He invests it with human feeling and sentient vitality; and one can almost fancy that he has looked upon her 'in her better days,' with all sail set, in a moonlight night, as gazed the seaman mentioned in '*Two Years Before the Mast*,' who, sitting far out on the bowsprit, and looking up at his noble clipper-ship, every sail 'swelled to its utmost tension, to the utmost peak, as if sculptured from marble,' exclaimed: 'How quietly she does her work!' We commend the sketch to the admiration of our readers. ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

'THEY have stripped her of her adornments, which so well became her, and there she reposes, after her toils and exposures, like a spent war-horse. Her masts and her spars, her sails and her rigging, are all gone, and her flags and her streamers no longer float upon the breeze. No more will she breast the storms of the ocean, or bear the heavy burden. And yet how proud her bearing! They have chained her to the wharf, as if to break her spirit; but how vain the attempt! Every breeze arouses her, and she struggles to break away from her humiliating imprisonment, and dare again the dangers of the deep.

'And why these indignities? Has she become weary with age and infirmity? Not so; her step is as light and buoyant now, as when first she entered upon her eventful career. Alas! her generous devotedness has outlived her ability to perform. Look at her as she lies at the wharf, solitary and alone, and then learn the reason of her constrained repose. Mark her bruised and battered sides, once so smooth and beautiful. Her decks, too, once so purely white that you might eat from off them as from a table, are now defaced and marred. NEPTUNE with his trident has gone from her prow, whence he looked out upon the deep, and watched for danger. The cabin has lost its beauty; and dampness and mildew are found where comfort and elegance have presided. The galley is gone, and he who ministered from it to the necessities of all on board. The windlass no longer revolves with its noisy clamor, obedient to the sinewy impulses of noble tars; and the 'Yo, heave ho!' no more is heard upon the breeze, as she gathers herself together for the race. Her fore-castle is deserted, and there is no one on board to tell her name.

'But who shall relate the story of her eventful life? For twenty years she has ploughed the deep. Many have found within her wooden walls a safe and happy, though temporary home. Citizens of many countries have been her guests, shared in her ample accommodations, and profited by her speed. For years from her first coming out, she had the enviable reputation of being a '*crack ship*' among the '*LINERS*.' The merchant and the mechanic, the rich man and the poor man, the prince and the beggar, each in their turn, have known and acknowledged her as a friend.

'Those were the days of her youth and of her triumphs, in which she acted her part nobly; and as a reward for her faithfulness, she was made over to other hands, and pressed into another service. She is now to encounter the toils and hardships of a new and dangerous life; to chase the leviathan of the deep around the world, and engage him in deadly strife. The ocean is now emphatically her home; continents and islands her stopping-places. Tempests have raged around her; huge waves have dashed against her; the sun has burned, rains have drenched, and lightnings scathed her; and there she lies, glorious and beautiful still, even in her ruins.

'How many have been the miles she has sailed, the burthens she has borne, and complained not! What dangers has she passed through, and never felt fear! How many noble tars have trod her decks, stood at the helm, and reefed her sails! How many 'long yarns' have been heard in that fore-castle, where, 'Saturday nights, sweet-hearts and wives' have been remembered, and 'home, sweet home,' has fallen upon the ear and heart with subduing power, telling of the sailor's truthfulness and love! What attachments have been formed among the hardy men that have sailed in her, amid want, and hardship, and suffering! What pains have been borne, hunger and thirst endured, ill-treatment and abuse experienced! Sickness and death, too, have been there, and the winding-sheet and burial-service have lent their aid to render that deserted ship an object of intense and melancholy interest.

'But thou hast run thy race; thou hast finished thy course, brave bark!—and as I look upon thee, I feel emotions of mingled sorrow and reverence. Unconsciously thou hast fulfilled thy high destiny, and advanced the happiness of man, to whom thou hast been a faithful servant. And now what shall be thy fate? Alas! thine will prove a cruel and a violent death, limb from limb to be torn asunder; and on the winter's hearth thy scattered and broken members will minister, for the last time, to man's necessities.

'Brave bark! as I have thought on thy eventful history and martyr's death, I have been instructed. Farewell.'

LAMATIER.

A TRIBUTE TO THE AMERICAN SEA-SERPENT.—We give below the eloquent '*Speech of Babylon Baldeagle, Esquire, on the American Sea-Serpent.*' It has been communicated to these pages by Mr. G. SPHINX, Professor of Languages, Fabulist, Director of a Plank-Road Company, etc., etc. He introduces the great speech to us with the subjoined comments: 'I have thought it a great pity that the speech pronounced by my eminent friend BABYLON BALDEAGLE, Esquire, of and concerning the American Sea-Serpent, should be wholly lost. I therefore communicate to the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine such fragments of the discourse as I am able to remember after the lapse of eight months, grieving, as I in truth should grieve, that many wrathful rolls of oratory which roused the hoarse 'democratic,' as well as many passages of mellifluous rhetoric which soothed the agitated passions of the assembly, have entirely escaped from my memory. On applying to my friend to supply the missing paragraphs, his answer was: 'Sir, can the sierra restore to the Californian the golden scales which have leaked from his sack? No. The miner must wait till the sun once more heats the snow of the summits, and when the torrents which fill the gulches have subsided, he can gather other scales.'

'This great forensic effort was called forth by the visit of the travelling agent of the American Sea-Serpent to our village on a pleasant evening of September last. It appeared from the statements of that benevolent man, made at a public meeting of our citizens, that our great national monstrem had become reduced to very unpleasant extremities. It seemed that the public basilisk, while roaming the seas, had in playfulness dashed into an immense raft of ice-bergs. The scene was highly animating, and reminded the spectators of the well-known visit of the bull in the crockery-shop. The ice-bergs looked very ridiculous after the national serpent had concluded his morning amusements; but, by some lamentable heedlessness on the part of the latter, he dislocated his fin in the course of his sports, and contused his head so seriously that he had been obliged to confine himself to his cave. He was suffering for the necessaries of life, having lost nearly all his provisions in a f resheth. The agent read a medical certificate from a naval surgeon, who reported that, on a professional visit to the august guardian of the American waters, he found the illustrious patient suffering from his contusions, being also slightly delirious, and apparently very hungry. The agent now called for subscriptions to relieve the great basilisk.

'My eminent friend, fired by the occasion, mounted a barrel, and delivered himself of a truly CICERONIAN discourse, of which the following is a portion :

### Speech.

'MY FELLOW-CITIZENS : When Columbia, like the Roman mother, is asked to display her jewels, she proudly points to her Eagle and her Sea-Serpent, and says : These are my jewels ! Gentlemen, when we contemplate the various wild beasts of the wilderness, and the amphibious denizens of the deep that breathe the common air of this great republic, whether it be the shaggy buffalo standing at bay beneath the cliffs of Cordillera, and bellowing with disdain as he shakes his gory locks ; whether it be the grisly bear, that growling autocrat of the mountains, as he sits upon the western cliffs and beholds on the one hand the banners of civilization floating in the rising sun, and on the other, the solitary Oregon flowing to the Pacific through continuous woods ; or whether it be the alligator, slumbering in the everglades, and shaking from his side the arrow of the lurking Seminole, the Great American Sea-Serpent raises his blazing crest high above all, majestic, unapproachable, and sublime !

'Gentlemen, as a patriot I glory in the American Sea-Serpent. The whole republic glories in the possession of the incomparable basilisk. It will guard him in all dangers, will sustain him in all disasters, and, he the grateful serpent, will coil his glittering folds around the pillar of state, and be our bulwark when the guns of despotism are levelled at our continent from the old world's gloomy battlements.

'Contemplate the ubiquity of the public dragon. On every ocean where the broad-winged albatross dips his pinions in the foaming surge ; in every polar gulf where the walrus punches with his tusks the white northern bear ; in every bay where the frowning admiral anchors his battle-ships, and salutes with roaring guns the morn's first blush, there will you find the American Sea-Serpent. Now he gambols with the whirling water-spouts ; now he lashes with his tail the heaving billows ; anon he erects his crest in the air and catches in his mouth the cannon-balls that are fired at him by the passing frigate. It has been with emotions of pride, my fellow-citizens, that I have read the paragraphs in the newspapers of both continents in which the movements of our national reptile are recorded, and not with less of pride than of wonder have I learned from those brief and often malevolent records his marvellous celerity and admirable ubiquity. Admiral SCHORTSKOFF, of the Russian Navy, reports that he encountered the snake in the interior of the Black Sea, unfolding his scaly convolutions by moon-light. Two weeks after, Captain SARVENTIMBERS, commander of a British cruiser, in the midst of a terrible typhoon in the Indian ocean, while the ship was lying on her beam-ends, beheld the same sublime serpent battling with the elements. The forked lightnings glanced from his scales, like the arrows of the Peruvians from the armor of PIZARRO, and fell hissing into the water. In one week afterward, Captain GRUNDY, of Boston, beheld from the deck of his schooner the same universal snake off the Bahamas. He was in a sportive mood, and tossed the sea-weed into the air with his horns, as the bullock of your own barn-yards, gentlemen, tosses aloft the straw which may be scattered in his pathway.

'Every mariner testifies to his ubiquity ; and yet, notwithstanding his propensity to roam over the vasty deep, he is eminently and exclusively the American Sea-Serpent, and we require strangers and third persons to *let that snake alone*. Yes, *let that snake alone*, for he is *our* snake, and if you touch our snake you touch us. The Rocky Mountains are not more peculiarly our national property than the Sea-Serpent. Niagara Falls are not ; the Mississippi river is not ; Mammoth Cave is not. Fellow-citizens, would you permit a European despot to comb our grisly bears out of our Rocky Mountains ? would you permit Niagara Falls to be plucked from our national diadem, or the Mississippi river to be wrung out and hung up on a pole to dry ? Of course you would n't. Then do n't suffer the covetous despotisms of the old world to meddle with our Sea-Serpent. He must be free, free as that bird which.

' BEARS aloft its regal form.  
When strive the warriors of the storm,  
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven.'

Whether he plough the blue and moonlit deep in maiden meditation fancy-free, or in a sterner mood threshes with his tail the affrighted leviathans as they scatter like pigeons assailed by a hawk ; whether he flutters the close-ranked penguins as they sit upon the reefs of Terra del Fuego, or girds his voluminous folds around an ice-berg and crushes it as if it were an egg-shell ; whether in a sportive mood he rushes through the gulf-stream with sea-weed on his horns, and with his mouth full of flood-wood ; or whether he does any other thing in any other place and in any other manner, let the voice of this Republic be to other nations of the world, *Let that snake alone*.

'And, my fellow-citizens, if the nations of the earth disregard this warning, treat them as we would if they should snub our ambassadors or bluff the Secretary of State. If the envious despotisms of the old world stand, as it were, on the cliffs of the ocean and throw stones at the public dragon

as he sails along on the surface of the water, then, I say, and every patriot will say, let slip the dogs of war! Not that the Serpent is not able to defend himself, for, gentlemen, he could plunge into Plymouth harbor and make as ridiculous work of the British navy as a puppy sometimes does of a flock of goslings; but when our national basilisk is assailed, it is, and ought to be, a national matter to resent the indignity. Do n't wait about it till a couple of diplomatic old fogies can pass protocols and ultimatums forward and back three or four times while the young Giant of the West stands with his bowie-knife unsheathed, and his revolver cocked; but let the people rise up in a mass and chastise the dastards, till it can be said of them, as the Latin poet said of the insane savage:

'Cras ingens it erabimus equor,'

which means, '*The crazy Ingen reiterated, Quarter!*'

'If this nation ever becomes so debased that it will permit indignities to be offered to its Sea-Serpent, then, fellow-citizens, will I expect to see Columbia pawning the Fourth of July to the Rothschilds, plucking the American Eagle, while alive, for the market-value of its feathers, (a pretty bird that will make of the public fowl), selling the star-spangled banner to a rag-pedlar. I will expect to see a foreign constable levying on the Bunker Hill Monument; an English Master in Chancery advertising the Rocky Mountains; the Russian Czar foreclosing a mortgage on the Great Lakes; and finally, I will expect to see the great Sea-Serpent himself struck off to the highest bidder at the Palace of St. James, by the High Sheriff of London, at ten o'clock, A. M.; and in a short time afterward, you will see the administrators of this once living nation wandering around the premises with woe-begone faces to take an inventory of the effects of the deceased, and finding nothing to report to the surrogate but four or five creeks and a cranberry marsh; every thing else, rivers, lakes, caves, and cataracts, having been seized by the bailiffs.'

(Mr. BALDEAGLE here paused, gazed for a moment on the crowd with a grim and martial countenance, then relaxed his features, took a new attitude, and, in soft and pathetic tones, continued:)

'My fellow-citizens, far over the placid waters of the dark blue sea, the occidental orb of day, sinking to the caverns of the night, is folded in crimson mists, and, like the dying Roman, gathers around him his drapery of clouds before his fires are buried in the gulf of darkness. There, encircled by the murmuring waters of the deep, the builders of the ocean have framed a tranquil cave. The zephyrs love to linger under its coral arches. The Naiads there love to moor their shelly skiffs, while the dolphin swims in its cool recesses, and the swan glides adown its watery floor. There the gentle maidens of the sea touch their tremulous lyres, and warble those entrancing songs that float at twilight hour to the ear of the mariner as he paces his lonely deck. There still-weeping dreams fold their viewless wings, and the spirits of the evening breeze recline on shelving emeralds.

'My fellow-citizens, in that coral cave lies the great Sea-Serpent. There was he wont to retire after his arduous peregrinations over the deep, to listen to the daughters of the sea weaving their soft harmonies; to muse on the mutability of greatness; and to gaze with philosophic eye into the vista of the future as its phantom forms flitted to and fro and vanished in the waving mists. There he now lies. But not for him do the daughters of the sea touch their tremulous lyres; not for him do the still-weeping dreams unveil their tearful faces; not for him do the zephyrs ripple the blue waters, or the dolphin display his chameleon tints. No! oh no! He lies there in anguish. His fin is dislocated! 'Delirium glimmers in that philosophic eye;' hunger rages in his breast; and the invidious sharks prowl around his cavern like jackals around the den of the dying lion!

'And will you, fellow-citizens, permit that snake to lie in his lonely cave famished and delirious? Will you permit the ubiquitous, the incomparable, the stupendous, the omnivorous American Sea-Serpent to become decrepit and a cripple for life, as he undoubtedly will become unless his case is promptly attended to? What will your ancestors think of you if you permit the twin-brother of the American Eagle to become a public charge? What will posterity think of you when they come into possession of the Republic and find a sick snake on their hands; a sick snake and a debt of forty millions? Lastly, what will you think of yourselves when you reflect on your ungrateful neglect; on the loss of national respectability which must ensue when you appear in public without a Sea-Serpent; on the depression of public credit, and on all the disasters which I foresee to be attendant on the loss of the great basilisk?

'No, we can't get along without our Sea-Serpent. If we lose him, we might as well sell our continent at once and move 'out west.' If the public dragon gives out, you might just as well make the national will, appoint JOHN BULL sole executor and guardian of your infant States, and then expire in the full assurance that your executor will grab all your property, and choke your infants outright, and give their legacies to his own brats.

'But the light of hope kindles my breast. I know that the calamities of the Sea-Serpent will arouse the warmest sympathies of this nation. It will never permit its great snake to die in that

far-off cavern from hunger and want of surgical attendance. I feel happy, I feel proud in the assurance that the Republic will, on this occasion, testify its gratitude and respect in a manner worthy of itself. Then the mighty basilisk, once more restored to health and strength, will again launch forth its glittering convolutions on the billows of the ocean, to rove from gulf to gulf, from pole to pole, reflecting the blaze of the sun from his many-colored scales; and despots, standing on the grisly battlements of the old world, will look down upon the deep as the great republican ploughs his foaming pathway through the waters, and their knees will tremble and their cheeks blanch as they whisper, 'Lo! the dreadful Serpent of the Sea!'

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NARRATIVE OF THE GREAT HEN-ROOST ROBBERY ON LONG-ISLAND. — Listen, reader, to one of the 'most exciting narratives of the day.' The author unites the dignity of HERODOTUS with the simplicity and minuteness of MAUNDEVILLE. His is the true style for an historian; and we trust that hereafter he may be prevailed upon to write the annals of Long-Island; which is an 'eyland' full of romance, even from Brokelyn to Montauk-Point. But to the present narrative:

'WITHIN the past month an excitement has prevailed among the quiet inhabitants of some parts of Long-Island unparalleled since the great oyster-war. Every one has heard of the inroads once made by the buccaneering fishermen of Amboy on the rich oyster-beds of Huntington Harbor and Oyster Bay, when the adverse fleets had like to have come to a great nautical encounter. But although some guns were pointed, no triggers were pulled, and no shells were thrown of the kind used in naval warfare. That chapter in the history of Long-Island has never been written out fairly; but let by-gones be by-gones. I am going to nab some circumstances while they are yet fresh, and the materials attainable, that hereafter they may not come up in dim memory like the records of the oyster-war. The most flagrant depredations ever known in the history of man have lately been made on the hen-roosts of Hempstead and Jamaica South. Twelve hundred dollars' worth of chickens stolen in one winter, and the greatest panic among all holders of the stock! The deed was done

'Deeply and darkly at dead of night,'

and the evil was waxing worse and worse, so that out of the multitude of populous hen-roosts in the above towns there was not one which had not suffered extremely. Eggs were scarce in sufficient abundance for cakes and pies: one farmer was reduced to his last little chick, while the cheerful cackle of farm-yards was scarce heard. The cock-crowing which used to be answered at dead of night from hill to hill and hamlet to hamlet, until it circled the whole neighborhood, as the British drum-beat circles the world, was succeeded by a dead silence, and no clarion was heard in the morning except the baker's horn. Little as the farmers were acquainted with natural history, they knew that the chicken is not a bird of passage, and always comes home to roost. Their hens had not been picking and stealing, but they had been stolen and picked. Who had done the *fowl* deed? That was what the irritated owners were burning to know; for if they could catch the scoundrel as he was taking wing, they threatened that they would tar and feather him, without waiting for the slow process of the law to coop him up. He should not crow over his bargain, nor cackle over his gains. There is something inconceivably mean and sneaking in the stealing of chickens; and none but the most hardened rogue, if caught with one under



his jacket, could exclaim with the abandoned TWITCHER, 'Vel, vot of it?' Vot of it? A great deal of it! To take a horse or a young colt is a bold and magnanimous piece of rascality, and if the equestrian spark can be overtaken by the telegraph in the midst of his horse-back exercise, his neck may be put in requisition. That's paying a high price for a horse, as any jockey will tell you. But to go and bag a fowl when he is asleep with his head under his wing, is the part of a chicken-hearted fellow.

'Although no clue had been obtained to these depredations, the finger of suspicion had been for some time pointed at one JOSEPH ANTHONY. MR. ANTHONY, a resident of the city of New-York, who had the appearance of a sporting character, was in the habit of visiting Hempstead about twice a week in a small wagon, to see his friends and indulge his social qualities. On his way out, he stopped at all the taverns to take some beverage, although in returning he was abstemious in his habits, being perhaps in haste to return to an anxious wife. But it was noticed as a remarkable coincidence that when he came and went, the chickens were always gone. Numbers of the more prying, to confirm their suspicions, had sometimes peeped into his wagon, where they discovered creatures of the feathered creation. Once or twice he had his horse taken by the halter, but on promptly presenting a revolver, (we think of Colt's patent,) he obtained liberty to pass. The knowledge of the fact that he carried arms about his person had the effect of making many diffident who had otherwise not been slow in their advances. They did not wish to take the St. ANTHONY'S fire, or risk their bodies and souls for the sake of a few spring-chickens, no matter how many shillings they were worth a pair. MR. ANTHONY therefore had the plank-road to himself. On another occasion, when he was returning, well provided as it was thought with live stock for the market, some young men got up a plan to waylay him by throwing a rope over the road. This endeavor proved abortive: for when they heard the sound of his wheels approaching; when they caught a glance of his little colt who knew the ground; and when they thought of the *little Colt* which he carried in his pocket, their courage caved in, and they fled to the neighboring woods inhabited by owls.

'Thus did villany triumph, and the henneries continued to be impoverished by a consumption unknown to Thanksgiving or the pip. The final despair of the farmers led to a mutual compact, which we will call the *Hens-eatic League*. At a full and unanimous meeting of the chicken-owners of Hempstead and Jamaica South, it was resolved to keep a very strict watch over the motions of MR. ANTHONY on his next visit. Something must be done, and that immediately, otherwise there would not be a cock to crow, nor a hen to lay an egg in all Queens county. Accordingly, on the afternoon of Friday (unlucky day!) MR. ANTHONY was observed to pass through the gate at which he stopped, for the tollman observed that he 'always acted very gentlemanly, and always was particular to pay his toll, and was a good-looking man, only his eyes was too big.' The following intricate plan was then hatched: Three courageous men, armed with muskets, were to keep the gate that night and receive the toll of MR. ANTHONY when he came back, and, if possible, prevail on him to stop. They took their stand at sun-down. The remaining chicken-owners watched all night. MR. RUSSELL SMITH sat up in his wagon-house; but what is very queer, MR. ANTHONY pulled his chickens off the perch almost under his nose, without his knowing it. Six expected eggs were missing at his breakfast-table next morning. But MR. SUYD—M, who lives on the Rockaway meadows, arranged his plan



better. To the door of his hennery he attached a string, which he conducted to his sleeping-chamber; and to the string he fastened a little bell. Then he lay down to keep awake. He heard nothing for some hours, until what *ought* to have been the cock-crowing, he was startled suddenly

‘By the tintinnabulation  
Of the bell, bell, bell,  
Which did musically well.’

Springing from his couch, he placed his face against the window, and the night not being very dark, the following tableau was presented: A little wagon and a little horse, held at the head by a little boy, and in the wagon a woman with a hood. He rushed to the hen-house just in time to find the perches vacant and his man retreating, who forthwith seized the reins and drove like JEUU toward the Rockaway bridge. It is thought that a part of the distance was accomplished at the rate of a mile in three minutes. But Mr. SUND—M was not to be so baffled. He harnessed his mare, and, taking Mr. LAURENCE with him, followed in pursuit at full speed. They overtook Mr. ANTHONY at the bridge, where he was engaged in killing chickens and throwing their heads over the balustrades into Mud-creek. Finding some one at his heels, he ceased killing chickens, applied the lash, and was again out of sight. But although out of sight he was not out of mind. On approaching the toll-gate, he began to fumble for change to pay honorably, when, to his astonishment, he found the gates shut, and before he could place his hand on his revolver the muzzles of three muskets were within an inch of his head!

‘As a rat who has left his hole by night to get a drink of water, or to suck a few eggs, on returning finds it stopped up with a brick, and himself assailed, pauses on his hind legs and squeals, so did the astonished ANTHONY cry out. On examining the contents of his wagon, it was found well replenished with fowls; and Mr. ANTHONY frankly confessed that he regretted the circumstance of his capture, as he had already served out several terms at the State’s-prison, and was loth to go there again, where Thanksgiving fare was so scarce.

‘When this remarkable capture became known on the next morning, and the prisoner and his plunder were brought to the Justice’s Court in Hempstead town, great interest was excited in the country round. They came pouring into the village by hundreds, from Rockaway, from Hungry Harbor, from Jug-Town, and all directions, to get a sight of the greatest chicken-stealer ever known since the creation of fowls. Nothing like it was remembered since St. GEORGE’S church, in the same place, was broken open, and the justices, and the wardens, and the vestrymen, and the tavern-keeper, were convened in the bar-room of the village-inn, to see a pile of Bibles and prayer-books on the sanded floor, where the head warden remarked to the repentant thief that he was sorry that he had not used the Bible and prayer-book better. On the examination of Mr. ANTHONY, it was apprehended that there might be some difficulty about the identification of the fowl. You can tell your horse, your ass, your cow, your pig; they are speckled, they are streaked, they have a patch on the eye, or something of the kind. But as to your chickens, though you feed them out of your own hand, the task is more difficult. You contemplate them not by units, but in broods, and single them out one by one only when the time comes to wring their necks, and you think that a roast chicken for dinner would not be amiss. On this occasion no such difficulty occurred. The roosts had become so thinned that the farmers were enabled to recognize and swear to their fowl, one to his Bantam, another

to his Shanghai, a third to his Top-knot, and a fourth to his Poland hen. Although their heads were twisted off, that mattered not so much, since feathered creatures are not recognized by their countenances like men. They are all beak, little head, and have no particular diversity of expression to be identified except by themselves. Mr. ANTHONY has engaged counsel to rebut the prosecution by the State, and it will depend upon the ability with which this great Hen-Roost case shall be managed whether he shall be finally knocked from his perch in society, whether the plank-road dividends shall be diminished by the amount of his toll, and whether chickens, like peach-trees, shall take a new start on Long-Island. When we consider the expensiveness of feeding them, and the many casualties they are exposed to from the time they are fledged—snatched into the air by hawks, fed on by cats, afflicted by the pip and by the gapes—it is to be ardently hoped that something may be done to protect them on their roosts. Otherwise we know of many who will give up raising fowls: and then, we ask, what is to become of our markets if ‘hen-sauce’ is abolished; and what will housewives do if eggs are a penny a-piece? The most delightful puddings known to the present state of cookery would have no richness without the yolks of eggs. Where would be the yellowness of ‘spring’ (usually denominated ‘grass’) butter? Would not pound-cake be erased from the catalogue of Miss LESLIE’s famous book? And what would become of the icing and incrustation of ornamental confectionery? On these questions the result of Mr. ANTHONY’s trial will have a bearing. In the mean time he throws himself entirely upon his counsel. When asked by the Justice of the Peace at the preliminary examination what had been his occupation and means of living, he replied—‘*Speculating!*’

‘He was forthwith committed.’

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EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—Incessant avocations have prevented our visiting the *National Academy of Design*, since its opening evening: so that our readers must rely, as we do, upon the criticism of a friend, who has a warm feeling for, and has written much upon, art. If they do not all agree with him, let them remember that easily-written ‘copy’ in the old writing-books: ‘Many men of many minds:’

The feeling of disappointment experienced by the friends of the Academy on the opening of the present exhibition is not at all justified by a thorough examination of the collection. It is true that there are not so many agreeable pictures as there were in the last; but there are several better than any in that, as DURAND’s grand landscape, ‘The Destruction of the Host of Gog;’ CAPPELEN’s ‘Norwegian Forest;’ GRAY’s group of children and several single heads; BAKER’s ‘Summer Hours;’ and several landscapes by the younger artists. The portrait branch, on the whole, is the most interesting, as being that in which our artistic talent has made the greatest advance; and it is remarkable no less for the general excellence than for the variety of feeling through which it becomes manifest. Comparison of the relative merit is thus rendered impossible, because there are no two of the leading portrait-painters who work in the same direction. We can compare similar objects or different degrees of the same quality, but not dissimilar objects or qualities. Thus, when one says that Mr. A’s portraits are better than Mr. B’s, he means merely that he sympathizes more fully with Mr. A’s feel-

ing, or appreciates his results more entirely; but if, on the other hand, Mr. C is an imitator of Mr. A or B, or aims at the same qualities, a comparison is at once suggested. This should be always borne in mind in criticising works of art, because only thus can we free our minds from the influence of our own partialities, and placet hem on their own merits. It is true that we may say that the art of one is nobler than another, and perhaps be able to prove it; but we cannot make others feel it, so long as their own instinct and faculties of perception prefer the other. The excellence of each artist is, and ought to be, measured by the approach to perfection in that line to which his peculiarity of feeling leads him. This rule frees the critic from the necessity of making any comparisons, which must be always invidious, and enables him to give due credit to each and every line of subject and variety of treatment. HEALY's full-length of two ladies is an excellent example of common-sense portaiture; good in character, and in admirable keeping as to its accessories and subordinate parts. The vigor of its execution is no small excellence, when it is so unobtrusive as here, and so well confined to those parts which admit it without injury to the more essential qualities. Execution, when it is so attractive as to interfere in the slightest degree with the primary object of the picture, is a vice of the most dangerous kind to weak men; but HEALY's is, though exceedingly effective and vigorous, entirely secondary to the sentiment of the picture, and gives the double delight of the perception of excellence and of easy and graceful attainment of it.

ELLIOTT has quite sustained himself in several heads, of which the 'Portrait of a Lady,' No. 53, and No. 449, 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' show his peculiarities to the best advantage. We do not recollect to have seen any thing at any time better, in its way, than the latter, so excellent is it in drawing and modelling, and truthful in the character of the subject. It has the air of a man at ease with the world, and independent in his relations to it—self-possessed, and determined to give you no opportunity of reading him. It is in the rendering of this phase of character that ELLIOTT's great excellence lies: he gives you the man of the world just as he is known by every body, and as he is seen under all ordinary circumstances. You cannot doubt that he has an inner and hidden being, but you may look in vain for any indication of what it is. A contemporary has said: 'Of ELLIOTT it is almost useless to speak: the world knows and appreciates him. In all that pertains to the actual, in precision of likeness, drawing and modelling, and in truth and richness of color, as well as in refinement of character, he has been long too well known for the critic to blame or praise. In the treatment of all that pertains to the external, to the man as all see him, ELLIOTT has no equal living.'

GRAY has won golden opinions by his contributions this year. His pictures bear marks of most careful study and systematic thought, and present a completeness which makes each one more than a mere portrait. The head is a part of a system, and must bear a certain relation to the rest of the picture. Considering that the force of his material bears a feeble proportion to that of nature, he reduces the scale, and thus, by giving each part its relative gradation, he preserves the unity of nature to a far greater degree than if he were to give to the head alone that vigor of light and shade, which, considered by itself, it would be entitled to claim; so that, although at first sight the head may give an impression of weakness, the reverse is the case when we have studied it long enough to include the whole in one perception. His treatment of the accessories is also exceedingly thoughtful: each and all have a certain significance, and take their

proper position with regard to the head, which thus becomes the centre of a system, and gives a certain importance to its satellites. There is an exceeding refinement of character in his female portraits, which seems like a revelation of a better phase of life, as though he had caught the moment when the rarer feelings of the individual had been brought out unguardedly. He never loses sight of the lady; and in No. 422 you would recognize her in the hands, if the head were not visible. In No. 344, the completeness above alluded to is more noticeable, on account of the size of the picture, which presents the whole more readily to the eye, and perhaps from the greater facility of treating it as a whole. GRAY's sense of color is of rare excellence, and his tone delicious.

MOUNT exhibits portraits only this year, which, as might be expected from his well-known feeling in figure, are excellent in character, and evince a conscientiousness and unaffectedness worthy of the highest praise. Never have we seen a better autographic portrait than No. 420, nor a head more faithful to the most delicate degrees of truth than No. 379. There is no effort to obtain any attractiveness of quality or minor excellences at the expense of higher, nor is there any attempt to evade the consequences of the most minute following of nature. He is not afraid to give a sharp line where he sees it in nature; and we could wish that his heads might have some effect of counteracting the tendency to weakness and indecision so common to our younger, and even to certain of the older painters.

Artists are accustomed to say that there are no lines in nature; a doctrine which is not only false, but fraught with the utmost evil to our portraiture. It is impossible to make lines with oil color as sharp as nature shows them in an ordinary light, and MOUNT is almost the only one who has had the courage to follow this general truth out to the full extent, though many approximate sufficiently for all purposes of portraiture. In spite of their quality of color, these heads are among the best, in portraiture of the actual, that have ever been exhibited here.

HUNTINGTON, HICKS, and ROSSITER, form a group who seem to act on the doctrine above alluded to, vague and indecisive in outline, to a degree that most effectually destroys all high degree of truth of likeness. It is very easy to draw a head so that you may suppose the lines to be any where in a space of half an inch wide, but it is very hard to get the credit of being a good draughtsman by it. Mr. HUNTINGTON does himself little credit by this year's contributions, and we are much afraid he is going down hill. His composition, No. 409, is as bad a picture as we ever saw painted by an artist of real talent; insipid or exaggerated in character, weak and false in color, and ill-drawn. What can he mean by such a maudlin concoction of art and water? There is some good painting of accessories in some of the portraits, particularly in No. 149; but in the 'Tribute-Money' there is nothing well painted.

HICKS has reversed the true relation of the parts in his 'Portrait of EVE. FISH,' by making the central object the poorest, and giving greater excellence to the accessories as they go from it. The figure is poor, especially the head; and the execution is too palpable and intrusive throughout. There is certainly much vigor and originality in the treatment; but really it seems to us that the portrait ought to be of the first importance, and more earnestly studied than the accessories; but it seems 'they do those things better in France.' No. 127 is very bad in color.

ROSSITER's 'full-length of a lady' is a puzzle to us. We cannot imagine what

the lady sits on, or, if it be on the sofa, how she stays on the edge of it with such apparent ease, or how it is that her hands make no impression on the dress where they lie. Altogether, it has very much of the lay-figure look; but the silk is well painted, and the upholstery is faultless; but really it does seem too much like painting for mantua-makers and furniture-dealers. If the artist had bestowed a quarter of the time the dress must have occupied him on the head, he would have increased the value of the picture tenfold as a portrait. So of No. 438: the painting of the piano is very much the best thing in the picture.

BAKER has some capital portraits, and two charming figure-pictures. No. 191, 'Summer Hours,' is really one of the most beautiful pieces of color we have ever seen. It is a picture which speaks for itself, and therefore can do with little of our commendation; but we find it very hard to keep all the commandments with regard to it. BAKER is a young artist yet; and, if our public will give him free swing, he must become one of our first painters. There is a great deal of nonsense said about the danger of color and the necessity of subordinating it; but BAKER has laid a good foundation, and can now well bear the fascination of color. It is only weak men who are ever overcome by it, and we have little fear that one who reverences nature as much as he seems to, will ever become a mere colorist.

DARLEY has an admirable pencil-drawing of a farm-yard, with sheep, etc.; and there are some other figure-pictures which we would like to speak of, if space permitted.

The portraits by CARPENTER are remarkable, as the productions of one so young in the profession and in years. They give full promise of future excellence. The portrait of DAVID LEAVITT, Esq., for example, is characterized by all the principal elements that constitute successful portraiture. The portrait of MOUNT, too, is a good, honest picture; a likeness, 'and a truthful.' '*Macte virtute!*' Mr. CARPENTER: in other words, 'Go ahead!'

The landscape part of the exhibition is not so full nor so generally interesting; but the pictures already alluded to—DURAND's large picture, and the one by CARPELEN—are the principal attractions in this line. DURAND's is, by a large difference, the best he has exhibited, and is a most thoroughly studied composition, showing a right and just conception of the grand. It is a subject which few of DURAND's friends would have selected as favorable for the display of his peculiar excellences; yet it has made a most successful picture. It is pure and clear in color, and vigorous and massive in light and shade, and its sentiment is that of nature. It does not depend on its lions and warriors for its impressiveness, but would, without any figures whatever, have made a solemn picture. It is really and entirely an ideal landscape; a term which, though much abused by its application to the hybrid compositions which ambitious artists frame, has yet a meaning, and is, when rightly applied, expressive of very great qualities. It is remarkable as the only large landscape in the exhibition which would not have been better if painted on a smaller scale; it really would look better if it covered twice as large an area. DURAND's feeling for the purer and higher motives of landscape, light, space, and composition, is correct and unequalled. The landscape No. 374 is in a different vein, one quite as unusual with DURAND, and might have been more impressive if it had been handled with more breadth and simplicity; but is excellent as it is. There is no one of all our artists who leaves undone so little of that which is in his power, or who is so faithful and earnest in all that he does. No. 406 is in his accustomed feeling, except that the early changes of

autumn have given more richness of color than is his wont. It has some of his characteristically good tree-painting, and the atmosphere which he, and he alone as yet, has painted.

CROPSEY does not appear so well this year as he did last, except in his smaller pictures. The larger ones are too large for the amount of thought in them, and have all his faults, with few of his characteristic excellences: they lack tone and expression of distance, and harmony of color: there is excellent painting and poetic thought, but they show too ambitious aspirations. He is a young man yet, and must not imagine he has finished the study of nature, or occupy himself in studio-work, which teaches nothing new. There is no one of our young artists who has so good a knowledge of the requisites of art; but it must be supported by as profound a command of the minutiae of nature. He is too fond of the lower qualities of execution, mere facility of handling, and shows it to an excessive degree; and if he does not take care, it will certainly be a stumbling-block to him, if it is not already.

CHURCH is much the same as ever. He lacks breadth and impressiveness: his pictures are frittered up into detail, which, though true by itself, yet lacks the unity and repose of nature. The sky of No. 456 is excellent; beautiful and refined in form, and true in color. No. 145 is much inferior: the sky is heavy and clumsy in arrangement; the sea weakly felt and deficient in force, though good in color; but the vessels are so sadly out of perspective as to destroy the keeping of the whole. The effect is bold and correct, but not worth painting a picture for.

KENSSETT's pictures of this year seem singularly unequal in their parts. No. 140 is excellent in its distance and careful in detail, but the fore-ground is weak and unnatural. There is no decision or distinction of parts: grass, and earth, and stones are melted and blended together with little regard to particular character; and the foliage-painting is poor, surprisingly so for one who studies nature as closely as KENSSETT seems to. So in No. 471: the passage of distance is good, while all the nearer parts are careless and heavy; the foliage is hard and wooden. There is some good granite-painting, but that also is unequal, and not so good as the studies. No. 213 is an excellent study from nature, and really fine in color and rock character, and the execution is spirited without being meretricious: but Mr. KENSSETT must not forget that there is something beside rocks in nature worthy of his study.

GIFFORD has several good pictures in the collection, displaying his feeling for space and arrangement to good advantage. We could wish that his rendering of color was more accurate and refined, as it would add materially to the value of really meritorious works. No. 348 has a charming distance, and is very true in character to the country from which it was taken.

The 'Norwegian Forest,' by CAPPELEN, is certainly one of the best German landscapes we have seen in this country, if not the very best. There is nothing in the Dusseldorf collection equal to it: but it is still positively Teutonic, and one need not for a moment be suspicious of its patria; and several other pictures proclaim a brotherly affinity to it, though painted from American subjects.

There are two busts by PALMER, which are certainly among the best we have ever seen, exhibiting wonderful beauty and delicacy of finish. Our older sculptors must work hard or stand aside for the new-comer.

There are many pictures we should like to talk about but for want of room; some for praise and some for blame; and Messrs. TERRY, MAY, SHEGOQUE, and



some others, may thank themselves therefor; that is, if our blame is worth any thing to them; but what we should say would probably edify others less than it would relieve us. Take the exhibition all in all, there is ground for encouragement, for there is visible progress in the right direction; and, if the hanging committee had exercised a little more discretion in rejecting pictures, even if they had made the number smaller, the *tout ensemble* would have been better. These poor pictures strike the eye offensively, and give an unpleasant first impression, which is often not removed.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — At a recent opening of the new rooms of a metropolitan club, of the first character, the following, among other imaginary letters from eminent persons invited to be present on the occasion, were given forth from a manuscript journal, 'issuooed' monthly to members who may be present to hear it read:

'Number One, Devonshire Terrace,  
'York Gate, Regent's Park, London. }

'GENTLEMEN: Your invitation to attend the opening of the new rooms of the ———, came in my hands directly I had finished the eleventh chapter of my new book. May I take the liberty of sending you a short extract from that chapter, which may be interesting, being in advance of the press, and, by an odd coincidence, applicable to my case:

'PODGERS had been upon the Atlantic before. 'He knew the sea,' as he said himself, 'intimately.' That was enough. No person could speak of any ocean that he, JOHN PODGERS, had crossed, except in a respectful manner. It was a peculiarity in his temperament that when an idea got rooted in him it was apt to run all over his mind, like a bean. It grew, in fact, to be a part of himself, and he claimed for it a corresponding degree of respect. Consequently, he would take an ocean or a continent which interested him under his protection with as much ease as he would take a lady under his umbrella. There was one thing for which he had the highest regard. It was a pronoun; first person, singular number. When he said '*my* baker' or '*my* tailor,' you somehow got an idea of a baker or tailor as much the exclusive property of JOHN PODGERS as his own pocket-book. As for his father — senior partner of PODGERS AND SON, drysalts, No. 3, Fetterlock-lane — he looked upon him as a sort of heir-loom; and in regard to his mother, I believe he would have given a chattel-mortgage upon her without the slightest compunction. 'Mrs. JELLYBY,' said he, 'when I was acquainted with Niagara, there was a feeling between me and that cataract that would have surprised any one unacquainted with the parties.' Viewing every thing as he did upon extensive principles — that is, upon a scale commensurate with himself — it is no wonder he took TUNKLES to task when that individual ventured to remark, 'he considered a passage across the channel as being, he should say, rather unpleasant.' 'TUNKLES,' said he, untying his choker and re-tying it into a double bow-knot of offended dignity: 'TUNKLES, a man does not know what it is to feel unpleasant until he gets upon the ocean. When I stepped on board of my packet, Sir, and saw my native land fading from my sight, and the waves rolling under my feet, I felt a sensation, Sir, which it is impossible to describe. Retiring to my berth, Sir, to avoid any unfavorable impressions of an element I had been taught to respect from my infancy, I endeavored to keep down my feelings, but I found I could not contain myself. There was a smell of fresh paint, Sir, in my stateroom, mingled with an odor which I should call decidedly fishy; and I was assailed in this manner, Sir, for fourteen days, until I almost imagined I was on a sea of turpentine full of salt mackerel. Then I had a storm, Sir; a storm that lasted fourteen days more. My wind, Sir, should come from the north-east; but this wind came from the north-west, Sir. Consequently, I could make no head-way, Sir; my canvas was torn from my bolt ropes, my top-masts went by the board; and although my helm was lashed down, I expected to be on my beam-ends every moment. Fortunately the wind abated just as it was discovered I had sprung a leak, Sir. Fortunately also, it was in my side, and soon stopped. When I got an observation, Sir, I was off the coast of Africa. I had been praying for a calm, and there 's where I got it. Off the coast of Africa, Sir, with an African sky over my head, an African ocean under my feet; and my sun, Sir, was such a sun as a man knows nothing about who has never been in the tropics. Think of that, Sir; think of a calm that lasted fourteen days,' continued Mr. PODGERS, thrusting his wrinkled neck out of his white choker, and suddenly drawing it back like a terrapin; 'think of that, Sir! Becalmed fourteen days off the coast of Africa! Mr. PODGERS came down upon the coast of Africa with such astonishing emphasis that it aroused Mrs. JELLYBY.



"In the vicinity of Borioboola Gha?" said that lady, with her fine eyes on the tin candle-sticks.

"Latitude 18.6, longitude 35.59," said Mr. PODGERS sententially.

"Ah!" replied Mrs. JELLYBY.

"Mr. PODGERS resumed: 'When I left my native land, I was a stout man, Sir; when I left my African climate, I could have crept through the arm-hole of my own waistcoat. I had rain, Sir, from the time I left Africa until I arrived off Fire-Island light, and then I had snow. I made Sandy-Hook, Sir, and then I had a wind that blew me three hundred miles out to sea again. When I did get ashore, it was in a life-boat, at a place called Barnegat. A man dressed in my clothes, Sir, with my watch in his pocket, very kindly gave me a light half-guinea out of my own purse, Sir, to keep me from starving on my way to New-York. Mr. TINKLES,' continued Mr. PODGERS, insinuating his right fore-finger into the fifth left-hand button-hole of that person's coat, 'do n't do that again! Do n't speak of the channel as being, certainly by any sane person, considered as — unpleasant. The ocean, Sir, which I have crossed, is the only institution that merits that distinctive epithet. And if I ever cross it again' — here Mr. PODGERS buttoned his lower lip over his upper, took a long breath, looked at Mrs. JELLYBY out of the corner of his left eye, and then said very softly but emphatically — 'Damme!'"

"An experience similar to that of Mr. PODGERS is my only reason for not accepting your kind invitation. I have a natural horror of salt water, even when the breeze is fresh. I beg leave to present my respects to many distinguished gentlemen of the —, whom I have had the pleasure of meeting at home and abroad; and, with my thanks for the honor you have done me, I am, gentlemen, yours very faithfully,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

Chelsea, April 29, 1852.

"GENTLEMEN: Invitations from public bodies, associations, clubs, or gatherings of men under whatsoever preference, social or otherwise, are by me coveted not. Two men sitting at roast or boiled, four men, eight men, and so on, increasing to monster banquets in the Champs Elysées or elsewhere, eating at one another, drinking at one another! truly the most despicable of shams. Here a select, substantial person, for that end appointed, presiding. There, one restless until desired to speechify; another until he be asked to sing; the guest meanwhile, as for such destiny born into the world, and none other, sitting hide-bound amid the dry stubble of social fictions, like a very patient animal with distinct auricular organs. Truly a station to merit the sympathy of no man! The presiding person doing the honors! The presided person doing and having done to him much that requires the exercise of all virtues, passive and active. PETER robbing his brains to pay PAUL, and PAUL not a whit better off. Meanwhile the world rolls on its accustomed axis toward day-time; men are born into it, men die out of it; social shams in no manner improving it, fertilizing, fructifying it. New roads are to be opened, finger-posts erected, guide-books printed. Socialism, brandy-and-water-ism, tobacco-smoke-ism rests inert in secluded nooks till overgrown by brambles. Social intercourse to men is as paregoric to children, an anodyne quieting for a time, but ruinous to the constitution.

"I regret that I am prevented," and so forth, is a usual return to intended compliments like this. "I am happy to say that I cannot possibly accept your invitation," is less fiction and more fact.

"THOMAS CARLYLE."

The following characteristic communication was also received by the editors of the unpublished journal aforesaid. They introduced it with the subjoined comments: 'A few remarks upon the Scottish dialect by our valued correspondent, JOHN BELLENDEN, Esq., came too late for insertion in our last number. We cheerfully give them a place now.'

"MESSRS. EDITORS: Looking, the other day, over ALLAN CUNNINGHAM's magnificent edition of BURNS's poems, I was impelled to make a few remarks concerning the want of harmony in English verse. I think it is now universally conceded that ROBERT BURNS was the greatest poet the world ever saw, and this I am safe in asserting, without intending to disparage either SHAKESPEARE or HOMER. This, in a great measure, arises from the sweetness of his dialect, which has naething rough or rude in its composition; on the contrary, it abounds in melodious consonants and open vowels, so that if a person will but notice its 'A's' and 'O's,' he will be perfectly satisfied there is nae language to compare with it, ancient or modern. It being, then, agreed that our vernacular is superior to any other, I have a suggestion to make, which, in duty to myself, I must claim as a purely original production of my own brain. It is this: Instead of the usual manner of printing English poetry, let it be rendered by a skilful linguist into the Scottish dialect, the manifest advantages of which will be evident by perusing the few familiar specimens subjoined:

"I never ken'd a dear gazelle,  
To glad me wi' its soft black e'e,  
But when it kem to ken me well,  
And luv'd me, it was sure to dee."

'That SHAKESPEARE is capable of great improvement in this way is a question that must be answered in the affirmative. In fact, Nature herself cries out against the impropriety of putting MACBETH in an English dress, and it is really pitiful to see a man in kilts speaking plain Saxon and pretending to give an idea of a Scotch king. The really clever poem called Thanatopsis, which nae doubt is familiar to you, I think would be much improved by my suggestions:

'To him wha in the luvs of Nature holds  
Communion wi' her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language.'

'True, Mr. BRYANT; but in my opinion, the *original* language of nature was pure Scotch, and if ye'll only put that beautiful composition of yours into our tongue, I think it will send ye doon to posterity.

'I hav' nae wish to mak' this article valuable to myself, in a pecuniary way, but if ye can get a gude price for it, I wad na stand about that. 'The laborer is worthy of his hire,' and far be it from me to run contra to an auld proverb.'

'JOHN BELLENDEN.'

There is a touch of dry satire hereabout! - - - 'I OFFER you fresh evidence,' writes a correspondent from Scarborough, (Maine,) 'that 'there is nothing new under the sun,' in the enclosed copy of a '*Maine Liquor-Law*' two hundred and sixteen years old. A word of explanation, and then the morsel shall be at your service. The first proprietary government of Maine was established in 1635, by Sir FERDINANDO GORGES, who then sent to his 'Province of New Somersetshire,' as he styled it, his nephew as Governor, with commissions to seven of the leading men of the province appointing them 'Counsellors.' They, together with the Governor, constituted a legislative court, from which there was no appeal but to the King. This court held its first session at Saco, March 26th, 1636, and among other 'orders' for the better regulation of province affairs, passed the following Liquor-Law, which is here copied from the court-records *verbatim et literatim*:

'It is ordered that any man that doth sell strong liquor or wyne, shall suffer his neighbor, laborer or servant to continue drinking in the house, except men invited, or laborers upon the working-days for *one hower at diner*, or stranger, or *lodger* there, the said offence being seene by one justis of the peace within his limits, or constable, or pruned by tew witnesses before a justis of the peace, such seller of strong liquor or wyne shall forfeit for every such offence tenne shillings.'

'There's the *first Liquor-Bill* ever passed in Maine; the *last* is sufficiently familiar. Notice, if you please, that very convenient 'loop-hole,' 'one hower at diner' on six days of the seven. I cannot find it upon the records that the 'laborers' complained of the oppressiveness of this law. As they were barred of their privilege only on Sundays, there is very little doubt but that they became 'lodgers' at least every seventh day.' - - - HAPPENING to get a peep at a half-written book by our friend PYNNSHURST, whose 'Wanderings and Ways of Thinking' are becoming so popular, we 'conveyed' the following: 'I remember to have been sent by my mother on a mission of consolation to Mrs. BEDDLES, who had just lost her husband, our farmer. What I best remember about her before this occasion is, that she had quantities of ducks, of which she was very proud. She evidently believed that no other birds knew what moulting meant; she thought that her ducks, and they alone, committed that action. 'Yes, Master HUGH,' she used to say, 'yes, Sir,' with a strong emphasis on the 'Sir,' 'them ducks as you see there, which the one that his tail curls up is the drake; well, them ducks changes their *foilage* regular every spring.' Well, being sent, when nine or ten years old, to condole with Mrs. BEDDLES, I did not know exactly what to do. 'Mrs. BEDDLES,' I said, 'Mamma sent me down to say how sorry she is that Mr. BEDDLES is dead.' 'Oh, ho! yes, my dear Master HUGH: your mar is so good: she too have lost a husban', but no body do'n't know what I lost, he was *sitch a*

*good purvider.* I felt like laughing and crying at the same time, as I said: 'Yes, I know he was a good provider, but that makes you glad to think of now, don't it?' 'Yes, my dear; but when one is all lonely so, and no particular business for to foller, one can't help a-cryin' for them as is went to their long 'omes, and as was sitch good *purviders*. And now he lays there into the back kitchen, in his clean shirt and drawers, and they ain't no body to *purvide* no more.' When I had gone a little way, I felt as if I had not done enough, and began to think that if any body I loved was dead, I should be sorry to have them buried very soon: and that suggesting another topic of consolation, I went back, half opened the door, and said: 'Mrs. BEDDLES, don't you bury Mr. BEDDLES so soon. I know that Mamma would like you to keep him with you as long as possible.' 'Yes, Master HUGH,' she answered, 'I would keep him, but it is sitch warm weather that I'm afeard he'll *spile!*' - - - ENCOURAGED, we venture to hope, by the favor with which certain kindred offerings have lately been received in these pages, a correspondent sends us '*The Pisoned Brother and Sister,*' written by Miss MERCY C. BENSON. Of the *locale* of the affecting scene described we are 'mainly ignorant.' The 'talented' writer has 'ta'en too little care of this:'

'HARK listen to my mourfull tale  
Hear the truth and then bewail  
I think your sympathy will rouse  
At such a deed without a cause.

'We went to visit our friends one day  
We called at BEECHES on the way  
I asked the landlady for a comb  
Of which she denyed me very soon.

'But we partook of some refreshment  
In our coffee was a garlic sent  
While others at the same table ate  
Our coffee it was separte.

'We ate such diate as the rest  
Oh the pain that reacht our brest  
While the rest enjoyed good helth  
Persued their labors after welth.

'It being so early in the day  
That we did soon hasten away  
Little thinking it was our fate  
Ere this sad story to relate.

'We had scarcely left the Vill  
Ere we began to grow quite ill  
Boath were blind and could not see  
And we did vomit most cruelly.

'In our chest was a burning heat  
And cramping from our heads to feet  
Brother said as we passed along  
Sister I think there's something rong.

'At GEORGE BURKHERTS in BROOKS grove  
There we received kindness and love  
Mrs. BURKHERT was very kind  
So was her daughter CAROLINE.

'Mr. BURKHERT as we do say  
Went for Physicians without delay  
The skillfullest he could obtain  
For to relieve our tortured brain.

'Twas doctor HUFF and doctor PHERIS  
Doctor HUFF was from Mount Moris  
Many enquirys they did make  
Till our history we did relate.

'The Doctors then decided like this  
That we were p'isoned in Mt Moris  
At Mr BEECHES tavern stand  
P'isoned by an unknown hand.

'Mr. BEACH bears an excellent name  
On the servants we lay the blame  
Man or woman whoere they be  
Their conduct seals their own destiny.'

Is n't that a 'touching picture?' - - - A FRIEND gives us an amusing idea of '*a Dutch Judge*' in the following sketch: 'He was about to sentence a prisoner; and on looking around for him, found him playing chequers with his custodian, while the foreman of the jury was fast asleep. Replenishing the ample judicial chair with his broad-cast person, he thus addressed the jury: 'Miser voreman and t'oder jurymans: Der brisoner, HANS VLECKTER, is vinished his game mit der sheriff, und has peat him, but I shall dake gare he don't peat *me*. HANS has peen dried for murder pefore you, and you must pring in der vardick, but it must pe 'cordin' to der law. De man he kill't wasn't kill't at all, as it was broved he is in der jail at Morrisdown for sheep-sdealing. Put dat ish no mad-der. Der law says ven dere ish a tou't you give 'em to der brisoner: put here dere ish no tou't: so you see der brisoner ish guilty. Pesides, he ish a great loafer. I haf know'd him vifty year, und he hashn't tone a s'ditch of work in all dat dimes; und dere is no one debending ubon him for deir livin', and he ish

no use to no pody. I dink it would pe goot blans to hang him for de examble. I dink, Mr. voremans, dat he petter pe hung next Fourt' o' July, as der'militia ish goin' to drain in anoder gounty, und dere would pe no run goin' on here!' It should be added, to the credit of the jury, that in spite of this 'learned and impartial charge,' they acquitted the 'brisoner,' finding him 'Not guilty, if he would leave the State.' - - - Crossing the other day to Hoboken—thanks to the STEVENSES of 'that ilk,' for there being at least *one* grand 'lung' of New-York—we remarked that the shad-poles had almost entirely disappeared from the Hudson. On inquiry, we learned that there had been an insurrection, a revolution among that portion of the piscatory tribe. The 'solidarity of the peoples' belonging to that 'old school' of fish, had been brought to bear, in undivided phalanx, upon the *cordon* of poles, and with all their 'traps' they 'fell in a night;' all save two, which sustained a net that yielded a 'net purport and upshot' of eighty-seven 'shads.' And this illustrates a poetical remark once quoted, if we remember rightly, by an Irish gentleman, just before the last tremendous revolution in that 'ked'ntry:'

— 'Who would be free,  
Themselves must strike the blow!'

THE greatest injustice, we have had occasion to remark, is frequently done to that most magnificent work, the *New-York and Erie Rail-Road*, by exaggerated reports of the accidents, and the number of accidents, which happen upon it. It should be remembered that it is not, like other lines, cut up into sections and called by different names in different parts of its vast length, but is emphatically '*The Erie*' from New-York to Dunkirk. It is as safe and as luxurious a road to travel on as there is in the United States, and passes through a region second to none in alternate picturesque beauty and towering sublimity in all our vast domain. No company in the Union is better officered, from the indefatigable president and energetic directors, to the numerous travelling agents of the wishes and the interests of the company, who emulate their superiors in efficiency and courtesy. - - - THERE is sometimes very much expressed in a single word; but we remember no instance in which a single word was more pregnant with meaning than in a case just mentioned in the sanetum. Two men, plumbers by occupation, were engaged on board a vessel, putting down lead-sheathing upon cabin-stairs, etc. There was plenty of the matériel, but honesty was not so abundant; for, before leaving the vessel at dusk, one of the plumbers (the other not being ignorant of the fact) went into a state-room, wound round his body and legs sheets of the lead, which his high and loose 'over-alls' covered completely, and 'addressed himself to depart;' but going over the plank, not being well ballasted, he lurched, swayed, fell into the water, and went down instantan. Ropes were thrown out, a light plank was lowered from a pile of pine lumber near by, and a small boat was rowed instantly to intercept him in the current, before he should reach the end of the wharf. 'My heavens!' said his companion, 'he has gone!' 'Oh no,' said several by-standers, encouragingly, 'he'll come up again presently.' 'NEV-ER!' exclaimed the victim's associate-friend, with a solemn shake of the head, 'N-E-V-E-R!' 'Prophetic soul!'—he never *did*! 'Marry, come up!' - - - Not many years ago, says a New-Haven friend, there lived in that pleasant town a rough, honest sea-captain, who, after accumulating a handsome fortune on the water, retired to dry land to enjoy his money, and the reputation of an eccentric, care-for-nothing

old fellow. He was a strong churchman; and it one day fell to his lot to drive the clergyman of his parish to the grave-yard, in a funeral procession. As the cortège was wending its way in solemn slowness to the place of sepulture, the captain and parson in the van, the captain espied a clam-peddler, and stopping his horse, he sung out in his gruff voice: 'Jim, what do you ask for clams?' 'Twenty-five cents a peck,' says JIM. 'Well,' said the captain, 'take a peck down to my house.' 'But, cap'n, I *rather* think it will be worth three shillings to carry them so far.' 'Go to h—ll!' exclaimed the captain: 'what do you mean by stopping a funeral? Get up, Bill!' and the procession moved on. The occurrence and the parties are veritable. - - - Mr. JOSEPH A. SCOVILLE (our old correspondent 'HENRY') has started a weekly illustrated paper called '*The Pick*,' which we learn has already reached a circulation of some forty thousand copies a week. The number before us has very many clever hits and pleasant witticisms. Take, for example, the following quaint touch: 'The *Herald* has a bold advertisement in yesterday's impression: 'Wanted, a Young Woman to Cook!' 'A young woman to *cook*!' exclaims 'PICK:' 'what a refinement in cannibalism! 'A *young woman* to cook!' Why, it is worse than the Cannibal Islands!' 'PICK' also comes gallantly forward to the defence of LOLA MONTES, the beautiful danseuse, who seems more 'sinned against than sinning.' Hear him:

'SHE has been in this country six months, quietly pursuing her legitimate vocation, and making friends of those who were brought in contact with her. She is a gifted, kind-hearted, and generous lady, who has quietly pursued her career, injuring no one, but bearing up, as well as she could, against the ungenerous and unmanly attacks that have been made upon her, and lived down, in our own midst, the vile and atrocious slanders that have been raised against her. She is eccentric; but the most simple occurrences have been tortured into the most outrageous violations of decency and propriety: for instance, 'the battle at HOWARD'S Hotel,' as narrated in some of the papers. Who would suppose that the simple facts were, that Mr. PICK inflicted a chastisement upon a person who had insulted an unprotected woman, and that she knew no more about it, until long after it was over, being in a distant part of the house, than any person who reads this article! Such is a fair sample of the truthfulness of the stories trumped up about a very clever and unassuming lady, whose great fault lies in the fact that she is forced to appear upon the stage as a danseuse.'

This is gallantly and well said. - - - SOMEBODY has sent us from 'Piketon,' Ohio, some '*Musings*,' by 'J. W. F.' The first stanza is all for which we have present space. Thus it runs:

'As I paced the river-shore,  
Mid scenes I'd never seen before,  
I gazed upon the wild Scioto,  
And wondered where its waters go to!'

Original western rhyming, this. - - - THERE are lessons worthy of heed in the following healthful lines, which proceed from the pen of an old and genial friend and school-fellow, who in himself illustrates (he will pardon us for saying) the very moral of his verse:

'Know you a man so distrustful and cold,  
That he'll live out his life without gaining a friend;  
Constantly toiling for silver and gold,  
That he pledges himself he never will spend?  
Pity him!

'Know you a heart, confiding and warm,  
Where the flame of affection steadily burns;  
For whom neither silver nor gold has a charm,  
But who spends every year far more than he earns?  
Pity him!

'Know you a man who is striving for power,  
Who is ceaselessly toiling for wealth or for fame,  
And goading himself each day and each hour,  
That a few of his fellows may hear of his name?  
Pity him!

'Know you another quite careless of fame,  
Neither longing for wealth, nor yearning for power;  
Thoughtless alike of his fate and his name,  
And wantonly squandering each day and each hour?  
Pity him!

'Know you another, both prudent and kind,  
Who has lived to do good, and made many a friend;  
Who has all his life long kept peace in his mind,  
And for whom is reserved greater peace at his end?  
Copy him!'

*Syracuse, May, 1852.*

J. B. B.

THE circumstance of which a correspondent in Augusta, Georgia, speaks, in a recent letter to the Editor, was told us by our friend Mr. LUCIUS HART, Number six, Burling-slip, and may be relied upon as entirely authentic. Sitting in his cool store, and admiring the crowded shelves of Britannia-ware, (elegant in form, abundant in variety, and cheap in price,) we have heard many a 'good thing,' which subsequently was remembered for the 'Gossip.' We say 'remembered;' for memory is your true critic. Never make a scrap-book of yourself, by collecting multitudinous memoranda. What is *worth* remembering *will* be remembered, in nine cases out of ten, unless the memory is very defective. The records of the *mind* are the best kind of 'tablets.' - - - 'SAM was in Philadelphia, on his first visit. Consequently he had rather a verdant look, and strolled down Chestnut-street, wild as one just caught. On his devious route he was accosted by an exquisite of the first water, who, holding out a regalia, requested SAM to 'be kind enough to afford him a light.' SAM drew himself up to his full height, looked superciliously down upon his interrogator, and finally replied: 'Certainly, Sir; *tobacco levels all distinctions*; light your cigar, Sir!' and took a hasty leave.' So writes a friend, from whom 'more anon.' - - - IN the number of the KNICKERBOCKER for December, 1851, on page 646, there was quoted by a correspondent an extract from an article which, we are informed, had appeared in the columns of a country journal, and which did great injustice, as we are most reliably assured, to a medical gentleman of eminence in his profession, and of high character as a citizen. It was sent us, as we inferred, for the 'play upon words' which it contained; and was inserted for that, and for no other reason. Our correspondents will oblige us by always remembering that personalities, of any objectionable description, should always be omitted from any thing intended for the pages of this Magazine. Offensive wit we do not court. - - - WE beg to say to 'Meeting-men,' that we are very sorry to be considered open to the charge which the note thus signed alleges against us. This Magazine would do no injury to *any* religious sect or creed. If it has sometimes exposed instances of clerical ignorance, (by which religious services come to be 'evil spoken of,') it has done so with no intent to reflect upon any one religious denomination. And as to the particular 'division' which we are supposed especially to favor, we will mention (without endorsing it, however) a remark made within an hour in our hearing: 'I like them best of all,' said the speaker, 'because they stand aloof; they keep themselves to themselves; they mind their own business, and never meddle with politics or religion!' Will our 'outside barbarian' correspondent accept the '*amende honorable*?' Will he withdraw the charge of 'partiality?' - - - WE have from Messrs. HARPER AND BROTHERS, '*The Howadji in Syria*,' upon which we need only remark, that it is even better than his first volume, which has established his reputation. We like it for *one* thing over and above all others; and that is, that the author has the rare faculty of making his readers *see with his eyes*. His descriptions are not 'lumber-



ing; his 'compositions,' to use the artist's phrase, are not 'crowded;' nor is this the case only with his descriptions of nature, but he records his emotions with a kindred directness and brevity. Read, for example, his 'pictured words' that bring Jerusalem and its associations before you, and you will understand the characteristics which we have endeavored to indicate. The work, we are not surprised to learn, is selling very fast. - - - In speaking, in our last number, of the '*Knick-Knacks from an Editor's Table*,' we should have said that the work was in *preparation* for the press, instead of being *in* the press, of the Messrs. APPLETONS. It has been found to be no trifling labor to go back for so long a period as sixteen years; to select, separate, rearrange, amend, emend, and revise; so as to make a work that shall justify the praises and orders which are being extended to it, in advance of its appearance. The liberal publishers have decided to make it a work beautiful in its externals, and to illustrate portions of its contents by original designs from an eminent American artist. It will presently be in the hands of the printers. - - - Apropos of the 'Maine Law,' are some clever lines that we have received from a friend at Newport, describing a meeting of choice 'spirits' at a well-known establishment of that ancient town. 'What came from the throbbles of each of the bottles' that had to 'speak or burst' on the occasion, it would take too much of our space to give; but we cannot avoid presenting a 'specimen' verse or two:

'WITH volatile air, CHAMPAGNE took the chair,  
And proceeded to organization;  
Then said he: 'Pon my cork, this is rascally work,  
And we won't stand such fools' legislation.  
What, not let *me* pop! say that *I* must shut shop,  
Nor parties make glad by my presence!' *Here*  
Here the chairman afflicted his anguish depicted  
By a burst, and a brisk effervescence.

'Then up rose OLD PORT, attention to court;  
His outside was cobwebbed and dusty,  
(So long he'd lain by:) he began with a sigh,  
And his voice appeared *roughish* and *crusty*:  
'Bless my bees-wing!' he said, 'must I lie till I'm dead;  
Lose my color, my body, my flavor;  
'Stead of tinting with rose some old senator's nose?  
By BACCHUS! 't is scurvy behavior!'

'With phiz aught but merry, Miss PALE GOLDEN SHERRY,  
And her sister, Miss AMONTILLADO,  
A sprightly young lass, who looked well in a glass,  
Commenced in a style of bravado:  
'*They* be kept from men's lips — *they* afford no sweet sips!' *Each*  
Each damsel declared the thought shocked her;  
Worse than all things to classed be with medicines nasty,  
And be sold by a TEMPERANCE DOCTOR!'

Our enterprising townsmen, Messrs. LONG AND BROTHER, who publish many attractive works, have sent us our old friend and contemporary, GODEY, his '*Lady's Book*' for June. It is a double number, and contains one hundred and twelve pages of letter-press, with several very enticing embellishments. A 'regular army' of contributors add to its attractions, among whom we notice the name of FREDERIKA BREMER. GODEY is an 'old soldier' in the magazine ranks, and he has labored well and assiduously for the favors which he receives at the hands of an appreciative public. - - - '*The Nineteenth Century*' is a work from the press of Mr. JOHN ALLEN, No. 139, Nassau-street, setting forth the doctrines of SWEDENBORG, and presenting, in plain and simple terms, the arguments by which his claims to have made known the true interpretation of the Scriptures are supported. The author has taken a great deal of pains to make the views of its founder thoroughly understood; concerning which there is manifested a greatly-increasing interest in the public mind, at the present moment.



THE small, ambitious orators of Congress, who *talk* for Bunkum, instead of *acting* for the country, and who parry and postpone business by their 'much speaking,' are requested to sing the following lines, to the good old Scottish air of 'Green grow the Rashies O!' Each member must suppose the reference to be to some 'brother-member:'

'THERE's naught but talk on every han',  
On every day that passes, oh!  
'Tis wonderful how members can  
Behave so much like Asses, oh!  
Loud bray the Asses, oh!  
Loud bray the Asses, oh!  
While business waits amid debates,  
And so the session passes, oh!

'All this delay, from day to day,  
Arrears of work amasses, oh!  
By sum on sum, till August's come,  
When members droop like Asses, oh!  
Loud bray the Asses, oh!  
Loud bray the Asses, oh!  
While business waits amid debates,  
And so the session passes, oh!'

There's not a little truth in all this. - - - THAT most mellow, fruity, and delicious of all champagnes, *Longworth's Sparkling Catawba*, has at length reached an eastern market, and may be found at the well-known extensive establishment of our friends MESSRS. BININGER AND COZZENS, Number Twelve Vesey-street, adjoining the Astor-House. It is a native wine, but to our taste, it has no superior among even the richest of all the foreign growths. Some two years since Mr. LONGWORTH wrote us, that although he should make some two hundred thousand bottles that season, he would be unable to send any of it east of the mountains, such was the home or western demand for the delicious beverage. Try it, town-reader, if you would test a wine that will linger upon your palate 'like the echo of a vanished melody in a dreaming ear.' In respect of price it is a little cheaper than other good champagnes. - - - '*Clifton, or Modern Fashion*,' is the title of a new novel, written under the *nom de plume* of 'ARTHUR TOWNLEY.' A friend, in whose judgment we should be willing to confide, commended it warmly to our admiration; nor did we find him mistaken. It is written with spirit; it is replete with incident, graphically and yet not *over-described*; and its style is simple without being tame. It has many fine pictures of southern life and scenery, which show the author to be a keen observer and a faithful limner. We are sorry not to be able to illustrate our praise by extracts, but both time and space forbid. - - - EVERY article of gentlemen and youth's clothing may be had, of the best quality, and at fixed, fair rates, at the splendid new establishment of MESSRS. ALFRED MUNROE AND COMPANY, No. 441, Broadway. Mr. MUNROE has for fifteen years been at the head of a similar establishment in New-Orleans, and is already very extensively known to the thousands who have visited our great Southern emporium. Citizens and strangers will find in his establishment here garments of every description, of the best material, and made with the same care as they would be by their own tailor. Their advertisement will be found on the third page of the cover of the present number. - - - THE reader will see how our correspondents have diversified the 'Gossip' of this number, otherwise shortened, also, by the title-page, index, etc., of the closing volume. Much matter for this department is now standing in type, embracing many things which we were reluctant to omit, even for the present. - - - Look out for the July Number — the first of the *Fortieth Volume of the Knickerbocker*!

## THE BOOK BUSINESS.

THERE is no trade, perhaps, more fascinating, or which holds out greater inducements to the public, than the publishing of Books, and yet no business that is attended with more hazard. Authors are numerous, each anxious to bring before the public the fruits of their midnight toil; and Publishers equally numerous, ready to engage upon an enterprise which may prove profitless, and thus disappoint the ambitious aspirant, eager to gain literary fame as well as 'material aid.' We are led to these remarks in order to introduce the reader to the Publishing House of Messrs. A. S. BARNES & Co., No. 51 John-street, who are among the fortunate houses in publishing good Text Books for Schools.

This House commenced its career in the year 1835, in the city of Hartford, Conn., where they published the Mathematical Works of Charles Davies, LL. D., formerly Professor of Mathematics in the Military Academy of the United States, at West Point. The works of this accomplished author then consisted of the Translation of Legendre's Geometry and Trigonometry; Elements of Surveying; Bourdon's Algebra; Descriptive Geometry; Differential and Integral Calculus; Shades, Shadows, and Linear Perspective, and Analytical Geometry, which have passed through numerous editions, and are now the Standard Text Books in most of the Colleges in the United States. The extensive circulation of this College Course of Mathematics led to the importance of an Elementary, or Introductory Series, for the Schools and Academies, as preparatory for Students entering College, thus making the course complete, from the science of numbers to the highest round of the mathematical ladder.

*A Series of Arithmetics* were accordingly prepared, followed by an *Elementary Algebra*, *Elementary Geometry*, and *Practical Geometry* and *Mensuration*, which were speedily introduced as Text Books into a large number of the best Schools and Academies in the Union. New and improved editions of these works have succeeded each other in rapid succession, the author being determined to keep up with the progress of the science, and so perfect his works that they shall be entirely acceptable to the wants of the growing Institutions of our land. The last work of Prof. Davies, entitled the *Logic and Utility of Mathematics*, is a work in which the best methods of instruction are explained and illustrated, and should be in the hands of every teacher and Normal school student.

The Publishers of these works removed from Hartford to Philadelphia in 1840, where they pursued their publishing business for five years, and then removed to the city of New-York, the great centre of trade and commerce, where they are permanently located, occupying the large four-story brick building No. 51 John-street, corner of Dutch, including the spacious rooms of the second and third-story rooms of Messrs. Colgate's far-famed Starch and Soap Ware-house.

Messrs. Barnes & Co.'s extensive Printing and Binding Establishment gives employment to over 100 hands, and affords them facilities which few publishing houses enjoy, and which enable them to serve their numer-

ous friends and patrons at the *North, East, South, and West*, in the most expeditious and satisfactory manner.

The following is a list of a part of their School Book Publications, many of which are the most popular of the day, and well deserve the name of '*National Series of Standard School Books* :'

Professor Davies's System of Mathematics, in 16 volumes; Mrs. Willard's School Histories and Charts; (Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, and other distinguished men have given Mrs. Willard flattering testimony in favor of her History of the United States: the work has recently been translated into the Spanish language;) R. G. Parker's School Readers, in five numbers, and School Philosophy, in three parts; the Scientific Section of Chambers's Educational Course, seven volumes; Fulton and Eastman's Book-Keeping and Penmanship; Prof. Bartlett's System of Natural Philosophy, for Colleges; Gillespie's Manual of Road-Making; McIntire on the Study of the Globes; Northend and Zacho's Elocutionary Works; S. W. Clark's Celebrated English Grammar, Analysis and Chart, &c., &c. Besides these popular School Books, Messrs. A. S. Barnes & Co. have issued several Educational Works, adapted to School Teachers' Libraries, and Miscellaneous Works, for general reading; among which are De Tocqueville's great work on the Democracy of America, and American Institutions; Page's Theory and Practice of School Teaching; Mansfield on American Education; also, Rev. Walter Colton's Writings, in five volumes, (sold separately or in setts,) viz.: Land and Lee, Ship and Shore, Deck and Port, Three Years in California, Sea and Sailor; Life in the Sandwich Islands, by Rev. H. T. Cheever; Mansfield's History of the Mexican War, and Life of Winfield Scott; Pulte's Homœopathic Physician; United States Constitutions, &c., &c.

Many other valuable works published by this House might be enumerated, but we forbear, and would recommend the attention of the friends of Literature and Education generally to the many superior works issued by this well-known establishment, at No. 51 John-street.

## F I R E - A R M S .

WHILE reflecting upon the many improvements of the age, we find but few of the practical arts that have made more rapid advancement than the manufacture of Fire-arms. No doubt competition in the arts of war was the first step towards this; but for the past century, competition in trade has done more than all previous inducements.

We will, for the sake of comparison, look to early history for the weapons then in use. The Bow and Arrow are the first named in Holy Writ, which we must take for granted were the first arms used. After these came the Sling and Stone; but these latter no doubt had to give place again to those first named. It is said, however, that a stone could be thrown from a Sling with as great precision as a ball from a Gun at the present day.

We learn from history that the inhabitants of the Balearic Islands

would not allow their children food until they had struck it from the top of a pole with the Sling and Stone. (How vastly different from the sportsmen of the present day, who never look for game until the inner man has been well cared for, and a supply provided, in case of need!) Next came the Cross-Bow, used to such perfection in the days of Robin Hood, who, it is said, could shoot a measured mile. These arms, including the *Spear*, *Sword*, *Axe*, and *Javelin*, were the only hand-weapons used until the fourteenth or fifteenth century. It is true, Friar Bacon has the credit of inventing Gunpowder during the thirteenth century; and, also, that Guns were used at the Battles of Warewater, in 1327, and Cressy, in 1346; but those, doubtless, were heavy ordnance, as we have no description of Hand-Guns until the Matchlock, of the fifteenth century, and they were such cumbrous weapons as to require a rest when used. Imagine our soldiers armed with an unwieldy musket and two cans, one containing coarse, the other fine powder, and a burning match!

The Italians, we believe, have the credit of introducing the first portable Gun, which is described as being of extreme simplicity, consisting merely of a tube fixed to a straight stock of wood, three feet in length, with trunnions, cascabel, and touch-hole. The touch-hole was first placed on the top, but afterwards at the side, with a small pan for powder. This pan was the first step towards the Gun-lock.

Succeeding the Matchlock came the Wheel-lock, and this, as far as simplicity was concerned, was the reverse of the previous one. We recollect being shown, a few years ago, a Duelling Pistol made in the year 1572; and this much we can say in its favor, if such pistols had continued in use to the present day, duels (with these arms, at least) would have been less frequent. The full measurement of this Pistol was about twenty inches, of which the stock and lock took up fifteen. The stock was perfectly straight, with a large knob on the end. The lock (of which no better idea can be formed than by a comparison of a lock of the present day with a model steam-engine) was wound up by means of a key, and, by pulling the trigger, a wheel revolved, striking against a flint placed in a stationary cock, (improperly called hammer,) causing ignition.

Succeeding this lock, was the ordinary Flint-lock; and in a very few years no doubt this will be as great a curiosity as the Wheel-lock above named. But the locks are not the only improvement: barrels, stock, and mounting, each have their share, as also the mode of manufacturing.

Italy, Germany, and England, have each had their day; but now they are behind the age in the application of machinery in the arts of manufacturing, and consequently are compelled to reduce the mechanic to a degree below the slave, to enable them to hold the position which they have been for centuries in establishing. Here American genius comes into competition. Visit most of the Government manufactories, and you find machinery used in the manufacture of every part of the Gun. But the Government factories are not the only ones; they are but a drop in the bucket. Some of our own citizens far surpass the Government in this art. As an instance, we can name our friends, Messrs. BLUNT & SYMS. By invitation, we visited their factory, and found it the most complete of any thing we could have imagined. Here they have over one hundred.

men employed ; and where men cannot work in competition with the low-priced labor of Europe, machinery is brought to bear.

These gentlemen are the first in this country who have succeeded in competing with European manufacturers. At this factory we saw, in process of manufacture, Rifles, Double and Single Guns, and also Pistols, from the Six-Barreled Revolver to the smallest size Pocket-Pistol, of all styles and degrees of finish. We were assured that, by the use of machinery, they were enabled to offer a better Shooting-Gun for three dollars than could be imported from Europe for five ; and, for fine work, they will compare favorably with the best makers.

After the factory we visited the warehouse of these gentlemen, at 177 Broadway, (by the way, the largest in this country,) and if we were surprised at the extent of their manufacturing department, we were doubly so at the immense assortment here displayed. We could but wish to see some '*Leather Stocking*' appear, and start in amazement at the vast improvements made for hunting. At this warehouse we saw a model gun for Deer shooting, one that we think cannot be surpassed, having the advantage of two barrels, one for shot, the other for ball ; but not of the old style of double gun, but is so constructed that the Rifle-barrel can be as finely sighted as any single-barrel rifle. We also saw a target, made by a practised hand, that would cause old '*Leather Stocking*' to stare ; it was made at a distance of two hundred yards ; there were twenty shots, the full measurement of which was less than twenty-four inches. This shooting was made with one of Wesson's Patent false muzzle Rifles, of which, we were informed, our friends Messrs. B. and S. had bought all the rifles on hand at the demise of Mr. Wesson, as also the patent right for the manufacturing of the false muzzle rifle. These Rifles are named by all our best marksmen as being the best shooting-guns that have ever been made. We were told that Mr. Wesson had done more for perfecting the rifle than any one in this country. We also saw many curiously manufactured guns and pistols of other American manufacturers : Colt's celebrated Pistols, Jennings's ingeniously contrived Twenty-four shot Rifles, Sharp's self-priming Rifles, and a host of other different styles of arms too numerous to mention. Our friends also showed us a Rifle represented to shoot one thousand yards accurately, which had been purchased by one of the firm in Europe last year.

One word more of this establishment of establishments and we will close. Kossuth, in some of his speeches, has said that he had bought forty thousand Muskets ; we cannot say that he bought them of our friends, but, judging from what we saw, they are well able to supply that quantity and still have 'a few more of the same sort left.' If the great Magyar did purchase from our friends, he may rely upon having an article that can be depended upon.

We were informed by Messrs. B. and S. that they filled large orders for Muskets, Blunderbusses, Pistols, Cutlasses, Boarding-pikes, etc., for the army and navy of foreign governments, as well as for our own mercantile shipping.

In this article we have named but one firm, for the reason that we are well acquainted with them, and know them to be the largest manufacturers and importers of guns and gun materials in this country. If any

of our readers are inclined to doubt what we say, a visit to this establishment, we are confident, will bear us out in our assertions.

#### PORCELAIN.

For a long period, those of our countrymen who have visited France have embraced every opportunity to see the rich and gorgeous vases that have been sent forth from the government manufactory of porcelain at Sèvres. We remember, three or four years ago, on a visit to the palace of Versailles, seeing two very superb vases, about six feet high, from the national fabrique, upon which were represented in emblematic portraiture some of the most stirring and glorious scenes of French history. They had been presented to Louis Philippe, and cost, we believe, 50,000 francs. We had little idea at the time that any of our countrymen were engaged in the same department of art and manufacture, and least of all, that there were Americans at Limoges who were rivaling in beauty the exquisite works sent out from Sèvres. We have recently learned, however, that such is the case; and although many of our readers may not be aware of the fact, there is no difficulty whatever in procuring the execution of any porcelain work, whatever may be the design, or however elaborately it is to be worked, by sending their orders to New-York city. There is a large house in New-York engaged in this trade, and some of the works they have recently produced will vie with the very best that are made in France. They make the moulds for the shape of their porcelain ware, and the laws of France secure to them a species of patent-right in the particular forms; and wherever these moulds are used in the dominions of the French, it is only for the filling of their orders; since the inventor or designer holds his right perpetually in the fruit of his own artistic skill. The casting of the porcelain is a very simple work, and can be done in any establishment of the kind in France. The house we speak of have all their work done at Limoges, an ancient French town, some three hundred miles south of Paris; a town which has been sustained for many centuries by the manufacture, out of their superior clays, of articles in porcelain for ornament and utility. About three hundred persons are employed at Limoges in modeling, finishing, decorating, and packing the goods of this American house. But the most important department is the artistic finish of gilding, painting, and decoration, after the works are cast. We shall have occasion to show how far the genius of our countrymen, as well as their adventurous spirit, has rendered us independent of the Europeans, in securing for ourselves these exquisite productions.

The importation of porcelain has very greatly increased in this country during the last few years, and the porcelain of France is far more highly esteemed than that of England or China. The clay at Limoges is better than can be found in any other part of the world, even in France; in proof of which it is only necessary to say that the government, at Sèvres, obtain all their supplies there. The chief reasons why French porcelain has



gone into almost universal use are, that it is found to be cheaper than any other description, and perhaps even more so than earthenware itself, in consequence of its greater durability. The best quality of French porcelain never becomes discolored from absorption, nor turns dark when chipped. In the process of manufacture, the clay becomes semi-vitrified, and no destruction of the outer glazing betrays any change in its color. Among those who execute the paintings upon this porcelain, there are some whose works give evidence of taste and genius of a very high order. Some females are employed in painting, one of whom has executed pieces that would do honor to artists of greater reputation. Those who are familiar with the artistic works of Europe well know that in certain species of the fine arts, particularly in miniature painting, and in delicate drawings and shadings, many of the women of Europe have carried art to a higher degree of perfection than almost any of their rivals of the male sex. There seems to be a special adaptation in the extreme delicacy and nervous sensibility and acute perceptions of woman, to the execution of those more delicate, shadowy, and softened hues, tints and colorings which are so constantly called into requisition in the ethereal shadowings of the porcelain art world. At the great establishment of Haviland Brothers & Co.—for we had forgotten to say that we allude to them as the pioneers in this new and great department of what we trust will become one of our national arts—we have seen vases and mantel ornaments illustrated with copies of celebrated historical paintings and other works of art, executed with great taste, and which, even to the eye of connoisseurs, might be considered beautiful and spirited representations of the originals. We might have added that the Brothers Haviland established their house in New-York, in 1838, and in France in 1840, and they have been instrumental to a far greater extent than the public may generally suppose, in introducing among us the most superb works in porcelain that are now made. We shall endeavor, as soon as we have been enabled to gather the necessary information, to give our readers a minute description of the process which every dinner or tea set, or vase, or other porcelain ornament, goes through, from the first design, until it leaves the manufactory in Limoges, passes through the hands of the artist, and flashes in its brilliancy from the salons of New-York.

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#### CARPETS.

THE Lowell Carpet Looms are often quoted and often visited by our own citizens, as a matter of curiosity; but it is not necessary to make so long a journey to witness the same thing. There is at present in successful operation a Carpet Factory at the foot of Forty-third street, on the North river, which is hardly second in extent to any manufacturing establishment in this country. These mills were erected some five years since, by the present proprietors, Messrs. A. & E. S. HIGGINS & Co. The site on which they stand was, at the time of commencing operations, under the bed of the Hudson, and when the tide was in, the water was some six-



teen feet deep in that locality. After they had first made the ground on which they stand, they erected their buildings, so as to form a square of two hundred feet on all sides. The main building on Forty-third-street is 200 feet by 50, and four stories high; fronting Eleventh-avenue, 150 feet by 75, and four stories; the sides on Forty-fourth-street and North river are two stories and basement; the walls are of brick, twenty inches in thickness. The whole establishment is heated by steam-pipes, which pass through every part. All the motive-power is obtained from a steam-engine of one hundred and fifty horse-power. This is located in a building detached from the ones above described, so as to prevent accident from fire or explosion. There are at present seven hundred persons employed in the factory, besides a large number of hand-weavers, who work in other places, making in all not far from one thousand persons employed, about half of whom are males.

To gain a clear knowledge of the various processes of Carpet Manufacturing, it is necessary to visit the Works. A large part of the goods are now made by power-looms, but many varieties are still woven by hand: for the latter method, males are almost exclusively employed, the work being too laborious for females. The figures or designs are all made in the warp, and not formed, as many suppose, by the skill of the weaver, the threads of the woof being of one color. The designs are in part original and in part copied. This firm employs at present five designers, representing five different countries in Europe, including one Hungarian refugee. Their gentlemanly foreman, who never wearied in answering all our questions, informed us that he had never known a good American designer.

The designs are always changing, probably more to meet the wishes of the dealer than of the consumer. Designs may be copy-righted; but that is never done, as any other party may make a slight variation, and still adopt the general features of the original. We saw one piece, made to order, for a Masonic Lodge, embodying all their emblematic regalia. In that case, the parties who give the order furnish the design, and receive their goods at the usual price of other carpetings of the same quality.

The workmen in this establishment present a pleasing contrast to many of our city mechanics. They are well paid, and may enjoy all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. There are a hundred applications for places to one that can be employed. In this state of things, the proprietors might very much reduce the price of labor, and still not want for workmen; but they not being disposed to take advantage of the necessity of their operatives, still continue the prices that were paid when the business was better protected.

There are at present only three or four large Carpet Factories in operation in the United States; a year ago there were more, but, for the want of greater protection to this branch of American industry, some have been obliged to suspend operations. There is probably no branch of the manufacturing interest that feels the need of a protective tariff more than this; and it is only those companies that have the most extensive resources and very best facilities, that can compete with the foreign manufacturer. Under our former tariff regulations, all the mills for the manufacture of

fabrics in this country were profitably employed; and under that stimulus, hundreds of new mills were erected; at the time our policy was changed, hundreds more were in process of erection, which have never been finished. In some cases, large villages and cities were in process of building, and after millions were expended, they were abandoned. Such may be seen all over New-England.

Messrs. HIGGINS & Co. are Importers as well as Manufacturers; and are always prepared to supply every style and quality of Carpeting, Floor Oil-cloths, &c., to be found in any market. We learn from them that but comparatively few goods in their line are now imported; there being nearly enough manufactured in this country to supply the demand; and the demand is rapidly increasing, even more rapidly than the growth and wealth of the country. Messrs. HIGGINS & Co.'s warehouse—probably the largest in this city—is located at 62 Broad-street, occupying the entire building from basement to attic. Their trade extends to every part of the county, and to nearly every part of this continent, besides a large trade with city dealers.

#### STATIONERY.

THERE is probably no branch of trade, whose great increase in the last twenty years so well evinces the rapid growth of the country and the general extent of education prevailing among all classes, as that of the Stationer and Bookseller. There is no better evidence that we are a reading and a writing people, than the fact of the vast consumption of articles that are indispensable to a people so universally possessing these important qualifications. The immense number of paper-mills that are kept in operation for the supply of the newspaper press alone, would be incredible to those who have not been posted on the subject. There has also been a great improvement in the manufacture of the finer kinds of writing paper; and many of our mills turn out a paper that is unsurpassed, in fineness of stock and beauty of texture, by any country in the world.

In printing, the progress has been more striking and important. The immense steam-presses, that strike off from ten to twenty thousand an hour, compared with the hand-press on which Franklin worked, and published his paper, show even a greater progress than railroads and steam-boats over the old-fashioned mode of locomotion. The process of hardening type, by facing them with copper, has lately been introduced, and is destined to be of very great advantage to the printer, in point of economy, by greatly increasing the durability of his type. In addition to their greater durability, the copper-faced type requires less ink; and if the press-work be equal, the printing will be much better. They are now used by the proprietors of some of the largest journals and printing-offices in the country. The patentees are the Newton Company, No. 8 North William-street.

We have been led away from our original object in commencing this article, which was not merely to mention the fact of the vast progress in the arts of Paper-making, Engraving, Printing, Lithography, and all other

branches connected with the Stationery business, but to inform our readers that the well-known

STATIONERS' HALL, Nos. 174 AND 176 PEARL-STREET, is now in the hands of Messrs. COLLINS, BOWNE & Co., who have bought the stock and good-will of the former proprietors, David Felt & Co. Stationers' Hall, under the management of Mr. Felt, has been well known for the last twenty years, as one of the best and most extensive establishments of the kind in the country; and we are satisfied, from the experience and advantages of the successors of David Felt & Co., it will continue to be unsurpassed for the extent, variety, and cheapness of every description of Stationery, foreign and domestic.

Messrs. COLLINS, BOWNE & Co. have just established an entirely new Bindery, with new machinery, and a Printing-office, with new and complete fonts of copper-faced type. They have added largely to the stock of the old concern, by the purchase of the newest and best styles, and greatly increased the facilities of their establishment in every way, and can offer their experience and advantages as a guaranty that the quality and prices of their manufactures shall be equal to any in the country.

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#### THE WASHINGTON HOUSE, IN NEW-YORK.

THE great establishment of FIRTH, POND & Co., No. 1 Franklin Square, was once the residence of General Washington. His lodging-room is now a part of their ware-room for pianos. On the first floor was his dining-room and study. An old pear-tree is still standing in the yard, that General Washington is said to have planted; and the cannon that once stood in front of the carriage entrance, stand there still. Their piano-manufactory was built just where his stables stood.

It is curious, in tracing the progress of taste, industry, and architecture in New-York, to find how many interesting localities, that were once connected with the most stirring events in the early history of this country, have since become connected with the progress of the fine or mechanic arts. At the time General Washington lived in that house, and for many years afterwards, not a piano-forte, and scarcely a musical instrument, had been made in this country, except some of the simpler kinds, which can be manufactured without skill, or the operation of machinery, or a knowledge of art. In that same building, a vast number of men are now employed in the manufacture of pianos, guitars, &c.; and all kinds of musical instruments are for sale, imported from other parts of the world. The house has been established upwards of forty years; and millions of sheets of music have been struck off there, which have gone to every part of the world. In addition to this manufactory in the Washington House, which must be one of the most interesting spots in New-York for the stranger to visit, and in which no more alterations have been made than seemed to be absolutely necessary for the facilities of business, the proprietors have a large manufactory at Litchfield, Con-

necticut, where they produce flutes, guitars, flageolets, &c., by the aid of machinery and water-power. About one hundred men are employed in their manufactories. They keep *eight* printing-presses continually at work in supplying the demands made upon them for music, and orders come in every day from every State in the Union. In addition to the instruments we have mentioned, they manufacture also, clarionets, flageolets, and almost every variety of instrument now in use; and their importations embrace almost every thing that appertains to the musical art.

There is another consideration of great importance, and it is the one in which we chiefly rejoice. Just in proportion as we increase our facilities for manufacturing at home, is the great mass of our countrymen enabled to indulge in the luxuries and embellishments of life. It is only a few years since that only one young lady in a hundred expected a piano-forte as one of the ornaments of her parlor when she married. Now it is regarded as an inalienable right by every girl in this country, whether married or not. Hundreds are purchased every year by the factory-girls of Lowell, and thousands annually by those in the New-England manufacturing towns. It is still the fashion to regard any thing imported, particularly articles of taste, as being superior to those made at home; but the best pianists that have visited this country have assured us that they have never seen better pianos, or other musical instruments, than are made in the United States; and as far as our knowledge of the subject goes, we believe that those sent forth from Washington's house are among the best that are made in the world.

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#### HARDWARE.

PROBABLY there is no greater physical agent of civilization than iron. Indeed, it is doubted whether any nation can attain to any considerable degree of progress in the arts without the help of this agent. So many are the articles of taste and utility manufactured from iron, that, in this city alone, the trade in them is divided into at least twenty distinct branches; as, for instance, Iron Safes, Iron Houses, Iron Furniture, Iron Railing, Iron and Steel Warehouses, Needle Warehouses, Agricultural Tools, &c., &c. But, after these grand divisions, there are general hardware importers and dealers, on whose shelves may be found thousands of articles not included in the above category. And from the shelves of the hardware dealer may be read as true a history of the progress of the arts in those countries which have produced these supplies as are recorded in the books of the historian.

In this view, it is always a matter of interest to witness the steady increase of all the manufacturing interests in the United States, and especially of the prosperity of those manufactures which have recently been established for the purpose of making at home those articles hitherto exclusively obtained from Europe. Among these, our attention has been recently called to that of Hardware and Fine Cutlery. We presume that many are not aware of the existence of these branches of American industry, supposing that all of our cutlery is now, as heretofore, imported from England and the Continent. This branch of manufacture has thus long been confined to Europe, because of its early establishment there, and of its complicated character, requiring a large number of different workmen to make any one article. As in other matters, in course of time it occurred to enterprising capitalists in this country that this branch of industry could and ought to be established here. To accomplish this, they were obliged, at first, to procure a body of skilful workmen from England as a nucleus of this class of mechanics in this country. Splendid cutlery and other

hardware is now made in America. The Salisbury and Waterville Companies now offer to the public cutlery which, for beauty of finish, style of pattern, and cutting qualities, is not excelled by the celebrated Rogers' or other noted establishments in England. There are two large establishments in Massachusetts and one in Connecticut in successful operation, engaged in manufacturing table cutlery, and some others are in process of erection.

Among the principal Importers and Dealers in foreign and domestic hardware, fine cutlery, &c., in this city, we have space to mention only one, and we know we are doing a favor to the present reader, and the future historian and antiquarian, by putting the following facts on permanent record:—The house of Wolfe & Bishop was originally established by Gilbert Forbes, the grandfather of the senior member of the present firm, at the sign of the Golden Broad Axe, corner of Broadway and Cedar-streets, about the middle of the last century. After the death of Mr. Forbes, in 1776, the business was continued at the present location, corner of Gold-street and Maiden Lane, by James Cooper and John Albert Wolfe, the firm being Cooper & Wolfe. Mr. Cooper's death took place in 1802, when J. A. Wolfe and David Wolfe formed a partnership, under the name or firm of D. & J. A. Wolfe. After J. A. Wolfe's death, in 1815, David Wolfe retired, and the business was continued by Christopher and John David Wolfe, who formed a co-partnership in 1816, under the firm of C. & J. D. Wolfe. Their new store was built in 1823, and was at the time considered quite an ornament to that part of the city. C. & J. D. Wolfe dissolved partnership in 1828, when the present firm commenced, now consisting of the following members: John D. Wolfe, Japhet Bishop, John P. Coffin, Albert G. Lee, and George W. Bruce.

Besides their unrivaled stock of goods in the hardware line, this firm are extensive importers and dealers in guns, rifles, pistols, &c. In this class of manufactures, it is believed the best American articles surpass all others in the world. In proof of this, we need only to refer to the muskets made at the national armories, to the rifles and pistols of Blunt & Syme, Robbins & Lawrence, Jennings, Palmer's patent, Colt's revolvers, &c.

By a visit to this establishment, a person can readily obtain correct information concerning the comparative excellence of foreign and domestic hardware, and see the great superiority of the American fire-arms.

## CLOCKS.

A CONNECTICUT clock is an article about as well known to mankind as Java coffee or Lima beans. It must be some place far beyond sun-down, or else among untamed barbarians, which is ignorant of a Yankee time-piece. Among turbaned Mohammedans and long-haired Chinese, amid Arab tents and Negro hovels, and, indeed, within each of the great divisions of the globe, the names of Terry, Jerome, &c., are household words. In the early part of the present century, this species of time-piece was first introduced. Rapidly superseding the tall Dutch clock, not more by their cheapness than by their greater beauty and convenience, they soon penetrated to the remotest settlements at the South and West, astonishing all by their cheapness, charming all by their beauty, and especially leaving behind them amazement at the acuteness and skill of their long-legged peddlers. The primitive sundial, the more primitive sun-marks, and, most primitive of all, the guessing at time by the gradual exhaustion of the stomach and the weariness of the muscles, speedily ceased to be the common but rude mode of determining time among Western squatters and the pioneers of American civilization. From 1820 to 1830, a traveler through the newest portions of our country was certain to meet the clock-peddler's cart, sometimes filled with boxes of clocks, and sometimes loaded down with the variety of commodities he had taken in exchange for his coveted goods. In thousands of solitary log-huts, where the furniture, the table, and all articles of domestic use were of the plainest and roughest description, the Connecticut clock, brilliant

with its varnished veneers, might be seen, the sole ornament of the kitchen, and the pride of the farmer's heart.

From a combination of causes, Connecticut has been the chief manufacturer of this description of clocks, and Bristol, Plymouth, and New-Haven, have been the leading towns which have been identified with their production and sale. At present, the factory of Chauncey Jerome, of New-Haven, is much the most considerable in the State, as well as in the Union, employing more men, and turning out a greater number of clocks, than all other makers in Connecticut. Thirty years ago, Mr. Jerome manufactured his first clock by hand. Gradually increasing his business, and soon removing from Plymouth to Bristol, he ultimately carried on in the latter place a considerable trade. About seven years ago, he removed to his present location, and established himself in the lower part of the town, where he now employs nearly a hundred and fifty hands, besides those engaged in his service at Bristol and Derby. The entire number of operatives now dependent upon his enterprise is something more than two hundred and sixty, to whom about six thousand dollars in cash is paid monthly. Looking at a single clock, it would seem that not a very large quantity of material would be necessary to the manufacture of many thousands of them; yet a million and a half feet of pine lumber, more than a third of a million of feet of mahogany and rose-wood veneers, two hundred thousand pounds of rolled and cast brass, two hundred barrels of glue, and a hundred more of varnish, two thousand boxes of glass, three hundred casks of nails, and other necessary materials in proportion, will give some idea of the immense business done by this single establishment.

Notwithstanding the vast quantity of clocks annually made by those engaged in the trade, the supply never exceeds and is often behind the demand. Nor is this strange, when it is remembered that every country of Christendom, besides many parts of the heathen world, are customers for this cheapest, and, for common purposes, the best time-piece in use. China, Hindostan, California, Peru, Turkey, and all parts of Continental Europe, are supplied more or less largely from the dépôts of Mr. Jerome in New-York, Liverpool, or London. The variety of clocks made by him adapt them either to the pockets of the rich or the poor. The first can find an elegant clock for twenty-five or thirty dollars, while the latter can be supplied with a neat metallic time-piece for a single dollar. For sea or for land, and running with a single winding from twenty-four hours to ten or twelve days, these clocks are adapted to all purposes as well as to all pockets. Cheap as are these lowest priced clocks, and durable as they promise to prove, the several parts that enter into the construction of every clock actually pass through about two hundred different processes before they are completed.

The warehouses of the Jerome Manufacturing Company in this city, are at 49 Cortlandt-street and 175 Broadway.

## GUNPOWDER.

"WHAT a pity this villanous saltpetre should be digged out of the bowels of the harmless earth, which many a good tall fellow hath killed so cowardly."

It is not known with certainty at what time Gunpowder was first invented. The introduction of it into Europe is comparatively of modern date; yet it has been used in Asia—both as an instrument to aid the labors of man, and to destroy his adversaries—for many centuries. Philostratus speaks of a city in India which was said to be impregnable, and that its inhabitants were relatives of the gods, because they threw thunder and lightning upon their enemies. Hence it has usually been supposed that Gunpowder was used in the Eastern nations, even in the time of Alexander the Great. However this may be, many modern travelers assert that it was used in China as far back as the close of the first century, and has continued in use ever since.

The credit of having invented Gunpowder in Europe, is by general consent awarded to Schwartz, a German monk of the fourteenth century. Soon after his time, guns were introduced as instruments of war. They were originally made of



iron bars, soldered together, and fortified with strong hoops; samples of which may still be seen in the Tower of London, and in the Royal Arsenal at Lisbon. Others were made of thin sheets of iron rolled up together, and hooped. These pieces were made in a rude manner, and stone balls were thrown out of them, and but a small quantity of powder was used, on account of their weakness.

Within the last century, the uses of Gunpowder have become much diversified in the arts, both of peace and war; and the largely increased consumption has rendered it an important article of commerce. From the extreme danger of explosion, and the consequent hazard both to life and property, its manufacture has been confined to a few establishments, which prosecute the business on a large scale. The number in this country is only about forty in all, and of these, there are three or four that supply most of the powder consumed here, and much for exportation.

On a recent visit to Connecticut, accident brought us into the neighborhood of the extensive Works of the ENFIELD POWDER COMPANY, and we determined to penetrate their inmost recesses, to discover, if possible, the hidden mysteries of the production of an article which has made so much noise in the world. This company was chartered by the State in 1849, and its officers are: JOHN KING, President; PAUL GREELEY, Secretary; and M. H. ROGERS, Agent. We found the worthy Secretary at his post, and ready to conduct us through the establishment in the very teeth of danger, and show us the whole *modus operandi* of producing that villainous compound which has been our terror ever since we were old enough to read the prudent caution of the old lady to her son, to "beware of the gun, as it might go off if it were not loaded." Our forebodings, however, did not prevent us from accepting the very courteous invitation of Mr. Greeley; so, *maugre* the danger of a blow-up, we commenced our dangerous enterprise; and after wandering an hour through the various departments, much to our surprise we came out whole, but not without the smell of powder upon our garments.

The Powder manufactured by this Company embraces so many varieties, that an enumeration would prove tedious. We are assured, however, by dealers, that its quality is not surpassed by any made in this country. Like many other of the extensive establishments in New-England, in other departments of manufacture, this Company has found it necessary to establish an Office in New-York. Accordingly, Mr. M. H. ROGERS is located at No. 36 Broadway, for the transaction of all their business in this city.

## INDIA RUBBER MANUFACTURE.

THE very general use to which India Rubber is being applied, has excited the astonishment and admiration of all observing persons; and yet but *very little* is generally known of its history, or to *whom* the public are in the main indebted for its successful introduction among them.

In no department of American manufacture, invention, and discovery, has such wonderful progress been made as in the manufacture of *Caoutchouc*. In 1825, the only article successfully made from it was a rough and uncouth shoe, manufactured by the Brazilian Indians; which, with small sheets of this wonderful substance, constituted the only articles of rubber known in our commerce; and the entire extent of both did not exceed \$30,000 per annum. At this time, the annual value of American Manufactured Rubber Goods is about five millions of dollars, and increasing with a rapidity as great as during any previous period of its history. The importation of the raw material from South America and other points, gives employment to a numerous class of our vessels.

As previously asserted, but comparatively few are aware to whom the public are chiefly indebted for the present state of prosperity of this important branch of our manufacture and trade. Among this class of public benefactors, no man occupies a more prominent position than HORACE H. DAY.

In 1827, this enterprising gentleman commenced, in a small way, his first experiments in developing and applying this extraordinary substance to man's wants. From that period to the present, he has devoted his time and his talents, without the intermission of a year, in originating and perfecting the various articles manufac-



tured by him, until his expenditures in this way, for the public interest and benefit, have exceeded the enormous sum of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Mr. DAY began and continued his experiments at New-Brunswick, New-Jersey, where, at the present time, he has an extensive establishment, giving employment to hundreds of operatives of both sexes. In addition to this, he has two other large manufactories in other parts of the country, the products of which fill his immense Warehouse, at No. 23 Cortlandt-street, in this city, regarded by the country at large as the Head Quarters of the Rubber Trade in our Emporium of Commerce. The extent of this self-made intelligent manufacturer's business now exceeds half a million a year. Mr. DAY is the oldest manufacturer, by many years, that is now in the Rubber business in the United States; and, without doing injustice to any one, it may be confidently asserted that he is the Father of the India Rubber Manufacturing Interests in the Union.

For his many discoveries and inventions in Rubber, the governments of the United States, England, and France, have granted him Patents, until he now owns of his invention, or those of persons employed by him to experiment on his account, from fifteen to twenty valuable Patent-rights. Like other truly meritorious inventors, it has been his misfortune to incur the envy and ill-will of many who have no merits of their own, and who have sought his destruction, by a system of harassing law-suits, for the last six or eight years, that would have worn out and vanquished almost any other man in our community; but, like the camomile-plant, the more he has been trodden upon, the more certain and rapid has been his prosperity. Not only have the various institutions devoted to the encouragement of art in this country, awarded Mr. DAY various medals and diplomas, but a high Potentate of the Old World, in admiration of his genius, and the vast public utility of his new discoveries and applications of India Rubber, transmitted him an autograph-letter, accompanied by a present of a massive gold box, studded with some two hundred magnificent diamonds.

Within a few months past, the citizens of New-Brunswick and other parts of New-Jersey, as a testimony of the obligation they consider the State under to him, for his invaluable efforts in introducing and developing a branch of manufacture now the *first* in importance and extent in the manufacturing interests of that flourishing State, tendered him a public dinner, at which were present many of her most prominent citizens, of both political parties. It was a tribute to individual integrity, enterprise, and industry, that has been as honorably won as it was generously and magnanimously bestowed.

The public journalist cannot but take pride in calling public attention to as meritorious a manufacturer and merchant as is HORACE H. DAY, whose energy and probity is a subject of remark and admiration by all who have witnessed his many virtues, or have become acquainted with his history. To the young beginner, he is an example worthy of their emulation. When but ten years of age, he left the parental roof, and buffeted the stern encounters of life with but a capital of *twenty-two cents!* with which he not only commenced providing for himself, but acquired his education by attending night schools after his day's laborious toil was ended. From this small beginning, though he has scarcely reached the meridian of life, he has amassed an ample fortune, and, what is of far greater value to him, has won and retains the respect and confidence of the country and of this commercial emporium, of which he is one of the most intelligent and influential members. The success of such a man is not to be wondered at; and the day is not distant when a discerning public will reward him with still higher and greater honors.

## CROCKERY WARE.

The art of moulding earthen vessels for domestic use appears to have been practised in the earliest ages, and undoubtedly has been known among the rudest nations. But the manufacture of *fine* ware was for centuries confined to China. France, however, in later times, has surpassed all other countries in the manufacture of porcelain. Until nearly the close of the 18th century in England, the manufacture of earthenware was confined to a few objects of the coarsest descrip-

tion; and the porcelain of China was still in common use on the tables of the wealthy; the middle and lower classes were supplied with serviceable ware from Germany and France.

About this time Mr. Wedgwood commenced at Staffordshire the manufacture of ware upon scientific principles. The ware made by him was of such superior excellence that it soon acquired great celebrity, and was sought for not only throughout England, but was exported to other countries. Every year the extent of the manufacture of English earthenware has increased, and it is now used more extensively than any other throughout the world. Its superior qualities are excellent workmanship; solidity; the power of sustaining the action of fire; its fine glaze, impenetrable to acids; the beauty and convenience of its form, and its cheapness. More of this ware is exported to the United States than to any other one nation. In 1835, the value of the importation was more than a million of dollars, and at the present time the average value imported annually is nearly three millions of dollars.

As yet, the manufacture of crockery ware and fine porcelain has not been established to much extent in the United States. There is, however, an American house, Messrs. Haviland Brothers & Co., of this city, who have an extensive manufactory of Porcelain in France, and through them nearly all of that class of goods used in this country is imported. But these gentlemen inform us that every attempt to transplant this branch of manufacture has as yet proved unsuccessful. It seems to be indigenous to its native country: there the operatives are schooled up to the business from their youth; and as each one has a separate part to perform, and one which requires much skill and long practice, to remove the business it would be necessary to remove several hundred workmen to this country, and when here, to pay them about five times the cost of the same labor in France. We can but hope, however, that in time these difficulties will be removed, so that the United States will produce at home this class of wares. The business of importing ware is for the most part in the hands of long-established houses, because in this business, more than any other, long experience is required in order to operate advantageously, and as great attention is required to become a good judge of ware as to become a good manufacturer of it. It frequently happens that goods which *appear* to be of first rate quality, when used, the glaze peels off, the body splits, &c., &c.

One of our long-established houses in this city is the firm at present styled GRIFFEN & TITUS, who occupy at 82 Maiden Lane a four-story building. This house was established thirty years since by Ed. Haviland; at his decease in 1844 he was succeeded by his brother, Richard F. Haviland, who in 1849 associated with him John F. Griffen, under the firm of R. F. Haviland & Co.

Mr. Haviland retired January 1st, 1852, and the business is now continued by the firm of Griffen & Titus. This house import their goods *direct* from the manufacturers, paying for them in cash, thus obtaining them at the lowest prices. They are constantly receiving them throughout the year. The trade of this firm extends to all parts of the Union, but it is largest in Connecticut, Long Island, New-York, Indiana and Wisconsin. They make no effort to gain custom by *drumming*; but the business has been built up from fair dealing, good wares, good packing, having scarcely ever any reports of breakage, and prompt attention to orders.

In addition to the ordinary kinds of earthenware and glass usually kept by crockery merchants, their stock comprises all kinds of Rich Cut Glass; French and English China Dinner and Tea Sets; Rich Vases; Parian Pitchers; Dessert and Toilet-sets, a great variety, plain and decorated; Solar Lamps; Looking-glasses; Britannia Ware, &c., &c. In fact, their stock comprises every article of Earthenware, French and English, China and Glass, both from Europe and this country.

#### CLOTHS.

THE origin of the manufacture of woolens is beyond the reach of tradition; but the keeping of sheep and goats was among the prominent occupations of the oldest nations or tribes of which we have any record. They were doubtless originally kept for their milk, and the use of their skins for clothing could not fail to suggest

itself to the rudest people. Indeed, among all savage tribes, even at the present day, we find the skins of beasts employed for that purpose; and among the barbarous nations a little more advanced in intelligence, textile fabrics of various materials, and displaying more or less ingenuity, are manufactured. At a very early period, however, the process of felting was discovered; or, in other words, it was found that, by pressure and moisture, the fibres of wool might be made to adhere together, and produce a compact, pliable substance, quite as durable, and more convenient than the skins formerly used. This appears to have been the first effort to produce a woolen manufacture.

The art of spinning and weaving wool was known in the time of Moses, 1400 years B. C.; and as common use and exposure to weather would to some extent *full* an old garment, the fulling process could not long remain unknown.

The Romans are supposed to have carried the woolen manufacture to considerable perfection. In the use of various words descriptive of their dress, we clearly discover the distinction between a fine cloth *tunic* and common *stuff garment*. They undoubtedly introduced this art into Britain: from their time, however, until the Conquest, we have no record of the manufacture, and it is certain that the dress of the Saxon peasantry for centuries after was of leather; and the *buff jerkin* retained its place as the ordinary dress of the people of England until the time of the Commonwealth.

After that period, the manufacture of woollens began to revive, and has kept pace with the advance of civilization, the diffusion of knowledge, and the progress of the arts. There is not perhaps a more accurate criterion of the general advancement of a people, than the texture and beauty of their garments. This art has now arrived to such a state of perfection, and gives employment to so large a portion of the physical force of Britain, that it is to the skill of her operatives in this branch of industry she owes in no small degree her national power and wealth. Other nations, stimulated by her example and their own necessities, have entered largely into the business; and France, Germany, and the United States are sustaining strong competition with England in supplying cloth for the market of the world.

From the universal and progressive increase of the demand, these fabrics have assumed a commercial importance unsurpassed by any article that supplies the necessities or contributes to the convenience and enjoyment of civilized and refined humanity.

To prosecute business successfully in this branch of commerce, requires in no ordinary degree the exercise of all those traits of character and accomplishments which distinguish the well-bred and sagacious merchant. He must understand his whole business philosophically, statistically, and commercially. To this end he must unite the patient investigation of the scholar and the refined taste of the artist with the urbanity of the gentleman. He must personally, or through the agency of those in whom he can confide, inspect at short intervals all the great marts of the world, to keep himself fully posted in regard to the newest and most fitting styles of goods, that he may keep up the richness and variety of his stock, with the least hazard of unprofitable investment.

We will more practically illustrate our idea, by referring to one of our leading houses in this branch of trade. We are not apprehensive of incurring the charge of indelicacy, for the simple announcement of the name will call up more flattering recollections in the breasts of thousands of merchants in this country and Europe, than any thing we shall presume to say. We allude to Wilson G. Hunt & Co., of William-street. Besides the senior partner, the firm is composed of W. Sullivan, W. M. Vail, P. F. Randolph, and W. A. Budd. They keep in constant employ upwards of twenty active men, and all the operations of the establishment are conducted with admirable order and decorum. Their purchases are constantly made in all the principal cloth markets of this country and Europe, and their customers are almost as numerous as the dealers in cloths throughout the United States.

### DRY GOODS.

In the present series of Mercantile Sketches, we have introduced both historical facts, in regard to business generally, and personal history of individual houses.

In the space allotted to the subject of Dry Goods, we cannot put on record any thing more interesting or valuable to those engaged in that branch of trade, than the following facts in regard to the well-known Dry Goods House of C. W. & J. T. MOORE & Co., No. 71 Broadway, two doors below Trinity Church:

Their building is 218 feet in depth, from the front in Broadway to the rear in Trinity-alley. Messrs. MOORE & Co. occupy the three lower floors of their building, the centre floor opening on a level with Trinity-alley, where all their goods are received and delivered, to the manifest accommodation of all concerned, and the saving of much obstruction and inconvenience at the main entrance on Broadway.

The senior partner in this house, CHAUNCEY W. MOORE, has been favorably known in the commercial circles of the metropolis since 1821, from which date to 1828, his business was transacted in his individual name; but, in 1828, he associated himself with Charles Hallock, changing the style to "Hallock & Moore," and it so remained until 1830, when, by the acquisition of another partner, the firm became, and continued until 1832, "Hallock, Remsen & Moore." From the latter date to 1835, their style was Hallock & Moore, and the subsequent year, "Moore, Hutchinson & Moore." Then followed eight years of increasing business, under the firm of "C. W. & J. T. Moore," and in 1844, having taken a new partner, the style became C. W. & J. T. MOORE & Co., and so continues to this time; including at present, the following names: CHAUNCEY W. MOORE, JOHN T. MOORE, WM. M. ROBBINS, EMMER K. HAIGHT, and LEVERETT C. STOWELL.

It is a remarkable fact, and one of the strongest recommendations of this house, that all the partners, except the senior, served their apprenticeship mainly in this establishment, varying in terms of time from six to fifteen years. Twenty men are employed in the various departments of the store.

One of the partners devotes a considerable portion of his time to the examination and selection of goods in the manufacturing towns of Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Belgium, and in superintending the production of styles, agreeably to special order or design, regarded by the firm as better adapted to the American market. Their purchases of home-manufactured goods are made at the mills, their agents, and at the larger description of auction sales. A general enumeration of the articles contained in their extensive stock would include: Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Ladies' Dress Goods, Silks, De Laines, Lawns, Barèges, Ginghams, Prints, Alpacas, Orleans, Damasks, Moreens, Laces, Cambrics, Jaconets, Swiss and Book-Muslins, Irish, Scotch, and Barnsley Linens, Drillings, Sheetings, &c.; Velvets, Ribbons, Shawls, Hosiery, Bang-up Beaverteens, Manchester and Glasgow plain and printed goods, of Silk, Wool, Worsted, and Cotton fabrics; Small-wares; with a full assortment of Domestic Woolen and Cotton Goods, Blankets, &c.

Without having made any effort to extend their trade beyond the limits of the Eastern and Middle States, Messrs. MOORE & Co. have many (mainly cash) buyers in the South and West; but their customers are chiefly from Long Island, Connecticut, New-Jersey, and the North river counties of this State. From their proximity, their customers do not find it necessary to make their purchases periodically; hence their purchases are frequent, in order to have the benefit of the fresh accessions of new goods which this firm is constantly obtaining for the purpose of perfecting its assortment. This renders the business steady the year round, with little variation other than a constant increase.

### CLOTHS, &c.

Like the star of empire, westward the course of business takes its way. Not only is this inclination seen in the swelling tide of emigration that is sweeping on from Maine to Oregon, but the same is manifest within the limits of our old com-

mercial cities. A few years since, Pearl and William-streets were the head-quarters of the Dry Goods and general Jobbing trade. Now, Broadway, the streets around the Park, and those running west to the North river, dispute the precedence. From year to year the old inhabitants are crowded out, their dwellings demolished, and splendid palaces, high, broad, and deep, with magic growth, are springing from their ruins; palaces, not for regal princes to dwell in, but for merchant-princes to occupy for purposes of trade.

The causes of this general movement are various. The new stores that are being built with all the modern improvements, must present a tempting aspect to the down-town merchant. The great and increasing amount of trade that comes from the West must have a powerful sympathetic attraction. The increasing wealth and business of many merchants has doubtless forced them out from their ancient quarters, which were becoming too narrow for the present age of growing commerce. Among the pioneers of this movement was the Importing and Jobbing House of Messrs. WARD, BABCOCK & Co., No. 27 Park-Row.

This well-known and extensive Dry Goods firm originally transacted business under the style of Buckingham, Ward & Co., at No. 98 William-street. The present firm, Messrs. Ward, Babcock & Co., is composed of GILES F. WARD, GILES BABCOCK, and JOHN B. WARD.

Park Row, their present place of business, is a new and splendid block of buildings, of considerable architectural pretensions, and built of brown stone. The façade of this costly edifice is very elaborate, and makes a beautiful appearance from the Park, the City Hall, and the Astor House, almost directly opposite. One of the most spacious of these fine stores is No. 27, on the site of the old Park Theatre; and, from its proximity to the chief hotels, is very convenient for country merchants who stop at those places while in the city. A more central and commodious location could not have been selected by this enterprising house.

The inside of their establishment realizes the expectation formed in the visitor's mind by a view of the exterior. The array of English, French, and German goods, of which this firm are prominent importers, is rich and varied, and at once indicative of their judgment, good taste, and extensive operations. Here may be seen, in almost prodigal profusion, the choicest products of the manufacturing art, and the counterpart of the rich fabrics exhibited in the World's Fair. Other counters are laden with an extensive assortment of the most useful and desirable American manufactures, Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Tweeds, and all those articles adapted to men's and boys' wear, a demand, in the supply of which throughout the country this firm has a large share. Their trade is mostly with Merchant-tailors, Clothiers, and Country Merchants. Besides the above-named goods, Messrs. WARD, BABCOCK, & Co. keep a large assortment of Blankets for the California trade. There are sixteen persons employed in this establishment, and the business is conducted with great promptitude and thoroughness.

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### CLOTHING.

THERE is one instinct common to all animals, which teaches them to desire and select their food, but man seems to be the only animate being that develops the idea of any other than natural clothing. Wherever man is found, that idea seems to be a necessity of his being. Whether the desire for clothing was incorporated at the time of his creation, or acquired by something that he ate a little after, may be a matter of conjecture; but one thing is certain: it has never left him, from the time when fig leaf aprons were in fashion, to the termination of the reign of Bloomer costume. It would be curious to trace the history of clothing through all its various phases, between these two important epochs; but we will not attempt to penetrate its ancient labyrinths, where we might have to draw largely on fancy, when we have abundant facts of interest and value in regard to a model clothing-house of the present day. We refer to that of Hanford & Brother, located at No. 29 Park Row,

occupying the entire of one of those five spacious and elegant stores, comprising seven floors, lately erected on the site of the old Park Theatre, opposite the Astor House.

They manufacture clothing suited to all markets, and for all classes of men, from the coarsest and plainest, to the most fine and fashionable. \*

Between fifty and sixty persons are employed in the various departments, on the premises.

Their corps of cutters are kept constantly employed, excepting a short recess in the fall and spring, which time is devoted to straightening up, and making ready for a fresh campaign.

The number of hands employed in working for the establishment is about 4000.

A view of the interior of the building, to a novice, is interesting; from the lower basement to the highest floor, every part of their business moves with the precision of a well-regulated clock; while the visitor cannot but be surprised at the great care and tact necessary in its successful management.

The lower basement is devoted to the storage of goods in the package; also as a show-room for their extensive variety of flannel shirts, under-shirts and drawers.

The upper basement is used as a show room for their variously assorted stock of furnishing goods, embracing the finest linen-bosom shirt, and the cheapest cotton check.

The first floor shows up their well-assorted stock of pants and vests, arranged in complete order for sale, with the office in the rear.

The second floor introduces the visitor to their coat department, where may be found the plainest sack and the most fashionable coat, embracing every variety of coat stuff manufactured. The front of this floor is set apart as a custom department, and is amply furnished with cloths, cassimeres and vestings, selected from the latest importations and choicest fabrics, which they are prepared at all times to manufacture and furnish at a reasonable price. This department is under the management of a gentleman of well-known taste and acknowledged skill, who, as an "artiste," unites the rarely combined qualities of a perfect fit and graceful style. The third floor is used for the reception of goods in the piece, where they are examined and prepared for the cutting department. It is also on this floor where the city operatives bring in their work to the foreman for examination, and their accounts settled weekly.

The fourth floor is the cutting and trimming department, where naught is heard but the clicking of more than a score of shears the livelong day.

The rear of the floor above is devoted to the reception of work made out of the city, where thousands of garments pass through the hands of an efficient foreman, weekly, into the various departments for sale.

The front part is used exclusively for the cutting of their various grades of shirts.

## FURNISHING GOODS.

EIGHTEEN years since, there was no such business represented in our directory as *Gentlemen's Furnishing Stores*. But as necessity is the spur to invention, this branch of trade was about that time carved out of several others, to meet an imperative want of the community. At present, by the untiring energy of such firms as we are about to mention, it is assuming almost as great commercial importance as the Dry Goods business itself.

Mr. C. B. HATCH, of William-street, was one of the pioneers in the Furnishing Business, having commenced in 1838, when the idea of a well-appointed Gentlemen's Furnishing Store was only partially developed. Aware of the numerous difficulties that must come up in the course of a business along which no land-marks had ever been traced, Mr. Hatch commenced the uncertain enterprise with the full persuasion that 'there was go in it, and he could make it go.' From that time for-



ward, he has been reducing the idea to a principle, till at the present time it may justly claim an honorable place among the great brotherhood of mercantile pursuits.

All those articles of Gentlemen's Wear that do not properly come within the province of the clothier, the hatter, and the boot-maker, may be found at our modern Furnishing Stores: and an enumeration of the list of Shirts, Cravats, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Dressing-Robes, Under-Garments, Hosiery, and all the various articles belonging to this class, would make a list longer than the catalogue of the clothier, hatter, and boot-maker combined, and quite as important to the gentleman's perfect wardrobe.

To supply the demand from all parts of the country for this class of goods, Messrs. Hatch & Co. are obliged to keep constantly employed in their manufactory a large number of operatives; probably more than any other similar establishment in the United States. Besides the goods of their own manufacture, this firm import extensively from Europe. For this purpose, one of the partners spends most of his time abroad, and through him every new and desirable article is offered at their warehouse in New-York almost simultaneously with its appearance in Paris or London. Messrs. H. & Co.'s Warehouse, No. 97 William-street, at present occupies the entire building, five stories in height; but spacious as are their accommodations, they already feel the need of more extensive quarters.

At this establishment they are prepared to supply the orders of the wholesale dealer in this and other cities, of country merchants, clothiers, merchant tailors, &c. Besides their wholesale trade, this House have one department devoted to their retail customers; and in every department they can furnish goods of every style, quality, and price. Whatever position Messrs. Hatch & Co. have attained in the mercantile world, has been gained by their own indefatigable exertions and their own way of doing business. As only one course of policy can prosper through a long series of years, and through the numerous vicissitudes of our modern commerce, it is fair to infer that this firm has adopted that honorable course.

## P A P E R H A N G I N G S.

The manufacture of Paper Hangings is comparatively of recent date in the United States; but to such a perfection has it been carried, that we are now enabled to compete with all other countries, both in quality and price. For a long time the limited demand for this class of goods was supplied mostly by France; and as their superior papers surpassed the earlier productions of the American manufacturer, a strong prejudice was induced in their favor, and this prejudice in a measure continues to exist, long after the cause is removed.

The manufacture of Paper Hangings is a distinct branch of business from that of paper, the latter being auxiliary to it in the way of furnishing the stock, which, instead of being cut into sheets, as it leaves the paper-mill, is forwarded in large rolls to the Paper Hanging factory, where, after undergoing several processes, which we have not space to describe, the designs or figures are stamped on the prepared paper with wood-blocks, engraved in the same manner as wood-type, or wood-cuts, for engraving. In many varieties of Wall Papers it is necessary to use several sets of blocks for every design, as only one color can be printed from one block, and sometimes these colors are very numerous. This process of printing is mostly accomplished by machinery, but in many varieties it is still done by hand. Every facility for manufacture is as great here as in Europe, except the getting up of designs, and in this respect the balance is in favor of France. If we are correctly informed, there is but one school in the United States where the arts of design are taught, and there only as a secondary matter. In France it is far different.

Here we quote: 'The arts of design, as a distinct matter of education, have been confined to France until within a few years. Napoleon consulted the best interests of the empire when he made the arts of design part of the common-school educa-



tion of France; for even the eye of the French blacksmith became imbued with the grace of the 'line of beauty,' until his sturdy arm, obeying its impulse, forged forms which would have made a Cyclops blush. France warred with half of Europe without creating a heavy national debt; nor have her merchants and bankers ever been forced to a general bankruptcy: and why? Simply because the artisans of the nation held the whole world under contribution for *French designs*. One pound of American flax is returned to us in the form of French laces worth one thousand dollars; more than nine hundred and fifty dollars of which are paid for the design.'

Although some of the finest designs of the American Paper Hangings are made in this country, there is a moral certainty that every new piece that appears in Paris is seized hold of and sent by steamer to this market. But after a little, it can be duplicated here, and sold for half the price the French article costs. But a few days since, we saw a living illustration of this fact at the Ware-house of Messrs. CHRISTY & CONSTANT, of whom, in this article, we may have occasion to speak. Two pieces were shown, and the best judge of the article could not detect a difference. The one was imported at a cost of 45 cents; the other was manufactured by them, and offered for 25 cents.

The Paper Hanging trade requires the nicest discrimination, and a thorough knowledge of the wants and wishes of every part of the country. Like hats, coats, and ladies' dresses, the style is always changing. What was beautiful last year is not saleable this. Though it may be seen that the public taste, from year to year, is becoming more enlightened and refined, it is found that public taste differs in different localities. One section of the country may demand a fine quality of Paper, very plain and very chaste, while through another those qualities sell best which flash with the greatest variety of brilliant colors. The manufacturers of this class of goods are located chiefly in Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia, but none south of Baltimore. New-York, however, is the head-quarters of this, as of almost all other branches of trade.

It would be amusing to trace the origin of this branch of manufacture; but we shall do the reader quite as great a service, by closing with a practical illustration. From a personal acquaintance with many of the manufacturers throughout the country, we think it no disparagement to the others to say, that Messrs. Christy & Constant, of this city, have done as much as any other house to bring this art to its present state of perfection. With an experience of twenty years in the business, they have originated many, and adopted all of the modern improvements, and now are able to compete with all foreign or domestic competition. They have a factory on Twenty-Third-street, where one hundred and thirty operatives are constantly employed. At their Ware-house, No. 60 Maiden Lane, and No. 21 Liberty-street, occupying the whole of the six-story building, they have as great a variety of their own manufacture and imported goods as can be found in this or any other market.

## BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE Boot and Shoe business in New-York is of growing importance. The increase in this business during the past few years will probably exceed the ratio of increase in any other line of goods. But a few years past, Boston was the great Shoe mart, and heavy buyers from the South and West felt it necessary to make their purchases in that city. Now, few comparatively find it expedient or advisable to travel farther than our city to make their purchases. Manufacturing, which in former years was but little attended to here, has now become an important interest, by which a large number of operatives, both male and female, are kept in constant employment, at fairly remunerative wages. Some of our dealers have found it to their interest, with the increase of their business, to engage more or less largely in manufacturing, and are enabled thereby to offer extra inducement to purchasers to stop with us. An enumeration of a few of the leading articles used will give an idea of the nature of

the materials, the number of goods manufactured, and the quantity used: Oak and Hemlock Sole Leather; Satin Français, of French and English manufacture, the former being found superior for the manufacture of Ladies' Gaiters; Worsted Lastings; Calf-skins; French Morocco; Goat-skins, and Kid of various kinds; Patent Calf-skins and Enamelled Leather; Sheep-skins and Shoe Ducks, for Linings and Galloons.

The quantity of Boots and Shoes manufactured in this city and its environs will probably exceed our tables, a synopsis of which will convey an idea of the extent per week:

Ladies' Fine Satin Français and Lasting Gaiters,	18,000	a 20,000
" " Patent Leather, Morocco, and Enamelled Turn and Welt Shoes, of various qualities and patterns,	45,000	
Misses' Fine Turn and Welt Shoes and Boots,	16,500	
Children's, of various prices and kinds,	15,500	
Men's Fine Calf Boots, Shoes, and Gaiters,	18,200	
The Number of Men Employed in the Manufacture,	12,000;	
Women and Girls,	10,500,	22,500

As our largest dealers in Boots and Shoes, we mention the House of J. H. Ransom & Co., whose Ware-house is at Nos. 32 Cortlandt and 39 Dey-streets, running through 215 feet from street to street, four stories high, and about 27 feet wide. The sales of this House exceed \$600,000 per annum; and, from their great facilities and experience in the business, they are enabled to offer great inducements to country dealers to make their purchases of them. This House has been established over a quarter of a century, and, in the amount of their business, and in facilities for conducting it successfully, are probably second to none in the United States. Their stock on hand, as we understand, will average from 100,000 to 150,000 dollars. Of Ladies' and Misses' fine Shoes and Gaiters, they manufacture about 125,000 pairs per annum, and employ about 300 operatives, male and female, in the city and its environs, besides their manufactories for Boots and Brogans in Massachusetts.

The business of this House being with nearly every Western and Southern State, their assortment is constantly kept up, and a stock on hand of the grades suitable for every section, both country and city. Besides the senior member, the firm of J. H. Ransom & Co. is composed of Daniel Ransom, Warren A. Ransom, Aaron P. Ransom.

### "THE ART PRESERVATIVE."

AMONG the many changes and improvements observable in the various mechanical and manufacturing branches of business, we know of none more apparent than those which have been made in PRINTING. The old, slow hand presses have been superseded by ingenious machines, which do ten times the work, every way more perfect and beautiful; while the dull, heavy and monotonous letters have given place to type of almost every conceivable face, which almost equals the finest engraving. Compare a book or newspaper printed in Franklin's time with one recently issued, and you can scarcely realize that both are specimens of the same art.

The late SAMUEL N. DICKINSON, of Boston, did more perhaps than any printer before him towards the advancement of typography in this country; and such was his celebrity at one time, that many of the principal publishers preferred his office before all others in contracting for the printing of their finest works. There are now, however, several offices in this city which excel those of any other in the beauty of their work; and in this connection we may refer to the establishment of Messrs. BAKER, GODWIN & Co., corner of Nassau and Spruce-streets. Having been thoroughly prepared by many years of experience in every department of their business, and possessing a pride in the art to which they are devotedly attached, these gentlemen left their situations as overseers of other establishments,

and, with Mr. JOHN THOMAS, purchased the office belonging to the late WM. OSBORN, for so many years the printer of this Magazine.

Although it is only some eighteen months since Messrs. B., G. & Co. commenced, they possess an establishment which, for extent, value, and the number of hands employed, is second to but few, and excelled by none for beauty and accuracy of work. They have added largely to the facilities of the office by the purchase of several book and job-presses of the most improved construction, and by numerous new and beautiful fonts of type of the latest cut. The increase of their business has also compelled them to attach several additional rooms to their establishment. They now occupy a portion of the second floor of the Tribune Buildings as a counting room, and the third and fourth floors, as well as several floors of the adjoining buildings on Nassau and Spruce-streets for their printing operations; and they purpose soon to still further extend their facilities, by the addition of other rooms in the adjacent buildings.

Although the Book and Magazine printing of this establishment is very large, yet it is subordinate to the Job Printing business, which is already one of the most extensive in the country, embracing all kinds of Plain and Fancy Typography, Posters, Programmes, Bills, Bill-heads, Blanks, Cards, Circulars, Catalogues, Constitutions, Country Merchants' Store-bills, Ship, Steamboat and Railroad Printing, Policies of Insurance and Bank Checks, Fancy Bills and Cards, in colors and bronzes, and, in fact, every thing that can be done by type.

The taste and skill exhibited by Messrs. BAKER, GODWIN & Co. in the printing of this class of work, have commanded the attention of the press in different parts of the country, and secured the patronage of many of the first Publishers, Lawyers, Merchants and Business Men, as well as Banks and Insurance Companies, Colleges, Libraries, Academies, and other Public Institutions.

It is the avowed aim of this flourishing firm to make their establishment the first in the country, and they seem determined to spare no effort or outlay to accomplish this object. Their office is daily visited by persons from various sections of the country, and they have frequently executed work for individuals from six or eight different States in one day. The counting-room, in the spring and fall, is thronged by country merchants, leaving their orders for every variety of printing, from a small Card to the most splendidly illustrated Show-bill.

A visit to Messrs. BAKER, GODWIN & Co.'s office would well repay all interested in the progress of the Printer's art; and in connection with the printing establishment of the Tribune, there is not, perhaps, another place in the Union where the whole modus operandi of the business can be seen to better advantage than in the Tribune Buildings, which, from the vaults containing the steam-engine and Hoe's lightning press, to the topmost story, are devoted to the various departments of Printing and Publishing; giving employment to several hundred men, showing some of the most ingenious appliances of steam-power, and exhibiting the perfection to which Book, Newspaper and Job Printing have attained in our country.

## WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

Previous to 1842, much the largest amount of Watches and Jewelry, for the supply of our market, were imported from England, France, and other foreign countries; but since the tariff enactments of that year, capital and mechanical skill have been concentrated and applied to the production of these articles in our own country, to an unprecedented extent. Not less than five million dollars' worth of the precious metals are now annually manufactured into them. There is still a small amount of these articles imported, but those made here are generally regarded as best, both for style and durability, and are preferred by the great majority of purchasers.

The large amount of capital and labor employed in the production of Watches and Jewelry in this city and vicinity, indicates their commercial importance, and the growing luxury and taste of the age in which we live. The houses engaged in the

manufacture and importation are numerous, and some of them very extensive. A few statistical facts will give a more distinct idea.

The manufactory of Messrs. PLATT & BROTHER, Nos. 4 and 6 Liberty-Place, is fifty feet in width, one hundred feet deep, and five stories high. In this building two hundred men are constantly employed in the manufacture of Jewelry. Steam-power is introduced throughout the entire establishment, and is used in all cases where it can be advantageously employed. Their Warehouse, No. 20 Maiden-Lane, corner of Liberty-Place, is eighty-five feet in depth and five stories high, containing vaults and large iron safes, which are appropriated for the most valuable goods; hence these goods are visible only when exhibited to customers. The second story sales-room contains samples of a great variety of Plated, Bronze, and Britannia Ware, Clocks, Guns, Pistols, Accordeons, Perfumery, and such other French, English, German, and American Fancy Goods as properly belong to the business. Their stock of Jewelry consists in part of *Gold and Silver Watches*, made by R. & G. Beesley, T. F. Cooper, Joseph Johnson, Louis Richard, Frère Bourquin, and other celebrated makers; Gold Chains, Breast-pins, Finger-rings for Ladies and Gents, of all kinds; Gents' Gold Seals and Keys; Ladies' Gold Bracelets, Ear-rings, and Cuff-pins; Diamond Jewelry of the newest and best patterns; Gold and Silver Spectacles; Gold and Silver Thimbles; Gold Pens of the most approved styles; Gold and Silver Pencil-cases, Silver Spoons, Forks, Tea-Sets, Pitchers, Cups, Butter-knives, Card-cases, Porte-monnaies, &c., &c.

Formerly, coin was used for the manufacture of Jewelry; but since the gold-dust and bars from California have become so available, these are now used in its stead. One reason why coin was so long preferred was, because it was always of a given and uniform degree of fineness. Messrs. PLATT now have a method of reducing the dust to any given standard, for use in their own manufactory, and for the supply of other manufacturers.

We learn from Mr. PLATT, that through their house the first Gold Pens used in this country were introduced. Though millions of these Pens are now in use, and considered indispensable, we were informed that it required a long time and much exertion to bring them into public favor.

In 1828, GEORGE W. PLATT and NATHAN C. PLATT, the present firm, commenced business in this city; and since that time, the whole of their immense business has been built up, and the capital for conducting it accumulated. The great springs of their success have been industry, economy, active energy, and commercial integrity. By these means, they have secured an enviable reputation among merchants on both sides of the Atlantic.

## JEWELRY.

BALL, BLACK & Co., corner of Broadway and Murray-street, opposite the City Hall, New-York. This is unquestionably one of the most extensive establishments for the manufacture and sale of Silver and Plated Ware, Jewelry, &c., in the United States. Its business is not only immense in the city, but extends to every part of the States, to Mexico, Cuba, and South America; and is increasing with unprecedented rapidity.

The house was established by E. Barton, who was succeeded by F. Marquand. Not long after, P. Marquand, Henry Ball, and William Black were admitted as partners, under the style of "Marquand & Co.;" when the Marquands retired, E. O. Tompkins came in, the style being "Ball, Tompkins & Black." To these was finally added Ebenezer Munroe, from which time the firm has been known as "Ball, Black & Co."

Their place of business is the large four-story building on the north-west corner of Broadway and Murray-street, opposite the City Hall. The first and second stories are occupied as sales-rooms, in which may be found the most extensive and

splendid assortment of Jewelry, Clocks, Watches, Silver and Plated Ware, Bronzes, Parian Ware, Paintings, Statuary, Papier Maché, and fancy articles of every variety of style and price. The whole place is burdened with gorgeous displays of all that is rich, rare, and beautiful in works of art. They who have money to spare for luxuries of ornament and taste, can find no better place to invest it.

The basement is devoted to Diamond-setters, manufacturers of Jewelry, Engravers, &c. It is a little world of industry, taste, and genius. The artisans are many of them artists, as their works of exquisite taste and masterly skill sufficiently demonstrate.

One hundred men are employed in the manufacture of Silver Ware exclusively. Of them it will not be deemed extravagant to say, their works are their monument. Their Vases, Pitchers, Goblets, and other articles of ornament and use, may vie with the best specimens from the Old World. There is artistic talent and genius in this department that would not fail, if devoted to the higher walks of art, to achieve fame and fortune.

The Jewelry Department employs one hundred men, including Gold-workers, Diamond-setters, &c. Of them, though unknown by name, hundreds and thousands of the fairest in our land wear on their hands, their arms, their breasts, or their heads, enduring and precious mementoes of the skill and taste with which art is made to contribute not only to the adornment of beauty, but to the sweetest and most sacred utterances of the heart.

Besides these two hundred operatives, there are from twenty to thirty persons employed in the sales-rooms.

One of the partners resides the greater part of the time in Europe. By this means, they are enabled to secure for their establishment the first choice of foreign wares. Their importations, which are very heavy, embrace the rarest and most costly articles in their line; while their manufacturing department is being constantly enriched by every foreign improvement in style, pattern, or finish. No pains or expense is spared to make the establishment complete and perfect. They are able to execute, with the greatest dispatch and in the most finished manner, any order, however extensive; and no American, however refined his taste in these matters, or however ample his means of gratifying it, has any apology for going abroad to make his purchases.

## F A N C Y G O O D S .

BROADWAY is becoming to our metropolis more than Regent-street to London, or the Boulevards to Paris. Since the low, unsightly mock-auction-shops of our great *promenade* have given place, from the Battery to Union Square, (to so great an extent,) to the spacious palaces erected to the new reign of luxurious commerce, one can hardly walk a block without having the eye attracted through rich but translucent French plate-glass windows upon matchless arrays of elegance, taste, and beauty. Bonfanti's used to be a celebrated resort for old curiosity-shop patrons, but long before that establishment finally closed, it became old and dingy, without having the venerableness of antiquity, which constitutes so great a charm in the real curiosity-shops of the Grandfather Whitehead school. There was an establishment in Pearl-street up to two or three years ago, which used to be resorted to, and had been for some thirty years, by a certain class in the city who wished to procure any thing that was likely to be found nowhere else, to adorn ceilings, libraries, and apartments of taste.

Since 1849, however, Levi Cook & Company, who commenced business in 1823, on Pearl-street, have occupied a spacious, elegant store immediately below Trinity Church, where four floors 225 feet deep open their almost endless vista of beauty and taste from Broadway to Trinity-alley. This firm has for many years been known throughout the country as one of our most extensive importing and

wholesale Fancy Goods houses. Besides the senior partner, the firm is composed of Messrs. Moses Cook, George Chapman, and James Pike. With immense resources at their hands, whatever can be found that is new or exquisite in design or execution, in the fabriques of Europe, is immediately seized and sent over to this country. In looking through this house the other day, we thought that we could scarcely make a more interesting article than by giving an inventory of the goods we saw exposed in all their temptingness and variety. But a single sober glance satisfied us that our space was not sufficient to print even an enumeration of the objects of taste, of curiosity, and of utility, that are to be found there. It would be a discouraging task even to attempt to give the reader any idea of the wealth and variety in these four vast rooms. In fact, New-York is becoming almost as favorable a spot for the purchase of curious and elegant ornaments for the saloon and the parlor as Paris or Rome themselves. On inquiring, we learned that the importations of this great house are so extensive, that hardly a day passes that they do not receive some new accession to their stock from foreign countries; and as they are probably the largest wholesale establishment in the United States, in Fancy Goods, to them we are much indebted for gratifying and refining the taste of our people, since for many years from their great magazine have been distributed an endless variety of articles of taste and luxury to every corner of the Union.

Thus, from time to time, as the American merchants visit Europe, and go through the galleries, cabinets, and collections of the principal capitals of the Continent, we are receiving gems of art and taste, which have long been admired in the old world, and which are finding their proper destination in traveling with the progress of empire. This is just as it should be. Old Europe is going to decay; but every thing that has phoenix life enough to spring from the mouldering ashes, will be caught up and preserved, and be handed over to a second immortality on this side of the Atlantic.

## HIRAM HASKELL, MERRICK & BULL,

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, AND IMPORTERS OF DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PHARMACEUTICAL PREPARATIONS, ESSENTIAL OILS, PURE CHEMICAL REAGENTS, CHEMICAL APPARATUS, ETC., ETC.

No. 10 GOLD-STREET, NEW-YORK.

In presenting the following to our friends, as well as to the Medical Profession and Druggists of the United States, we would remark, that we have for a long time felt the necessity which has hitherto existed of a more elevated standard upon which the Drug Business should be conducted.

It must be admitted, that while unexampled progress in nearly every branch of art, manufacture, and commerce, has each succeeding year characterized the history of our country, the department of business with which we are connected has manifested less improvement than many others; and that the application of that most valuable auxiliary, the science of Chemistry, upon which so much is dependent for the true knowledge of the quality, genuineness, and efficacy of the different remedies, has been much less extended than its importance demands.

At the same time, we are convinced that public opinion is ready to meet, with approval, all successful efforts to introduce a higher basis of action for the Druggist and Apothecary, and that none more sensibly feel the need of such a movement than the Medical Profession and the Trade.

Our convictions are founded not merely upon theory, but upon the actual results of similar efforts.



Some years since, the senior members of the firm, influenced by the above reasons, commenced devoting their attention to the careful and discriminating selection of Drugs for the purpose of powdering.

These medicines were subjected to rigid selection, were carefully powdered, and offered to the Trade in a state of purity only, and in the form best calculated to prevent deterioration from air, light, or moisture.

We are happy to state that their efforts were appreciated, and that the result has been a continually increasing demand for them from all parts of the country; a demand springing from the actual desire of the consumer for such preparations, and not resulting from the ordinary modes of obtaining notoriety, by means of exaggerated newspaper statements, or otherwise.

Although the above-mentioned branch of the business is a very important one, still it is by no means the only one which has hitherto needed earnest attention. Every article which passes through the hands of the Druggist is liable to sophistication, fraudulent substitution, or deterioration from the effects of air, moisture, and other causes.

It is, therefore, the province of the wholesale Druggist so to qualify himself by attentive observation, and careful investigation, and study of the properties and appearances of the manifold articles in which he deals, as well as of the best sources for obtaining them, that he may be perfectly confident in relation to the quality and genuineness of every article which he sells.

So far as Chemical Preparations are concerned, Chemistry herself affords an unerring means of detecting any fraudulent admixture; and in connection with this, while we are happy to bear testimony to the fact of the high character of the preparations of our manufacturers generally, still, observation and experience show that continual examination of the quality of many imported articles, from unknown and irresponsible manufacturers, is highly necessary.

One of the members of the firm has spent several years in the study of analytical chemistry, in the laboratories of this country and in those of Berlin and Giessen, and it is his province to examine every article of doubtful character.

In regard to other articles, such as Crude Drugs generally, Essential Oils, and many Chemical Preparations which are more advantageously obtained from abroad, it is obvious that the more direct are the means of obtaining articles from their original sources of production, the less are the liabilities of fraud, and the greater are the opportunities for procuring articles of the best quality, beside the incidental advantage of the ability to sell them at prices of the inferior articles, which have passed through several hands.

With this object in view, one of the members of our firm has passed nearly the whole of the past year in Europe, and has visited nearly every point of importance as a market for Drugs and articles connected with the Drug business, upon that continent. We have established relations in the principal cities of Europe, which will enable us, in future, to obtain our supplies of Drugs direct from the place of production, from the most reliable houses, and upon the most advantageous terms. In addition, we are agents for the preparations of several of the Chemical Works of the highest repute in Germany; also, for one of the largest and most respectable Distillers of Essential Oils in the south of France.

In regard to Essential Oils from other parts of Europe, we have made arrangements to procure them direct from the manufacturers in the different localities where they are produced of the best quality; *i. e.*, the Essential Oils of Orange, Lemon, Cedrat, Bergamot, &c., from Sicily; Lavender from Mitcham, in England; and others from Germany, Italy, and Hungary: in all cases direct from the makers.

Notwithstanding that we consider our arrangements, as above-mentioned, for obtaining supplies of foreign articles, are such as will meet our views fully, we are still aware that a rigid scrutiny of every article is necessary. It would be quite easy to adduce numerous instances of the necessity of such scrutiny, but one or two will suffice.

Virgin Scammony, for instance, has been found, by recent observations, to vary in the same parcel from 94 per cent. of resinous matter to 49 per cent.; the difference being caused by the admixture of a manufactured article with the true Virgin Scammony; while the article which is called Virgin Scammony has been also found, in different samples, to vary from 94 to 50 or 60 per cent. of resinous matter.



Opium is very variable in the quantity of Morphia which it contains; and so difficult is it to judge of the quality of Opium, except by actual examination, that the Opium for our Select Powder is always analyzed for that purpose before being pulverized. Actual experiment has shown that Opium, the appearance of which was such as to cause it to be pronounced of superior quality by competent judges, has, upon examination, been found to contain not over 3 or 4 per cent. of Morphia.

Essential Oils have been so extensively and openly adulterated, that it is almost impossible to convince some persons of the purity of any article. We have found, however, that adulteration can almost invariably be detected by proper examination; and we announce our determination, to allow no article of the kind to pass through our hands of the purity of which we are not confident.

In addition to our extensive assortment, comprising every article pertaining to the Drug Business, we are *Agents for the United States for* JOSEPH MOTTET, of Grasse, France, Distiller of ESSENTIAL OILS, &c., among which are—

<i>Essential Oils.</i>		
Cherry Laurel,	Thyme White, Fine,	Orange Flower Water,
Fennel, Sweet,	Wormwood.	Triple Superior,
“ Fine,	The above are in cans of	Orange Flower Water,
Geranium, Rose,	20 to 50 lbs., or can be had	Double,
Lavender, from flowers,	in less quantity.	In Bottles and Cans.
“ Superfine,	<i>Essences, or Concentrated</i>	Cherry Laurel Water.
“ Spike, Superfine,	<i>Extracts of Flowers.</i>	<i>Dried Flowers.</i>
“ “ Fine,	Aubepine, Ambrosia,	Flowers of Orange,
Marjoram,	Bouquet,	“ Cassie,
Millefleurs,	“ Anglaises,	“ Lavander,
Myrtle,	de Chantilly,	Orange Leaves,
Neroly, from flowers of Por-	Fleurs d'Italie,	“ Peel, bitter,
tugal Orange,	Geranium, Rose,	“ “ “ in Ribbons.
“ from flowers of Big-	Heliotrope, Jacinthe,	<i>Perfumed Oils, for Poma-</i>
arade Orange,	Jasmine, Jonquille,	<i>tuns, &amp;c.</i>
(Bitter Orange),	Magnolia, Maréchale,	Oil of Rose,
“ from petals of Big-	Miel d'Angleterre,	“ Orange Flower,
arade Orange,	Mignonette, (Rosed.),	“ Cassie,
(Bitter Orange),	Mille Fleurs, Mousseline,	“ Jasmine,
Petit Grain, Bigarade,	Patchouly, Pink,	“ Mignonette,
“ “ Portugal,	Pouis de Senteur,	“ Tuberose,
Rue,	Rose, Thymalia,	For sale by the Pound.
Rosemary, from flowers,	Tuberose, Verbena,	<i>Pomatum.</i>
“ Superfine,	Vetivert, Violette,	Rose, Orange Flower,
“ Fine,	Volcameria.	Tuberose, Mignonette,
Sage,		Jonquille.
Serpolet,	<i>Distilled Waters.</i>	
Thyme Red, (Origanum),	Rose Water, Triple Superior,	FOR SALE BY THE POUND.
“ Superfine,	“ “ “	Virgin Olive Oil, of Grasse,
“ Red, (Origanum),	“ “ “	in Bottles.
“ Fine,	“ “ “	
“ White, Superfine,	In Bottles and Cans.	

#### ALSO, AGENTS FOR

The ROYAL PRUSSIAN CHEMICAL MANUFACTORY at SCHÖNEBECK.

KARL OEHLER, of OFFENBACH, manufacturer of Kreosote, Picric Acid, &c.

BERANGER & Co., of LYONS, makers of new PATENT BALANCES, a list of which, with cuts, will be furnished, on application by mail or otherwise.

SMITH & Co., of LONDON, Liquorice Refiners.

C. J. CREASE, of PHILADELPHIA, manufacturer of Nitric Acid, Aqua Fortis, Muriatic Acid, Glauber Salts, Chrome Green, Chrome Yellow.

A. J. CHAUVÉAU, manufacturer of the genuine Eagle Jujube Paste, Gum Drops, and Chocolate.

S. CHILDS, Virgin White Wax.

N. S. THOMAS, Plasters, and other Pharmaceutical Preparations.

#### ALL AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.

In addition to the above Agencies, we receive the following ESSENTIAL OILS, direct from the manufacturers:

Oil of Bergamot,	Oil of Mustard, Essential,
“ Lemon,	“ Coriander,
“ Orange, (Portugal,)	“ Chamomile, (German and Roman.)
“ “ bitter, (Bigarade,)	“ Beeswax,
“ Cedrat,	“ Laurel,
“ Cloves,	“ Cherry Laurel,
“ Juniper,	“ Caraway,
“ “ Berries,	“ Savin,
“ Rosemary, Italian,	“ Amber, Rectified,
“ Rose, pure: (this article is selected for us at Kissanlik, by a compe- tent judge.)	“ Origanum Creticum,
“ Cinnamon, (Ceylon,)	“ Calamus,
“ Nutmeg, Essential,	“ Valerian,
“ Mace, Expressed,	“ Olive, finest Tuscan, for Medicinal and Table use,
“ Cajeput,	“ Sassafras,
“ Verbena,	“ Wintergreen,
“ Almonds, (Essential and Express- ed, Italian and English.)	“ Citronella,
	“ Cinnamon Leaf.

#### HOTCHKISS' OIL OF PEPPERMINT AND SPEARMINT.

Oil Spruce,	Oil Pimento,	Oil Cumin,
“ Hemlock,	“ Tansy,	“ Monarda, (Horsemint,)
“ Cubebs,	“ Pennyroyal,	“ Black Pepper,
“ Ergot,	“ Croton Tiglium,	“ Wormseed.

#### LUBIN'S EXTRACTS.



WE HAVE CONSTANTLY ON HAND A STOCK OF

E. MERCK'S Chemicals, (Darmstadt.)

H. TROMMSDORFF'S Chemicals, (Erfurt.)

ROSENGARTEN & DENIS' Chemicals.

POWERS & WEIGHTMAN'S Chemicals.

A. J. PARKER'S (Successor to J. H. Currie) Chemicals.

S. KIDDER & Co.'s Tartaric Acid, Rochelle and Seidlitz Salts.

SALTPETRE, highly refined, for Medicinal and Pyrotechnic purposes.

NORDHAUSEN Sulphuric-Acid.

RUSHTON, CLARK & Co.'s Cod Liver Oil, at their prices.

HERRING BROTHERS' Extracts, &c.

SPONGES, Fine and Coarse Mediterranean, of various qualities.

LINT, TAYLOR'S, TIPTON'S & NAINBY'S, of the various qualities.

Fine Tonquin Musk; Ceylon Cinnamon.

Real Burgundy Pitch; True Venice Turpentine.

Koussou, the new remedy for Tape Worm.

} Imported direct by ourselves.


TILDEN & Co.'s. Inspissated Alcoholic and Hydro-Alcoholic Extracts, at their prices.

## LIST OF HASKELL, MERRICK &amp; BULL'S

## SELECT POWDERED DRUGS.

It is well known that many of the best Drugs, both foreign and indigenous, are more or less mixed with extraneous substances and inferior qualities, which, if not removed, must of course injure the article when powdered. To obviate this, we subject every Drug to the most rigid scrutiny; rejecting all that does not accord with the Official Standard. They are then reduced to the utmost degree of fineness compatible with their physical properties. Great care is also observed in the process of preparing them for powdering, for the purpose of guarding against any injury which might result (which is often the case) to the chemical constituents and medicinal properties of the Drug, by incautious drying, &c. This important department is under the charge of a person of great experience, who has devoted many years to this branch of business, so that the Powders coming from his hands are not only beautiful in appearance, but may be relied upon as not having received injury in the process of powdering.

In addition to the quality and fineness of our Powders, we would call attention to the style in which they are put up: in  $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 1lb. flint glass bottles, 5lb. and 25lb. cans, which secures them from the action of the atmosphere and moisture—a prolific cause of the deterioration of Powdered Drugs. Each bottle is stamped with the seal of the firm, and labeled in accordance with the United States Pharmacopœia. As there are certain rays of light which have the effect of gradually decomposing the substances which come under their influence, it is necessary, therefore, that the Powders should be kept in the box in which each bottle will be found enclosed.

 In consequence of the numerous imitations of the style of our "Select Powders," we shall in future put them up only in *bronze-colored boxes*.

Althæa.	Asclepias Syriaca, (Silk	Calamus.
Aloe, (Soc.)	Weed)	Carbo Animalis Purificatus.
do. (cape)	Asclepias Tuberosa.	Caryophyllus (Cloves)
Alumen Exsiccatum.	Belladonna.	Cetraria, (Iceland Moss)
Assafœtida.	Carbo Ligni.	Coccus, (Hond. Cochineal)
Aurantii, Cort.	Castoreum.	Coptis, (Gold Thread)
Angostura.	Cinchona Pallida, (Loxa)	Corrus Florida (Dogwood)
Acacia, (Turkey)	do. Flava, (Calisaya)	Curcuma.
Aconitum, (Fol.)	do. Rubra, (Red)	Digitalis.
Actea Racemosa.	Cocculus Indicus.	Diosma, (Buchu)
Ammoniac Murias.	Cupri Sulphas.	Dracontium, (Skunk Cab-
Amylum, (Starch)	Cantharis.	bage)
Anthemis.	Cassia Lignea.	Dulcamara.
Anisum.	Cubeba.	Ext. Colocynth Comp.
Antimonii, Sul. Preparatum.	Capsicum Baccatum.	do. Glycyrrh do.
Apocynum Androsæmifoli-	Cascarilla.	Ergota.
um, (Dogs-bane)	Columba.	Euphorbium.
Apocynum Cannab, (Indian	Canella Alba.	Ext. Krameria.
Hemp)	Colocynth Pulpa.	do. Jalapæ.
Arnica, (Fol.)	Colchici Sem.	do. sive Resina Jalapæ.
do. (Rad.)	Colchici Radix.	Eupatorium, (Boneset)
Artemisia Santonica.	Conii Fol.	Euphorbia Ipecacuanha,
Arum, (Dragon Root)	Cardamomum.	(Ipecacuanha Spurge)
Asarum Canad. (Canadian	Catechu.	Felix Mas, (Male Fern)
Snake Root)	Cinnamomum (Ceylon)	Frasera, (Amer. Columbo)

Ferri Ramenta.	Mastiche.	Senna, (Alex.)
Fœniculum.	Myrrha.	Sarsaparilla, (Hond. Rio
Guaiaci Resina.	Marrubium, (Horehound)	Negro and Jamaica)
Gambogia.	Mentha Piperita.	Spigelia.
Glycyrrh.	Mezereum.	Scilla.
Gentiana.	Nux Vomica.	Serpentaria.
Galla.	Opium, (Turkey) (contain-	Sabina.
Geranium, (Cranesbill)	ing 10 per cent. Morphia.)	Sanguinaria.
Geum, (Water Avena)	Origanum Majorana.	Senega.
Hydrastis Canadensis,	Pulv. Ipecac. et Opii, (Do-	Scammonium Lachrym,
(Golden Seal)	ver's Powders)	(Virgin) (containing 79
Helletorus.	Pulvis Aromaticus.	per cent. Resin Scam-
Helonias Dioica, (Unicorn	Potassæ Nit.	mony.)
Root)	Potassæ Sulphas.	Sinapis Nigra.
Hyoscyami Fol.	Phytolaccæ Radix, (Poke	Salep.
Inula.	Root)	Sodæ Boras.
Iris Floren.	Pimenta.	Sinapis Alba.
Ipecacuanha.	Piper Nigra.	Stannum.
Ipecacuanha, Cortex sine	Podophyllum, (May Apple)	Stramonii, (Fol.)
Ligno.	Prinos, (Black Alder)	Tragacantha.
Jalapa.	Prunus Virgi, (Wild Cher-	Tormentilla.
Kino.	ry Bark)	Tussilago, (Coltsfoot)
Krameria.	Quercus Alba.	Uva Ursi.
Lycopodium.	do. Tinctoria.	Ulmus (Slippery Elm Bark)
Lobelia Inflata.	Rheum Russicum, (True	Valeriana, (Eng.)
Lobelia Sem.	Turkey)	Veratrum Alb.
Lupulina.	Rheum Indicum.	Veratrum Viride.
Linum.	Rumex Crispus, (Yellow	Xanthoxylum, (Prickly
Myrica Cerifera, (Bayberry	Dock)	Ash)
Bark)	Sassafras Rad. Cort.	Zingiber, (Jamaica)

☞ While we are gratified that our exertions in this department have induced others to improve the quality of their Powders, still, as numerous Houses have seen fit so exactly to imitate the style of our "Select Powders," even to the color of the boxes, we must caution those who purchase to examine particularly the fineness and beauty and real quality of the article, as they will thus be enabled to judge whether their successful imitation does not consist more in the style in which they are offered for sale, than in the intrinsic excellence of the article.

For more detailed information, prices, &c., reference is requested to our different Prices Current, which will be sent on application by mail.

Jan. 1852.

HASKELL, MERRICK & BULL,

Wholesale Druggists and Importers, No. 10 Gold-street, New-York.

## MERCANTILE SKETCHES.

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THE BOOK BUSINESS: A. S. BARNES & CO.,.....	1
FIRE-ARMS: BLUNT & SYMS,.....	2
PORCELAIN: HAVILAND, BROTHERS & CO.,.....	5
CARPETS: A. & E. S. HIGGINS & CO.,.....	6
STATIONERY: COLLINS, BOWNE & CO.,.....	8
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS: FIRTH, POND & CO.,.....	9
HARDWARE: WOLFE & BISHOP,.....	10
CLOCKS: JEROME MANUFACTURING COMPANY,.....	11
GUNPOWDER: ENFIELD POWDER COMPANY,.....	12
INDIA RUBBER: H. H. DAY,.....	13
CROCKERY: GRIFFEN & TITUS,.....	14
CLOTHS: WILSON G. HUNT & CO.,.....	15
DRY GOODS: C. W. & J. T. MOORE & CO.,.....	17
CLOTHS: WARD, BABCOCK & CO.,.....	17
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BOOTS AND SHOES: J. H. RANSOM & CO.,.....	21
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### COVER.

SAFES: J. C. GAYLER.

NEW-ENGLAND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.